THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr kly Magazine
Founded A Benj. Franklin

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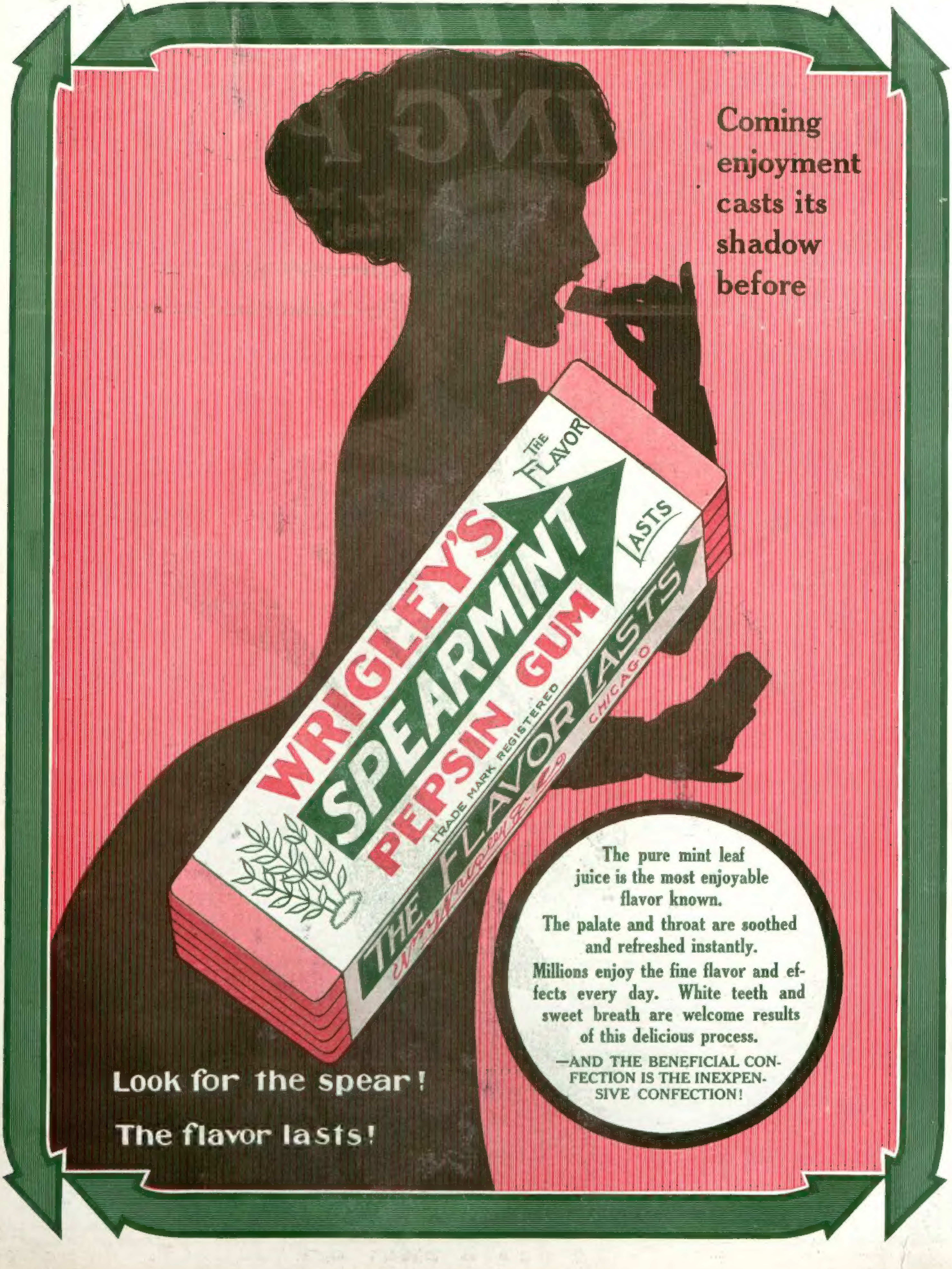
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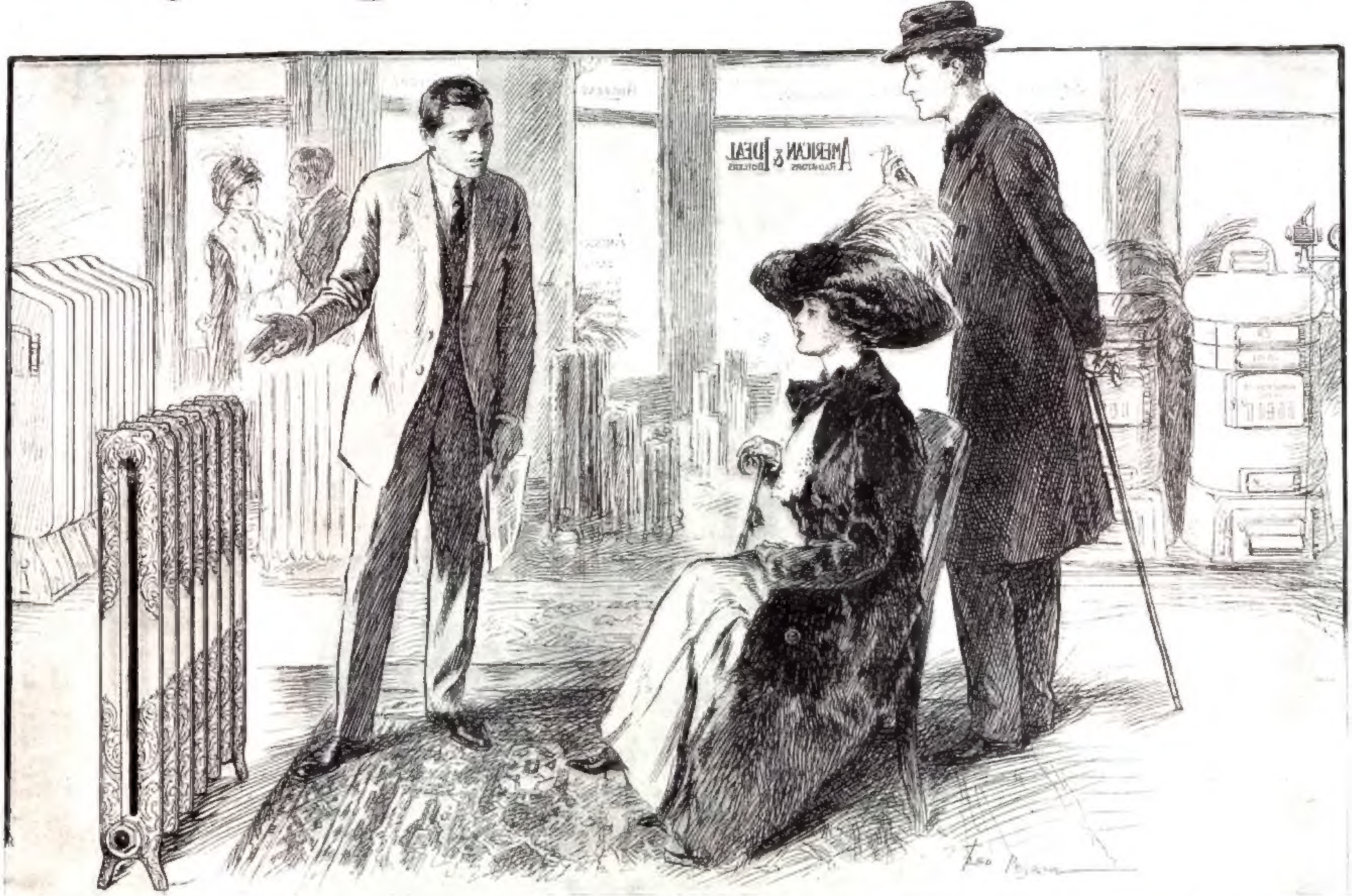

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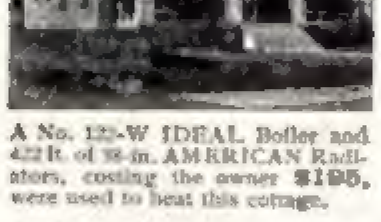

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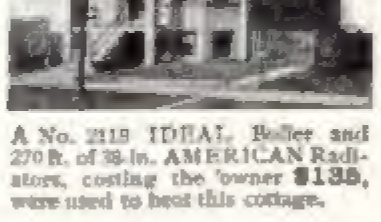

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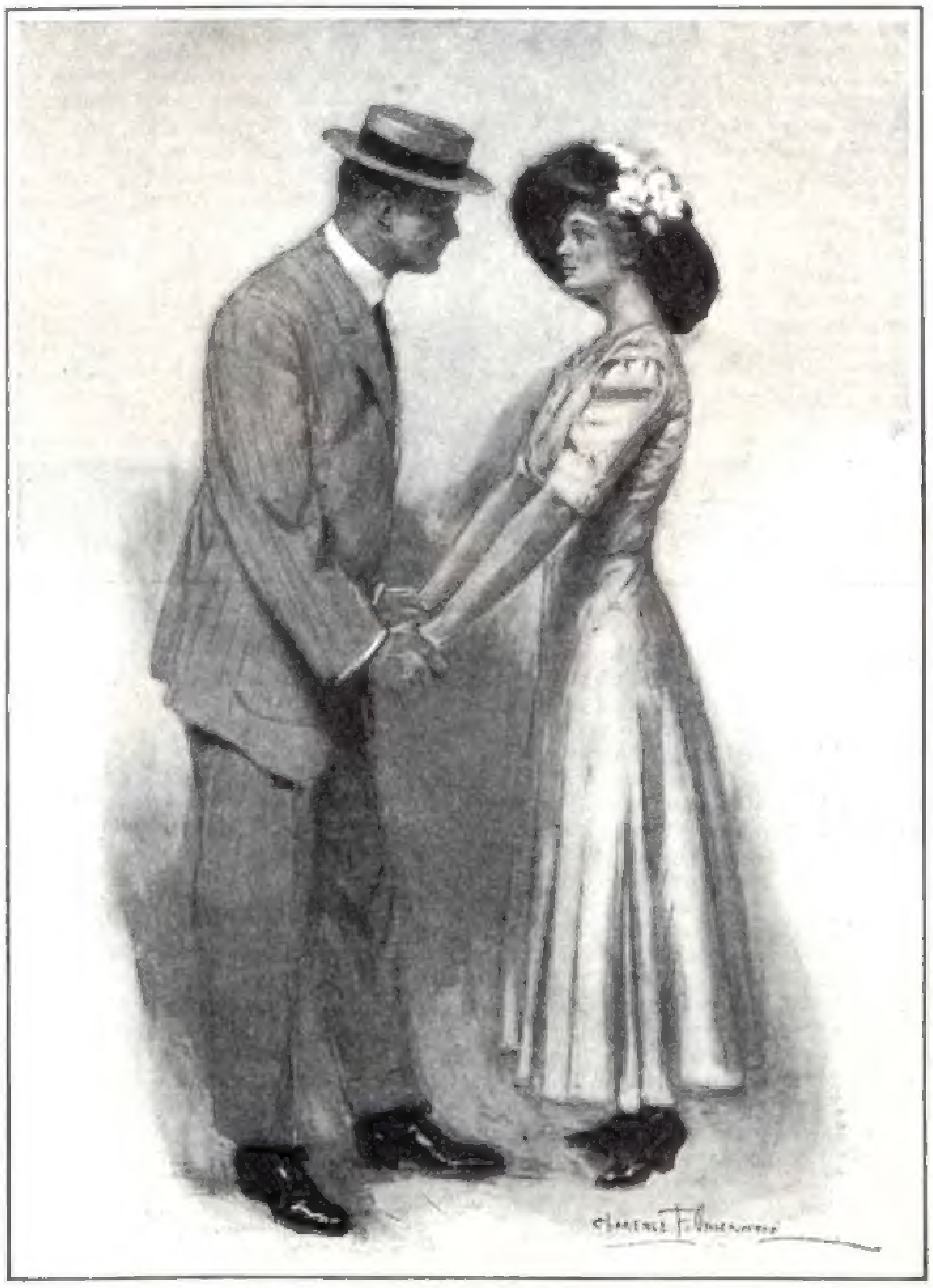
W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



"Well," She Said, "I Never Did! You!"

W. OGDEN-BROWN was always smiling that smile of his and saying: "I know. Yes. Quite so; but, as I'm the only one hurt," and so on. He was his own worst enemy. He was a number of other people's best friend. Every first of January he turned over a new leaf and every first of January for years his friends had been deceived into thinking that he meant what he said, because his very boyish face looked so very white and purposeful at the moment of resolution and his brown eyes so doggy honest and faithful. Sometimes he kept faith with himself for a week; sometimes he feasted to celebrate the pact and kept faith until the champagne was opened. His footlessness was a scandal. There was no better-equipped lawyer of his age in the city; there was no better-equipped short-story writer. He knew the city like a book. A stanch Republican, he was *persona grata* to the Tammany leaders. He could recover stolen goods, break a policeman or get you a card to the Poltroons. He had the same sort of a memory that an encyclopedia has—that is, the knowledge was all there, but it didn't trouble him. He had a touch of genius, an insatiable curiosity and a streak of perverseness that kept ruining his chances. He neglected law for literature, literature for law, and both of these, at which it would have been so easy for another, given his talents, to succeed, for his beloved city—at night.

For promises made to himself he had no respect. That was his main difficulty. He wished to do well, but he could not use himself with the same honor that he had for his friends. And this fact tried his friends almost beyond endurance. There is only one thing more hateful than the success of a person who you think doesn't deserve success, and that is the failure of a person so thoroughly equipped for success that you are always ready to mortgage his future.

W. Ogden-Brown was poor as Job. And he loved to spend money. Consequently he was always borrowing from his friends; but, just when we thought we had a real hold on him and could compel him to reform, he would touch a fee, sell a story, pull off a twenty-to-one shot—all in the same day, perhaps—pay what he owed and defy us, between hiccups, to prove that he was anybody's enemy but his own. Now it is almost impossible to prove things against people who don't owe anything; and, though we felt that "Oggie" was a genuine menace to others than himself, we could not prove it—more especially as he was trained and subtle in argument, whereas we had no legal mind among us; in fact, nothing but leisure, incomes and feelings. A time came, however, when Oggie's eleventh-hour luck deserted him and we had him tangled in a net beautifully spangled with dollars that he had borrowed from us. Then it was that we met together, talked, dug up our buried talents, cleaned the tarnish from them, reformed Oggie, put him on his feet and made a man of him. What follows gives the details of the affair; but first I shall have to write down the circumstances through which he came to be caught in our net of dollars and good intentions.

II

OGGIE had written a novel. He said he wanted to read it to me. I said "No; bring it round to the Rest House to lunch and afterward read it to the crowd."

"Meaning," said Oggie, "that in numbers there is strength. Well, it's a good book and I will." After lunch we relapsed into the deepest leather chairs in the world and crossed our legs and looked wise—all except Oggie. He was in capital voice, seriously impressed with what he fancied to be the peculiar merits of his new work; and he walked the floor, reading, talking off by heart, acting and gesticulating until dinner-time. Then he flung his manuscript aside, touched his lips to whisky and soda and asked for comments. Personally the novel seemed marvelous to me—so many, many pages all driving at the same idea—so many exact little flashes of the great, wide-open city that Oggie knew so well and loved so well. I was trying to form a sentence which should convey these things to the gifted author when Sparks, sitting easily on the small of his back, spoke in his brutal way.

"What's the matter, Oggie?" he said. "Can't you find a publisher?"

Oggie must have been pretty well exhausted by what he had gone through in the last five hours, but he seized upon the word publisher as upon a text and spoke for ten minutes.

"Do you know what the profits of my other book were?" was where he got to at last. "Eight dollars and seventy-five cents. Well, since then I've found that the book sold pretty well—not so badly—pretty well. Of course I had a rotten contract—a man always does with a first effort; but even at that I didn't get what was coming to me. Now this book is a winner. I don't say so because I'm bursting with conceit and lack of perspective. I say so because of the subject matter and because of my inside knowledge of New York. . . . They can't call me on a single statement. I've seen the truth—damn it, you know I have—and I've told it. Without taking sides, I've told the truth. For that reason people will have to read this book. Literature?" He snapped his fingers. "It isn't remotely related to literature. It's a brief. It's a good brief. I'm a lawyer and I know a good brief when I see one. This brief is worth good money. I know it. Who's to get that money? Do I get it or is it to go to some publisher? Do you boys realize what a big seller means in money? It means money that would look big even to you fellows."

Of course we all looked a little smug and conscious at this and Montgomery Coles rose and stretched himself.

"Well," he said, "that's the first novel I ever got to the end of. Of course I was held and had to listen. But I'll tell you one thing for what it is worth: I enjoyed the thing—right up to the end. And hanged if I don't remember some of the things that happened in it, even now. That place where the girl ——"

Billy Challis interrupted.

"You bet," he said. "I was sitting on my foot and it had gone to sleep—and I wouldn't have disturbed it for anything. That part was bully—bully! I tell you, I may not be a judge—but when books say 'listen' instead of 'hark,' and 'over there' instead of 'yonder,' and 'stung' instead of 'foiled,' I know the author's on the right track."

Here followed a violent dispute, all talking except Sparks, as to what we should have done if we had been in the heroine's place.

"You'd have done just what she did do," said Oggie finally and with finality; "only you'd have been quicker about it. Why, you don't know what p-o-v-e-r-t-y spells. When the waiter's slow about bringing your drinks you complain and think you are suffering!"

This was too much for Stairs.

"Rich as I am," he said in a sad voice, "I didn't complain all the time you were reading and stamping."

Sparks laughed brutally.

"Oggie," he said, "do you want us to publish your old novel on shares and throw in a little advertising? Or do you want to borrow the money and go the whole hog yourself?"

"I want to take all the risks myself," said Oggie.

Let the bush be covered with thorns eight inches long, Dum Dum could never bring himself to beat about it, but was always for plunging straight through.

"How much is it going to cost us?" he asked.

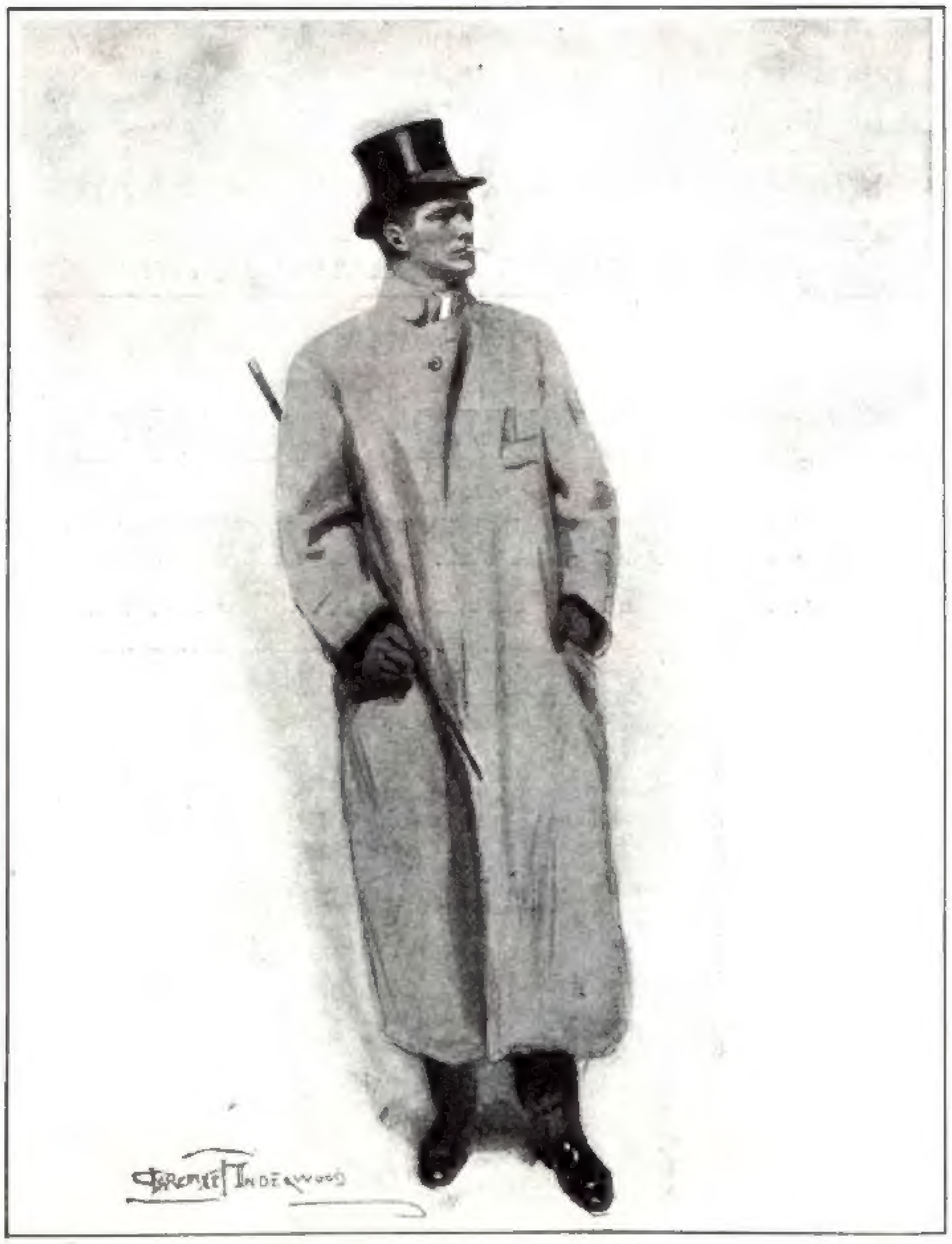
Oggie breathed the sum with which he thought he could manage and Dum Dum forcefully named over many persons from time to time prominent in great religious movements, and then gave Oggie a short, savage, brutal talking to. Told him how footless he was, how irresponsible, how dirt poor, mentioned again and again the exact sum that Oggie wished to borrow. Asked him what security he could offer. Said he was a fool to let himself in so deep —— Oggie listened and got rather white about the gills, and then said quietly, "That's all too true to be funny," and, for once in his life, lowered his eyes and, I think, felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. Therewith the brutal Sparks melted and began to throb with sorrow and tenderness. We were all very nervous for a moment—things began to look almost like tears.

Sparks rose, an immense, slothful athlete of a man. He spoke in a roaring voice.

"Anybody that doesn't believe in Oggie's work is a liar," he said; which was impeccable logic.

"Anybody that doesn't chip in to make it a go is a rotten egg and no friend of mine. I'll lend Oggie the whole of the money or any part of it. Who's got anything to say?"

Several of us said that we had something to say as soon as he, Sparks, got through roaring and ruining the acoustic properties of the Rest House lounge room. Then might have been heard a scratching of pens and a tearing of checks from stubs; and Oggie distributed his personal notes among us, as a conjurer distributes cards to children. Then Sparks drank five cocktails and thumped Oggie a good deal about the head and shoulders. And then he announced that he was a married man and would dine at home. Well, Oggie put to work the money that he had borrowed. Published his novel, advertised it—and found himself presently in our debt to the full amount of his borrowing and a trifle more. The book fell perfectly flat—and it was a good book. Still, as Challis remarked: "A bishop is a good man; but I have often seen a bishop fall perfectly flat—often."



W. Ogden-Brown was Poor as Job

III

THE Rest House is often called by outsiders "The Multis," meaning that its members are disgustingly rich. But this is libelous. I, for instance, think that Dum Dum and Montgomery Coles are disgustingly rich; they think that I am. Billy Challis, on the other hand, hasn't more than sixty or seventy thousand a year, if he's got that. Stairs is also comparatively poor. From these we drop to Sammy Belden, who works for a living; and to Oggie, who ought to. No amount of money will elect you to the Rest House and no lack of it will keep you out. We are Democrats, except when we avail ourselves of the franchise and vote. Then we are Republicans—Wall Street Republicans. We go on the idea that, having plenty of money, it would be very silly to vote it away from ourselves. We can use it. We like to use it. Of course Belden, who works for his living, votes the Democratic ticket; but when his grandfather dies and leaves him a baby industry, whose tentacles suck gold from the whole United States as those of a devil-fish suck protein from a drowned man, he will come to his senses and observe upon which side his bread is buttered. Then Oggie, poorest of the poor, is a fiery Republican. We don't know why. We think he tossed a coin to decide which he should be and that the coin fell with the "Trust" side up.

One thing about Oggie was very fine. He might not fight his troubles, but he was always ready to face them and take a licking. The minute that he knew his book was a dead one and that the money he had borrowed was off to that bourne whence there is no return, he came straight to the Rest House and broke up a game of auction to tell us so. Dum Dum rose brutally to the occasion.

"I told you you were a damn fool to borrow so much money," he said. "You'd better buckle down to work and straighten yourself out."

"Will you give me time?" asked Oggie, very pale but self-possessed.

"You bet," said Dum Dum. "We've got to."

Here there was a little pause. One wanted to call Dum Dum names and yet one knew that Dum Dum had spoken the truth. Dum Dum shuffled a pack of cards so suddenly and loudly that everybody jumped.

"Time?" he said. "We'll give you time to learn to keep a swear-off when you make one. We'll give you time to choose between law and literature. We'll give you time to pay back the money you owe us. We'll give you the rest of your life. This isn't the first time you've made me sick. You've got the best head on you of anybody I know—and it's of no more use to you or anybody else than the head on a walking stick."

"Dum Dum," remarked Challis, "is not the orator that Brutus was. He's like Antony—a plain, blunt man, that only speaks 'right on.'"

Dum Dum in the recesses of his great frame was warmed and flattered by this. He said, "Go to the deuce!" and looked at Oggie with more kindly eyes; and presently he broke into a loud roar of laughter by way of apologizing for his harsh words. Then he ordered and drank three or four cocktails.

"Dum Dum," Challis resumed at the first opportunity, "is the best critic of manners and morals that I know. He smells the rottenness that is in a man from afar and announces the fact in no mincing terms. When you are lying Dum Dum takes pleasure in telling you so. When you come in covered with primrose leaves, from a tumble in the path of the same name, he does not pass the matter over with humbug convention. Hence we fear and revere Dum Dum ——"

Dum Dum blushed and told us where we could go.

"But," Challis continued, "excellent critic that he is and excellent combiner of well-tried means—such as gin, the vermouths and bitters—he has never to my knowledge originated anything. Here comes Oggie, in black trouble, owing money right and left, and, piteous it is to say, for once sober; and what does Dum Dum do? He curses Oggie. Of course, later he will take Oggie aside and offer him money with which to pay himself and us back, but that isn't originality; that's quibbling. What I'm getting at is this ——"

"Please don't mind me," said Oggie.

"I don't have to, thank God!" said Challis. "Here we have a proposition. When I was at school there were two things to do to a proposition. First you cursed it—Dum Dum has done that; then you demonstrated it and were praised by teacher. Oggie is the proposition. And with all his faults we love him still ——"

Dum Dum interrupted.

"You want to put Oggie on his feet with credit to himself. Why not say so? Can it be done?"

Challis nodded.

"It can," said he; "but Oggie will have to put himself in our hands—he'll have to do that. He'll have to do what we tell him. Won't you, Oggie? Now, it's well known that Oggie can keep his word given to anybody but himself ——"

Here Dum Dum began to roar and thunder.

"I've got it—I've got it!" he bellowed fiercely and melodiously. "Don't anybody say I never originated anything or I'll break his back. We'll capitalize Oggie—we'll make him into a stock company. We'll incorporate him under the laws of New York. We'll be directors and stockholders. We'll meet once a month to arrange the details of Oggie's life for him and later to declare dividends—fat dividends!"

"Exactly," said Challis; "only you could have said as much in two words."

Dum Dum did not notice the slurring interruption.

"Oggie," he thundered affectionately, "you shall be known as W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated."

And somebody murmured:

"The only genuine living infant industry."

IV

"WE MUST divide Oggie into shares," said Challis. "We must have them listed on the Stock Exchange," said Belden.

"Of course they will be heavily dealt in on the curb," said Stairs.

"Do you think," I ventured, "that Oggie ought to take any stock in himself?"

"Not if he's got any sense!" thundered the brutal Dum Dum.

"I think," said Coles, "that Oggie ought to have an interest in himself—but I think it ought to be put in trust for him. The question is, Ought he to be allowed to vote his own stock?"

All heads were shaken except Oggie's.

"How is Oggie going to pay for his stock?" was asked.

"Why," Challis explained, "he puts in himself, body and brains—wardrobe, toothbrush, love of doing the wrong thing, copyrights, library of lawbooks—and receives the equivalent of these things in stock."

"About one share," said Dum Dum, "of the par value of thirty cents."

"Oh, call it *three* shares!" said Challis, with gravity.

Oggie meanwhile had made no comments. For half an hour he listened while we made a monkey of him, his past, his present and his prospects. We were carried, by the hope of saying funny things, very far beyond the last fences of decency and kindness. He sat on the edge of a table, one leg hanging free, listening and saying nothing. Finally Dum Dum got away with an exaggerated statement that must have stabbed like a knife, for Oggie jumped to the floor, swore horribly and shook his fist in Dum Dum's astonished face.

"You've got no more breeding or decency than a hog!" shouted Oggie. "I owe you a lot of money—I'm in a damned hole—I'm thirty—I've made a miserable failure of decent talents and splendid opportunities; but you talk to me as you wouldn't dare talk to a corpse. When you said you'd make a stock company of me I took it for gospel truth. I thought you honestly meant to get together and give me a chance. I tell you I was touched as I've never been touched before. And I was saying in my heart: 'My God! I will make good this time—I'll show 'em.' But all you wanted was to make an opening through which you could stuff the darndest line of the meanest and cheapest jokes and repartees I ever heard of ——"

"Shut up!" thundered Dum Dum. He was as red as a beet. His eyes were full of tears. With one fist he beat upon the arm of his chair until it broke.

"Will the meeting come to order?" he shouted. "Won't it? Will I have to make it?"

He jumped to his feet and glared right and left. There was silence.

"Oggie," said Dum Dum, "the meeting's acted like a skunk. It asks you to forgive it. We were in earnest, but we couldn't help trying to be funny."

"Of course I forgive," said Oggie swiftly. And he smiled at Dum Dum, whom he loved in an extraordinary degree. Challis rose.

"Gentlemen," he said seriously, "having vivisected an old friend and enjoyed our own peculiar form of humor hugely, I suggest a serious discussion of the matter that has given rise to this meeting. I propose Mr. Sparks for chairman."

"Second that," said I.

"If anybody has anything to say in opposition ——"

"He will," Dum Dum interrupted, "get himself personally kicked by the candidate."

Nobody therefore spoke in opposition to Dum Dum and he was unanimously elected chairman. I was elected secretary—without threats—it being a dog's job.

Dum Dum as chairman appointed a committee of three—Oggie, Challis and himself—to see about incorporating Oggie and drawing up laws and by-laws. Then the meeting was thrown open for remarks. Oggie rose, white and earnest.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "and gentlemen: There's many a true word spoken in jest. There's many a good deed done lightly and joyfully. To incorporate a man is a joking thought, but I think you are doing a good deed. I am to be divided into a certain number of shares. Those who own a majority of these shares will have control of my pursuits and conduct. I shall obey that majority in everything short of crime; and I herewith give you my word to that effect. I don't recall ever breaking my word given to anybody but myself. At first thought, your majority, being humorous-minded, may have a mind to humorous issues of the affair; but let me tell you that I am honestly grateful for this opportunity, honestly intend to work, honestly intend to make good. And I shall be still further grateful if you will try to keep this good deed of yours from wearing at any time too much the face of an undergraduate secret-society initiation. I believe that, among you, you can conduct my life better for me than I can conduct it for myself. I ask you, with all humility and gratitude, please not to get too funny. Gentlemen, I never felt more serious or purposeful in my life."

He sat down, applauded.

"Oggie," said Dum Dum, "Challis and I'll be at your office tomorrow morning, at ten sharp, to go into financial details first—and get your personal books straightened out—before you are ready to take them over to yourself as a company. Can you all be here tomorrow afternoon from five on? I declare the meeting adjourned."

V

SHORTLY after five o'clock the next afternoon, Dum Dum rapped the meeting to order and called upon Oggie to read aloud the certificate incorporating him. Personally I am director in a dozen companies, but never having glanced at their articles of incorporation or by-laws I was prepared to be interested. The reading, however, proved long and tedious.

Oggie began: "We, the undersigned, all being persons of full age and at least two-thirds citizens of the United States ——"

Challis interrupted to say that his other third was a citizen of Siam and that his better half was a suffragette without a franchise. Dum Dum frowned heavily and said curtly to Oggie: "Write 'being' in between two-thirds and citizens; if any man twists another meaning I'll twist his neck."

Oggie went on: "And at least one of us a resident of the state of New York, desiring to form a stock corporation, pursuant to the provisions of the business corporations law of the state of New York"—and so on and so forth—"for that purpose as follows:

"First: The name of the proposed corporation is W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated.

"Second: The purpose for which it is formed is to engage in the practice of law and literature ——"

At this point Oggie interrupted himself.

"We had a feeling," he said, "that the business of this company might very easily grow into other things. We have therefore thought best to draw up a very liberal certificate of incorporation. Is it necessary to read the whole thing? It's long."

"Better give us a sample or two, anyway," said Stairs.

Oggie read: "To manufacture, purchase or otherwise acquire; to hold, own, mortgage, pledge, sell, assign and transfer, or otherwise dispose of; to invest, trade, deal in and deal with goods, wares and merchandise, and real and personal property of every class and description; and, in particular, lands, buildings, business concerns and undertakings, mortgages, shares, stocks, debentures, securities, concessions, produce, policies, book debts and claims, and any interest in real or personal property, and any claims against such property, or against any person or corporation: and to carry on any business, concern or undertaking so acquired."

"When I think," said Challis, "that there are people who say that Oggie's writings are dull it makes me furious. Gentlemen"—here he rose to his feet—"won't you take my word for it that every possible business which W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, may be called on to engage in has been provided for, with the possible exception of forging other people's names and second-story work? I move that he skip to the paragraph entitled capital stock."

This motion was carried with almost furious unanimity.

Oggie read: "The amount of the capital stock is fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, of which seven thousand five hundred dollars shall be preferred stock ——"

Dum Dum interrupted with an explanation.

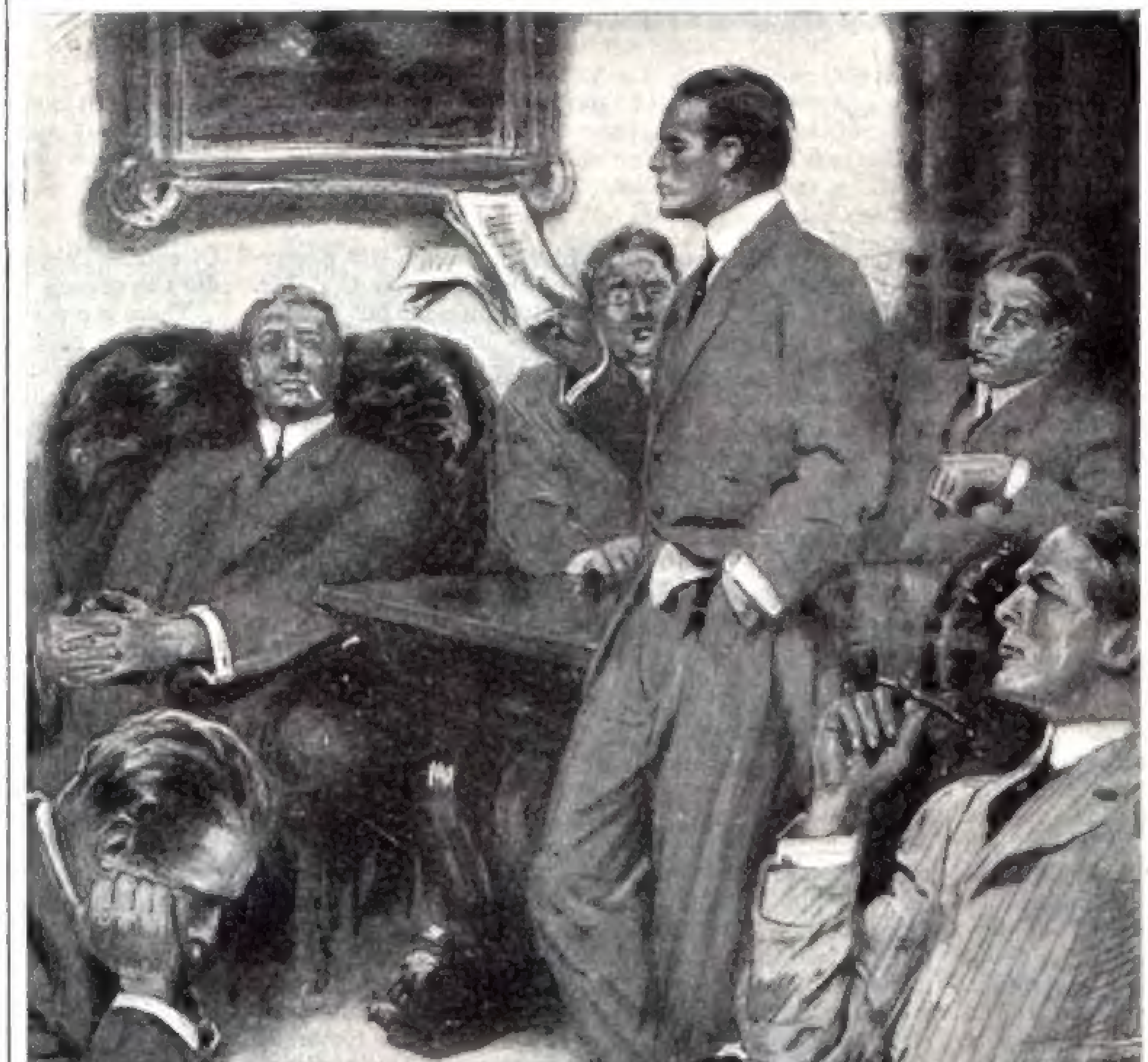
"The seventy-five hundred is what Oggie owes us," he said. "We take, each, what he's owed, in preferred stock bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. Preferred stock doesn't vote and its dividends are non-cumulative. Par value, one hundred dollars. There's fifty thousand in common stock, same par value; and before we go any further we might as well know who's going to subscribe and get that settled. First place, Belden can't afford more than two shares."

"I can't afford one," said Belden, "but I'll take two. Some day those two shares may represent the balance of power."

"I'll take a hundred shares," said Coles.

"So'll I," said Dum Dum.

"Me too," said I.



We Crossed Our Legs and Looked Wise — All Except Oggie

"Oggie," said Dum Dum, "ought to have a hundred in exchange for himself and the long water-wagon ride he's going on. Do you agree to that?"

We all said "Sure."

"That," said Challis, "leaves only ninety-eight shares for Stairs and me."

"Let's thank God for that!" said Stairs. "I'll take half—if you will."

"I feel like a French aristocrat about to be guillotined," said Challis, "but I'll go you."

"You're secretary," said Dum Dum to me. "Get to work." So I wrote on a sheet of paper:

W. O.-B. Inc.

Common Stock — 500 Shares

Dum	100 shares
Coles	100 shares
Self	100 shares
Oggie	100 shares
Chal.	49 shares
Strs.	49 shares
Bel.	2 shares

and put what remained of the ink on my thumb and forefinger.

VI

THEN and there we paid for our shares, though Belden borrowed two hundred dollars from Dum Dum to pay for his, making the checks out to W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated. Then, I think, from the serious and purposeful way in which Oggie buttoned his jacket over the checks, we realized for the first time that what had been more amusing to us than anything else was a matter of life and death—almost—to him. Coles jumped up.

"Oggie," he said—and in the nicest voice—"I'm glad to have a hundred shares in you. I wish it was more. I believe I'll live to see them sell for ten times par."

Belden whispered to me: "Wait till you and Coles and Stairs are voting your two hundred and forty-nine shares one way—and Dum Dum and Oggie and Chal. are voting their two hundred and forty-nine the other. Then watch my two shares—balance of power—great wealth, perhaps!"

Well, Oggie went on then and read about ten typewritten sheets of proposed by-laws; then he came to a little set of by-laws quite personal to himself, and it couldn't have been very pleasant for him to read them out to us. But he went through with it. They amounted to this: that, during the pleasure of the stockholders, he was not to drink alcohol in any form and that he should conform to the vote of the majority in all personal and business habits. He could not, for instance, make any engagement for a week-end without our permission. He could not knock off in the middle of a law case to write a short story, or vice versa; he was to be in bed—his own bed, for he had a habit of sleeping wherever early morning overtook him—by eleven o'clock every night until further orders. It was a pretty big bill to fill; but he said he would fill it, so help him God!

He was to be known as general manager—Challis suggested "generally managed" as more fitting. He was to have a salary—for the present—of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. And this money was to be used in keeping him alive and presentable. He was to shave himself every morning before breakfast. He was not to send expensive presents of orchids—a very bad habit he had. He was to see rather less of his friends and rather more of their wives and sisters. We thought this would soften him. Three persons—and their names were given—were to be dropped from the list of his acquaintances. He was to send his linen to the wash instead of buying more linen. He was to get his watch and chain out of hock and keep them out of hock. He was to stop lending five dollars here and ten there to people who never paid him back. Lastly—and this hurt—he was not to play cards for money, or to bet.

Oggie was fine about it all. He said he would soon be as worthy and manly a man as John D. Rockefeller, Junior—not to put it

(Continued on Page 36)

The Psychology of the Audience

By MARY SHAW

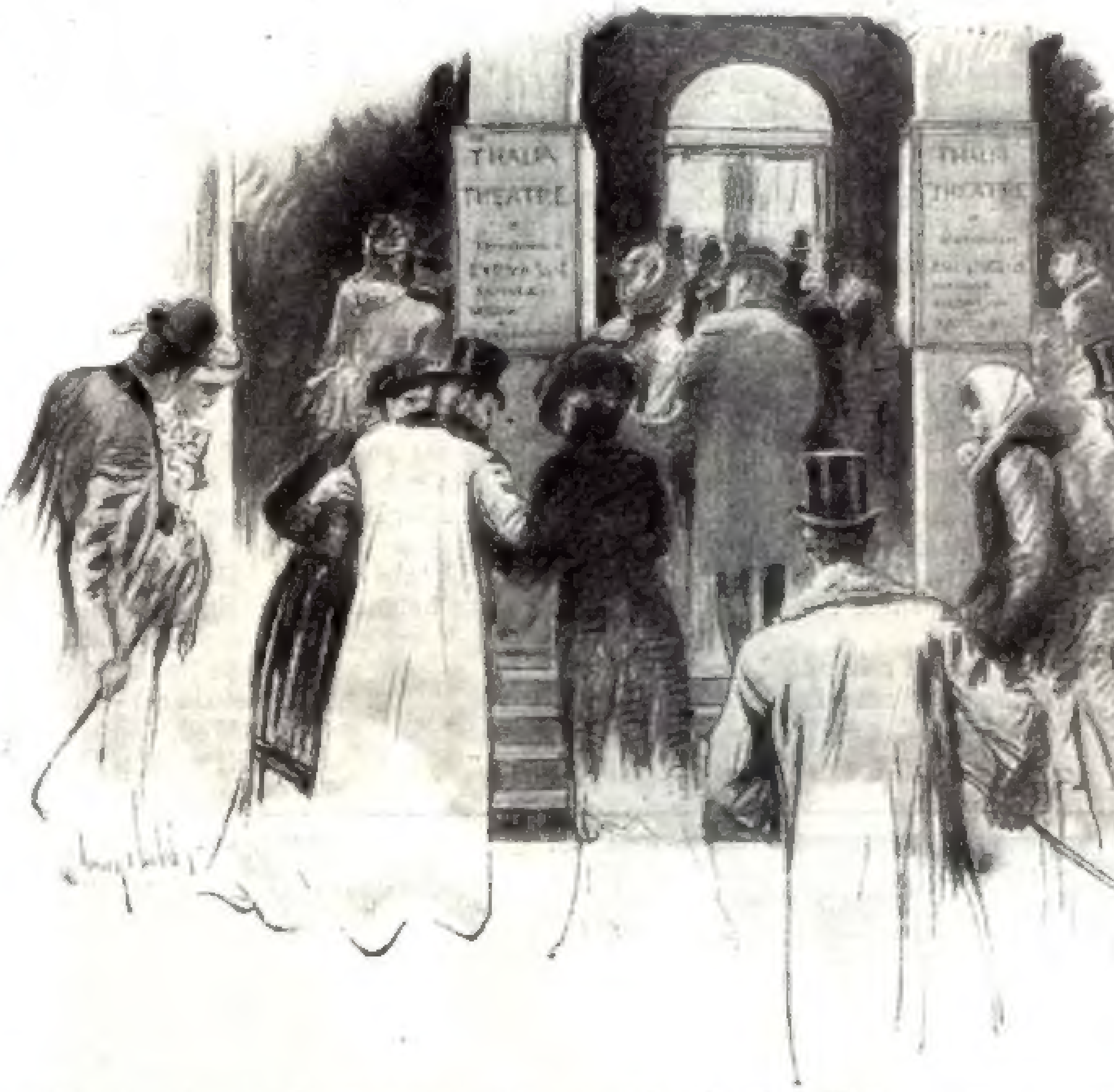
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

THERE is a curious effect produced when many persons are congregated. It is a well-known fact that in the mob the state of feeling of the individuals is reduced to a common expression. A person—when alone—never can do the things or feel the things in the way he does or feels them when in a crowd. This very fact produces the result that actors work so hard for in the presentation of the play—a unity of feeling and an appreciation of the situation. Also, it works exactly the same way, with just as much force, against the play when this feeling is diverted, so to speak, from its proper channel.

This is why it is so difficult to judge a play from the reading of it or hearing it read. One in the theater either laughs or weeps in sympathy with the rest of the audience at situations in the play, which in the reading of the manuscript impressed him but slightly, if at all.

It is the knowledge of this fact that makes the actor so sensitive to the slighest departure from the correct attitude in regard to his acting. He knows the danger that lies ahead, the loss of control of the audience, and the mob spirit which seems to result. This idea could be carried out to great length in showing how important it is that effect produced upon the stage should be prepared with an intelligent understanding of the psychology of the audience. It is ignorance of this great principle on the part of authors—and very often of stage managers—which brings disaster so many times.

The success or failure of the play very often depends on a slight incident. While we are cudgeling our brains as to the reason why an interesting piece of work has failed, if we were a little deeper students and a little wiser in our deductions we should realize this powerful effect. If playwrights would only talk to actors as well as stage managers they would be saved from many a pitfall. The playwright and the stage manager are too apt to consider the emotional rather than the intelligent side of the audience. The audience has a certain sense of justice and a pretty keen appreciation of the ethics of the play; but, on the other hand, it has—through bad training, in not being able to look at a sane and true presentation of life—a childlike desire that everything should end happily. Consequently the playwright often has to turn completely aside from the justice and logical sequence of his play in order to end it in a way that will please the public.



Mishaps That Audiences Do Not Realize

THE mob spirit in audiences explains much. It shows why it is important that the general knowledge and taste of the people shall be raised. The actor must always keep in the background of his mind the change of the mental attitude of man when he ceases to be an individual and becomes a part of the crowd. A man goes into a play that is supposed to be funny with a feeling entirely antagonistic; but almost unfailingly he finds himself, as the play goes on, insensibly making an equation with those about him, so that at last he is laughing at it all whole-heartedly. In other words, he has come into the general spirit. And this is what authors and managers recognize. If it is a play that will draw a crowd proportionate to its value the producers do not care about the minority in the audience, for they know that two-thirds of them will fall into the general scheme and that it will be a very exceptional few who will be able to hold their own judgment against this social power of a number of people. It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that, although the audience is held both mentally and emotionally, it is often carried over apparent discrepancies or incongruity in the work of the players.

One can do the most extraordinary things on the stage—things that have no relation whatever to the play and to which one would suppose the least observant of auditors would instantly "catch on." We all know how many things have been done of that kind. The profession is full of such anecdotes, which the audiences have accepted as just a part of the general wonder-scheme. One of these occurrences took place in Mr. Mantell's company in a one-night stand. There was a young man playing the part of the villain. He had some friends in the town whom he had invited to a matinée. Of course he was very anxious that everything should pass off delightfully. In the one great scene of the play the villain was discovered in the house of the wife of the character that Mr. Mantell played. She was entirely innocent, but circumstances were against her—so the husband killed the man. The stage directions were that the villain should fall at a certain point, in order to make the proper stage picture. After he had been dispatched, Mantell as the irate husband had a thrilling scene with the wife. The lady who was playing the part backed up the stage, but miscalculated the distance, tripped over the prostrate form of the villain and suddenly sat down upon him, causing a terrible grunt. The impact was such that she slid down behind him, wedging herself in between his body and a table, with her feet and legs in the air.

This descent from the sublime to the ridiculous was too much even for Mr. Mantell, but he merely turned his back, covered his face with his hands, and his uncontrollable but silent laughter was taken by the audience for proper grief. The scene seemed to be a natural piece of business, though the actors were overcome; but the scene had to be finished, however, as few prompters will ring down the curtain until they get their cues. The lady struggled to release herself; but the dead villain, finding she could not do so by any possibility, was obliged to roll over twice in order to allow her to get into a position where she could put her feet on the floor. Still there was no sign from the audience. The scene was carried on as fast as possible and when the curtain fell there was a call in the usual way, and everything passed off properly. The actors remarked one to another how very much more polite this audience was than one in New York or Boston would have been, where they seem always to be on the alert for any mishap to the actor. The poor young man who hoped to impress his friends in front was utterly wretched. He had promised to meet them after the performance and when they saw him they made some very pleasant remarks about the play; but, finding them apparently ignoring the mishap, he made so bold as to say he was sorry for what had happened in that act. In surprise they asked him what he meant and he told them. "Why," said one of the ladies sweetly, "do you know, I thought it was a funny thing for her to do; but still I didn't know but that it was all in the play."

Apropos of this is the case of Tom Keene, the tragedian. Mr. Keene was at a club one night, when he and Mr. Robson and Mr. Crane were discussing the peculiar attitude of audiences that will allow an actor to introduce some perfectly irrelevant piece of business without the absurdity of it being realized. He made the assertion that there was hardly anything, for instance, that he, a tragedian, could not do—if he did it in a grave manner—that would not be accepted by the audience. Mr. Robson and Mr. Crane, being comedians and having great respect for the serious drama, thought he was exaggerating. These gentlemen were playing in the same city at the time and, having no Wednesday matinée, went to see Keene in a performance of East Lynne. They were late, but were silently creeping down to their seats during the scene where Sir Francis Levison is taunting Lady Isabelle, when they were shocked to a standstill. Most of the women were in tears, some were even hysterical with sympathy. Mr. Keene, with the prescience of the old-fashioned actor, which enabled him to see everything on the stage and in the audience as well, detected his two comedian friends as they were sneaking to their seats. He was in a modern frock coat and carried a tall hat in his hand. He had just delivered one of his most cutting remarks to Lady Isabelle, when he placed his right hand on the floor, quietly turned a somersault, came up again and went on in the same strain. The blood of the two comedians turned cold in their veins—they expected nothing less than a small-sized riot in the theater. But not a sound. The audience evidently took it as a perfectly natural piece of business in the situation. When Keene came into the club afterward the two comedians remarked in chorus: "The drinks are on us." Of course Tom Keene was a wonder; and I suppose he did the miracle with perfect gravity and very quickly.

There is one very funny thing about audiences in small towns—an attitude that smacks of the Puritanical. In the modern plays there are often scenes of realistic love making. In cities of any size these are accepted as a matter of course and a taste for them has been so developed that they are really enjoyed; but in one-night stands there is apt to be the old-fashioned Puritan taste in the audience, making them feel that there is something indelicate and improper in witnessing this sort of work in the society of other people. From the lower part of the house, where the people are well behaved, the actor is made aware of a shy disapprobation only. But this is very chilling. From the upper gallery, where they have not learned to suppress their feelings, he gets the expression of the strange effect that these scenes produce in the form of ribald remarks, imitation of kissing and so forth. Between the two extremes, springing from exactly the same dislike of an intimate presentation of what they have been taught is not to be publicly exhibited, it is easy to see what will happen unless the actor has the artistic strength to overcome all this disapprobation and be true to his training and his author.

Advice From the Gallery

I REMEMBER playing in The Hunchback in one of these places. In the scene between Modus and Helen, she is using every wile in an old-fashioned way to get him to kiss her; in fact, she does everything in the world except ask him pointblank. The scene is strung out to some length. On this particular night, when I had been going on for some time in this strange courting scene and had been beating back this strange feeling of delicacy—this feeling that I was immodest and brazen, which, unless there is some manifestation from the upper gallery, always brings an oppressive silence—out of this strange, cold quiet came the impatient voice of a man from the top gallery: "Oh, for Heaven's sake, kiss her!" As Modus, in the play, was never supposed to realize what Helen wanted or to have the least idea of kissing her, this had a very bad effect on the dénouement of the scene.

These demonstrations from the gallery used to make me very angry, for I felt that they were insulting to the actors. And when I feel that any one is insulting me I get a kind of strange courage. Once I was playing Theodora and in the midst of one of these scenes something took place that annoyed me keenly. I was folded in the most beautiful embrace by the man who was playing in the scene with me, when a noisy demonstration from the gallery broke forth, which made the work ridiculous. Without moving from my position I just turned my face up toward the part of the house where the disturbance was and said, loudly and clearly: "I will stay right here if I have to wait all night for silence." That was too much for the entire audience. I had spoiled my own scene, but I was much too angry just then to weigh my words.

Apart from the Puritanical attitude, the most amusing one assumed by audiences at one-night stands is that of the decorous. Applause and laughter they seem to think out of place except for horseplay, farce and minstrel performances. Sol Smith Russell used to tell a story characteristic of this sort of thing. The genial Sol Smith had labored the whole evening to produce one ripple of laughter—one round of applause—but without effect. The curtain fell in awful silence. As the actor was pacing the station platform the next morning, waiting for the train, a man walked up to him and said: "Everybody was tickled to death with your show last night—on the quiet, they were just dying to laugh! Gee! but you are the funniest fellow. Once or twice I nearly snickered right out loud."

Diametrically opposite this in motive and effect was an incident due to the excessive zeal of the manager. It occurred while I was playing in vaudeville. I had been advertised in all the vaudeville presswork, on the printing in the theater, and also on the billboards, as "The Great Ibsen Actress." It is no discredit to vaudeville audiences to say that many of them had never heard the word "Ibsen." For the most part they hardly knew whether it was a man or a country; and in this respect they did not differ greatly at that time from legitimate audiences. Persons used to come and ask at the box-office whether I spoke English and what part of the world Ibsen was located in. Whether it was due to this general haziness about the great Norwegian, or to some influence from the powers that controlled the vaudeville circuit, there was a very honest and sincere desire to keep the audiences orderly during my act.

Martial Law in the Gallery

ALL along the road, as I was going toward Detroit, I heard from various sources of the wild happenings in one of the theaters there. It was a new theater, beautiful and complete. With a view to increasing the revenues, three galleries had been superimposed on the one that usually adorns a playhouse—making four in all. Admission to the upper gallery was ten cents and this was filled to repletion at almost every performance with a hoodlum set of boys, who were very difficult to manage. Wandering vaudeville actors had told me very distressing stories of how these boys stopped performances, booed actors and made things unpleasant. Their ridicule was generally, they said, directed at the topliner. Now, as I happened to be a topliner, I confess I approached this theater with some apprehension; but courage to do and dare is necessarily one of the characteristics of an actor who has been fifteen years or more upon the stage. Nevertheless I was delighted to find, when the time came, that there were no interruptions and no unusual experiences of any kind. When it was over the manager of the house rapped at my door and, with more stress and strain in his manner than I had ever seen in a vaudeville manager, asked me if everything was all right and whether the audience had satisfied me. I said that it was, and then asked what had been going on in the upper gallery. I had thought that I saw several policemen there and that every now and then a boy was yanked out during the play. The manager explained that during the past two weeks they had sent several boys to the station house and had them jailed for a short time or fined, as they were inclined to guy the performances and disturb the people downstairs.

They had determined to have order while I was there, no matter how many policemen or what trouble it necessitated.

I said I couldn't see that those boys were doing anything.

"Why, one of them laughed," said the manager. "If you allow them to do that when they ought not to it gets to be infectious, and in a little while they will be out of control."

"But," I protested, "I want them to laugh—that is what I was working for."

I shall never forget his expression. "You want them to laugh?"

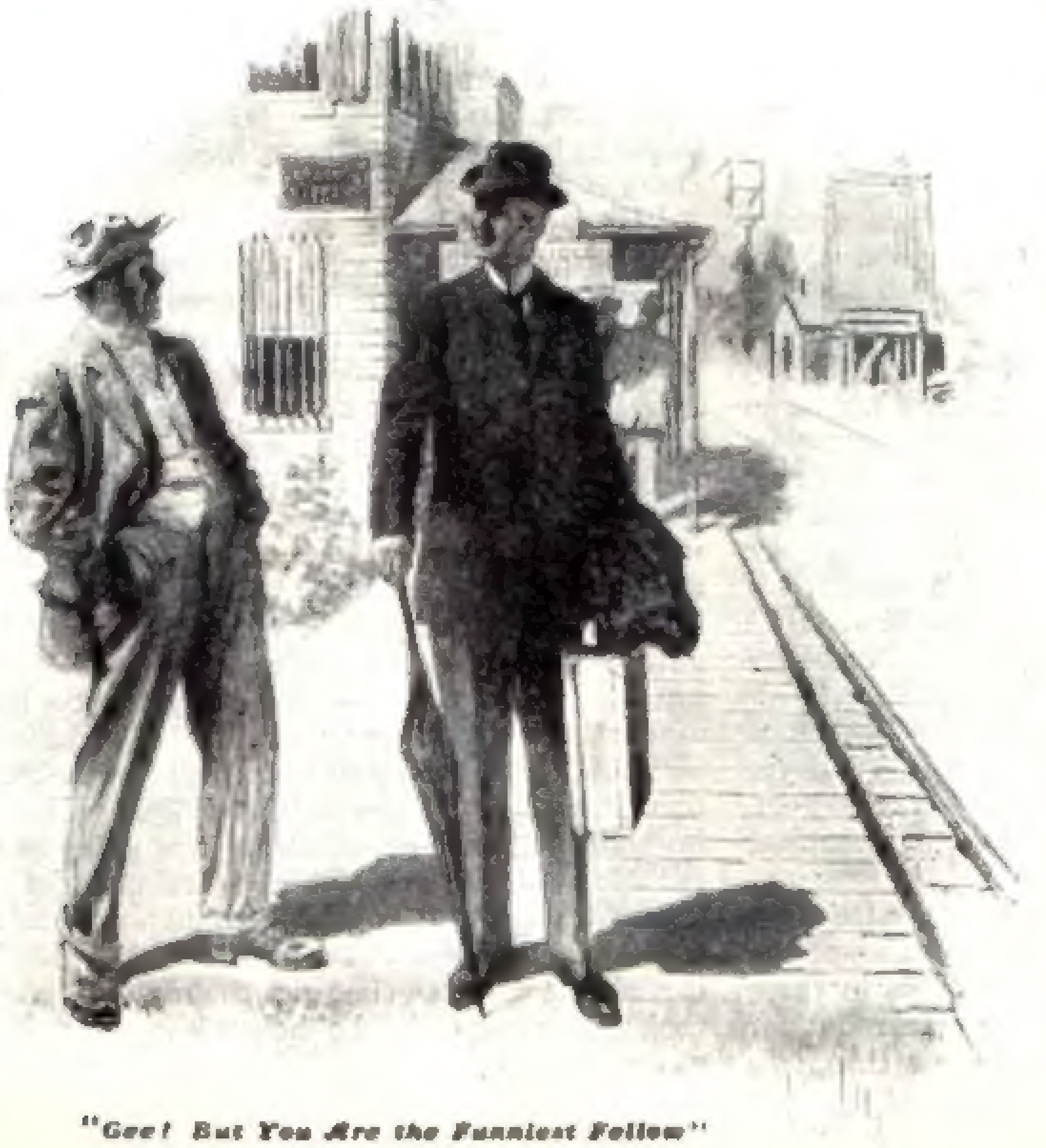
"Certainly; this is supposed to be a comedy that I am playing."

There was a moment's pause and then, with a perplexed look, he said: "Oh, is it?"

I assured him that it certainly was a comedy and begged him not to throw out any one who laughed. Seeking an explanation, I found that, although the manager had been in front during my act, he was so prepossessed with the idea that a "great Ibsen actress" must of necessity be playing something tragic that he could not stand for even the suggestion of irreverence—particularly from the top of the house.

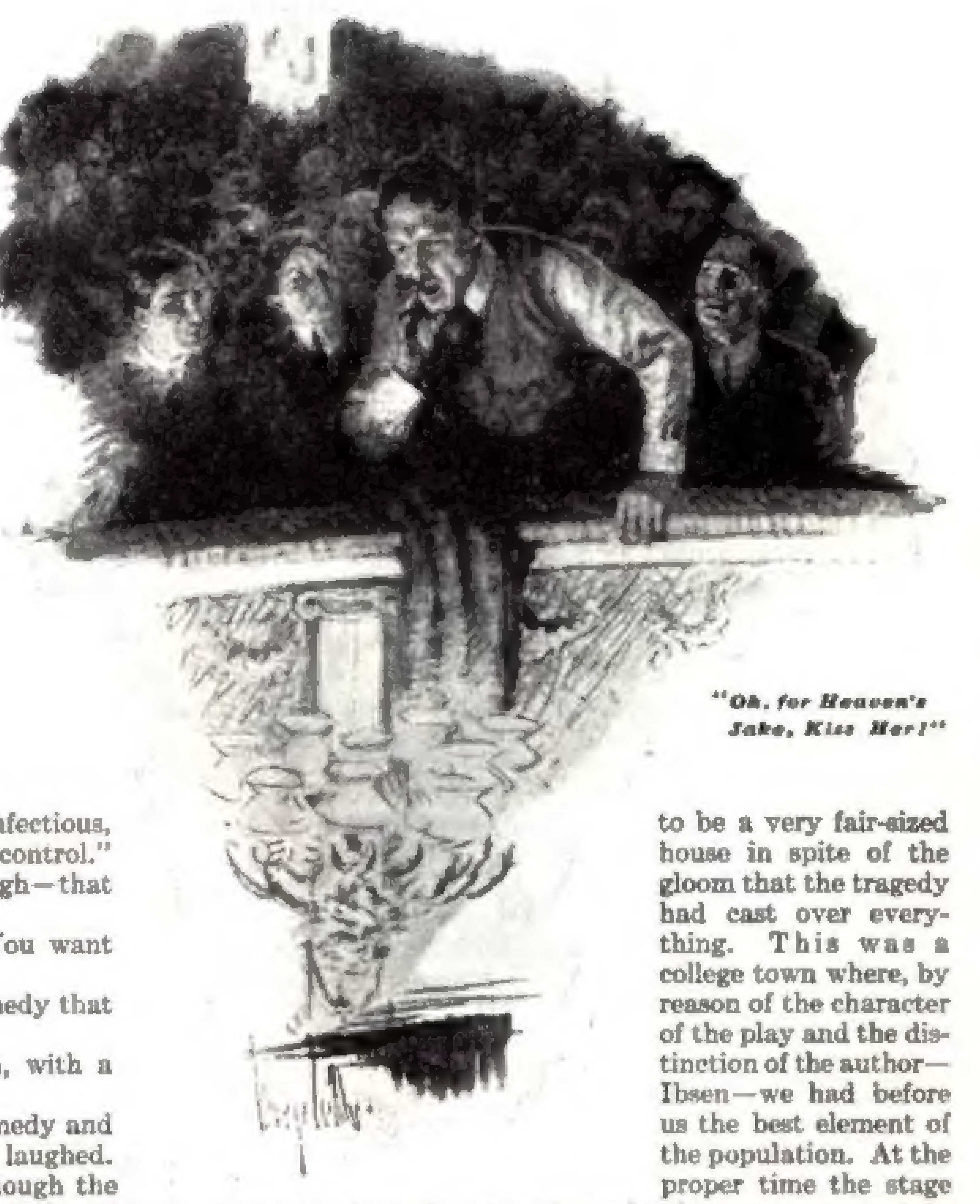
In the audience one often finds the manifestations of the wonderful power of the theater to release the human mind for a short time from its bondage of material things. I experienced this fact particularly at the time of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. Although the theaters in that great city were closed for six weeks, the business in the immediate territory was unusually large. Of course there was a terrible feeling of nervous tension on the part of both actor and auditor during these times and a consciousness that the least thing might cause a panic. Also, it was curious to see how the best seats from the usual point of view were left—the center seats remaining empty, though those nearest the door were occupied.

Starting out on our one-night stands on the Wednesday following the great catastrophe, we found the train on which we were to leave was a special, and later discovered that it had been made up particularly to take the bodies of the victims of the fire to the different small suburban towns about Chicago where they belonged. As we went along, it occurred to us that this going out of town and playing at stands where many of the bodies would be put off was a hopeless thing to do; and, of all performances in the world, we were to give Ghosts—that tragic, awful thing!



"Gee! But You Are the Funniest Fellow"

Fearful to relate, there is an alarm of fire in the second act of Ghosts. In the middle of the scene attention is suddenly called to a red illumination on the back drop. One of the characters asks what it is and every one on the stage looks. The illumination increases and one hears the sound of fire bells and excitement outside. Then some one shouts "Fire!" and a number of the characters rush out. In discussing this on the train we concluded that it was too serious a piece of business, in view of the circumstances, to be sprung on the audience without warning. This town, let it be understood, in common with all the towns about Chicago—and, in fact, throughout the United States—was in a state of trepidation and horror, and audiences everywhere were nervously apprehensive all the time. We decided that some one must go before the curtain after the first act and explain the situation that was to come—warn the people who were unfamiliar with the play. It seemed to be a very fair-sized house in spite of the gloom that the tragedy had cast over everything. This was a college town where, by reason of the character of the play and the distinction of the author—Ibsen—we had before us the best element of the population. At the proper time the stage manager stepped out and made the announcement in regard to the fire scene in the second act. He explained that his reason for doing this was due to the late Iroquois affair. He feared that, owing to the nervousness that every one felt, a panic might be precipitated if the situation were not understood.



"Oh, for Heaven's Sake, Kiss Her!"

Most singularly and unaccountably, the manager's remarks were greeted with ribald laughter. Here was a psychological phenomenon that it was hard to explain or understand. The manager was terribly shocked, completely nonplused; and in this condition he found the actors, who were awaiting him behind the curtain. This was a university town and yet there had apparently been no appreciation of the spirit in which the announcement by the manager had been made, or realization of the circumstances that prompted it.

Like Causes and Contrary Effects

I DWELL upon the peculiar social quality of the audience because the very next night we played in a manufacturing town. On this occasion the stage manager flatly refused to make any announcement. He had had his little experience and did not wish to try it again. Therefore it was necessary for one of the actors to warn the audience. There was obviously a different class of people throughout the house. Particularly, as was always the case in Ghosts, the top of the house—that is, the two balconies—was heavy, the class of people there being composed of workmen, machinists and the like. The actor made an announcement similar to that made the night before. There was a moment of absolute silence, as if the feelings that had been created by the Iroquois disaster were coming to the surface again. Then there was a terrific round of applause.

It remains for the psychologist to tell us why these two audiences treated the situation so differently. We could only think that the peculiar nervousness which so often finds expression in hysterical laughter accounted for the curious occurrence in the first instance. However, in college cities, where the undergraduates frequently fill the galleries, the actor is very liable to meet with an effect opposite to that which he usually produces. Actors are well aware of this fact and dread the college boys' presence and its influence on the play.

Nationality is very often an important element with the audience.

Wilson Barrett told me that he had often noticed how characteristics of certain nations showed during the play and gave his own case as an illustration. Once, when he was an unknown actor and had played only in England, he went to play in Dublin. When he made his first appearance on the stage, and as soon as the audience recognized from the program who he was, he received a tremendous ovation. This disconcerted him at first and later filled him with wonder. Every time he would say anything that by any stretch of imagination could be construed as important, the audience would burst into inexplicable

(Concluded on Page 35)

THE MANICURE

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Showing Advantages and Disadvantages of Specializing

HONEST, Sir Algernon, I don't think there's ary grizzly left in the whole livin', endurin' Rocky Mountains," said Curly as we came into camp, once more unsuccessful. "If I'd 'a' knowed this I wouldn't 'a' ast you to come out here. There used to be bears oncet, before this 'back to Nature' game got quite so strong. Anyhow, we did see some tracks oncet, didn't we?"

"Geologists also see tracks sometimes, Curly," I ventured. "Tracks can last a long time."

"Ain't it the truth? Say, I knowed a guide over in Jackson's Hole that made about twelve thousand dollars out of one set of bear tracks. He finds 'em in the mud one day an' promptly builds a fence around 'em, so they won't get disturbed. Since then he showed 'em to about a hundred different Eastern sportsmen of good social standing. Say, if you an' me could only find some tracks it mightn't be so bad.

"The whole country ain't worth callin' a country no more, nohow," he went on moodily, kicking his saddle blanket to one side. "Say, tell me, is there anything in this business of gettin' old that you hear about? Does a fellow git to be cold-footed or is it true that things ain't as good as they used to be? To me it looks like there ain't nothin' right no more. If I could get away I believe I'd move down to South America or Africa, or somewheres."

"What's wrong, Curly?" I asked him. "You know very well that even in the old times you couldn't always find a grizzly just when you wanted him."

"Ha ha! Happy, ain't you? You like this a whole lot, don't you? You fool me a whole lot too, don't you? Let us both burst into song—we're so happy. Ain't life fine nowadays, with bacon up to thirty-five cents an' wages down to thirty dollars, and not even a bear track in the mountains no more? Me, I want to get on top of my fiery steed an' ride to town fast as I can go, so's I can git to vote some more for Mr. Taft an' the high prices for plain hog meat.

"But it ain't even that that's hurtin' me. I'm a peaceful rancher, with ten miles of country fenced in that belongs to I don't know who. It ain't my foreign relations, but it's my domestic matters that's on my soul the most at this writin'."

Curly had his cigarette going by now and presently became fluent.

"The main trouble is that men, proud an' intelligent human bein's like you an' me, Sir Algernon, will git married instead of tryin' to break into some asylum, where things is more quiet. Put a man like me on a salary today an' give him nineteen or seven kids—like me—to support, an' what's goin' to happen? Then it's a heap worse when things don't go right in the kid cavvieyard. You know that oldest boy of mine, Bob, don't you?" I nodded. "He's moved on up the valley, beyond here about ten miles. He took up a desert claim, an' allows that some day he's goin' to git water on it from a spring he's found up in the mountains. But you git prepared for the worst I'll tell you."

"He hasn't been leading home any stray horses, has he, Curly?"

"Huh! No; if he had only a little enterprise like his paw it wouldn't be so bad. You got three separate and distinct guesses as to the name of his crime. To save time, I'll tell you in advance. Bob, he's got married."

"Curly!" I exclaimed. "You, a grandfather!"

"Not yet but soon, maybe. Now, ain't that a shameful thing to think about—me just in the prime of my youth? How can I hold up my head if I go over to town an' pass the time o' day with the boys? 'Hello, gran'paw!'—say, how's that goin' to sound to me? Here I am, just gettin' a good start in life, an' along comes this Bob person, this here dang little red-headed runt, that ain't more'n about four feet high, an' brings this here indignity on me."

"Well, Curly, it hasn't happened yet. Let us hope for the best."

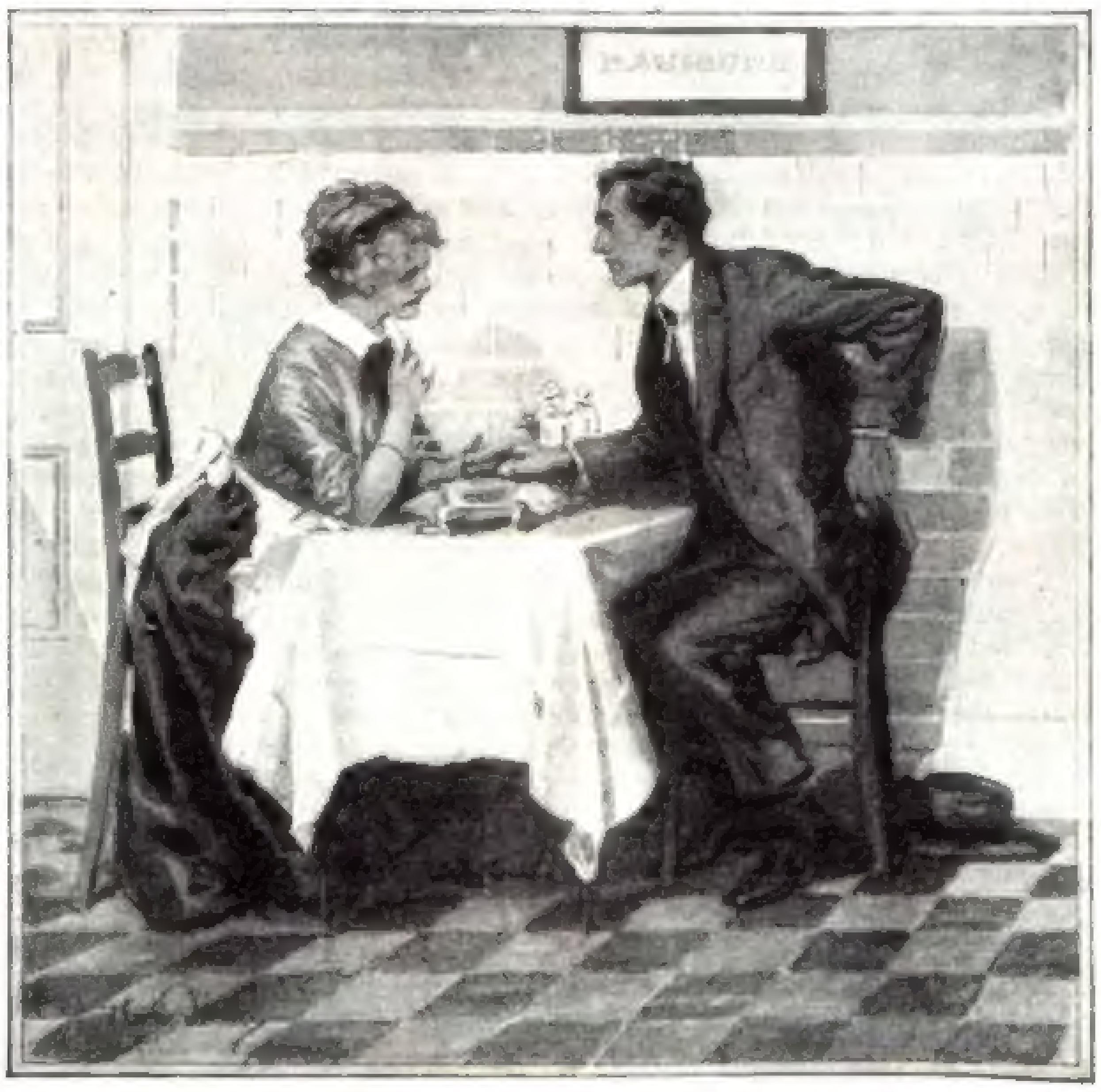
He shook his head. "No, I won't. I'm goin' to hope for the worst. That's what alwuz happens. This boy Bob has been a awful disappointment to me. He's the joy o' his maw's heart, but he's bin brought up in a way you can't raise no decent cowpuncher. Shore, he goes to school, an' he's good an' kind to his parents, an' he's plumb dutiful an' halter-broke every station o' the road; but he don't break out nowhere! He just stands hitched. Make yourself a picture o' me, Curly, oncet a real cowpuncher, a-gittin' his oldest offspring ready for Sunday-school. Here I stand, a-smoothin' down his nice, wide white collar on his little neck an' a-brushin' the dust off'n his little panties. That's Bob. 'Bobbie,' says I, 'do you love your teacher?' An' he says, 'Yes, sir!' 'Nice Bobbie,' says I. 'You're a credit to your paw an' your maw.' Say, have you got that picture fixed in your mind, Sir Algernon? Me, Curly, that used to ride the Circle Arrow down under the shadow of old Carrizo, down there in the old Southwest, when the country you an' me both knows was a heap better'n this—I say, here I am, forced to be the paw of a son like that, an' like enough some day bound for to be a gran'paw, when I haven't got no sort o' hankerin' for such.

"Oh, I reckon Bob could catch a tame horse with his hands in a small pen. I dunno. Maybe he wouldn't actually fall off'n a horse. The point I make is he don't ride just to be a-ridin', like any real cowpuncher; but he gits on top a horse for to go somewhere. That ain't reasonable. He's too darn practical. I never know'd him to git drunk or git the leastways festive—an' he's got money in bank. Fact is, his whole record is one to make me blush for him. He's got him a few sheep too. Now here he is, with a record like that—never even shot at a man in his whole livin' life, so fur as I know, an' never even had a leg broke by a horse; an' what does he do? Why, little Bobbie, he goes an' gits married!"

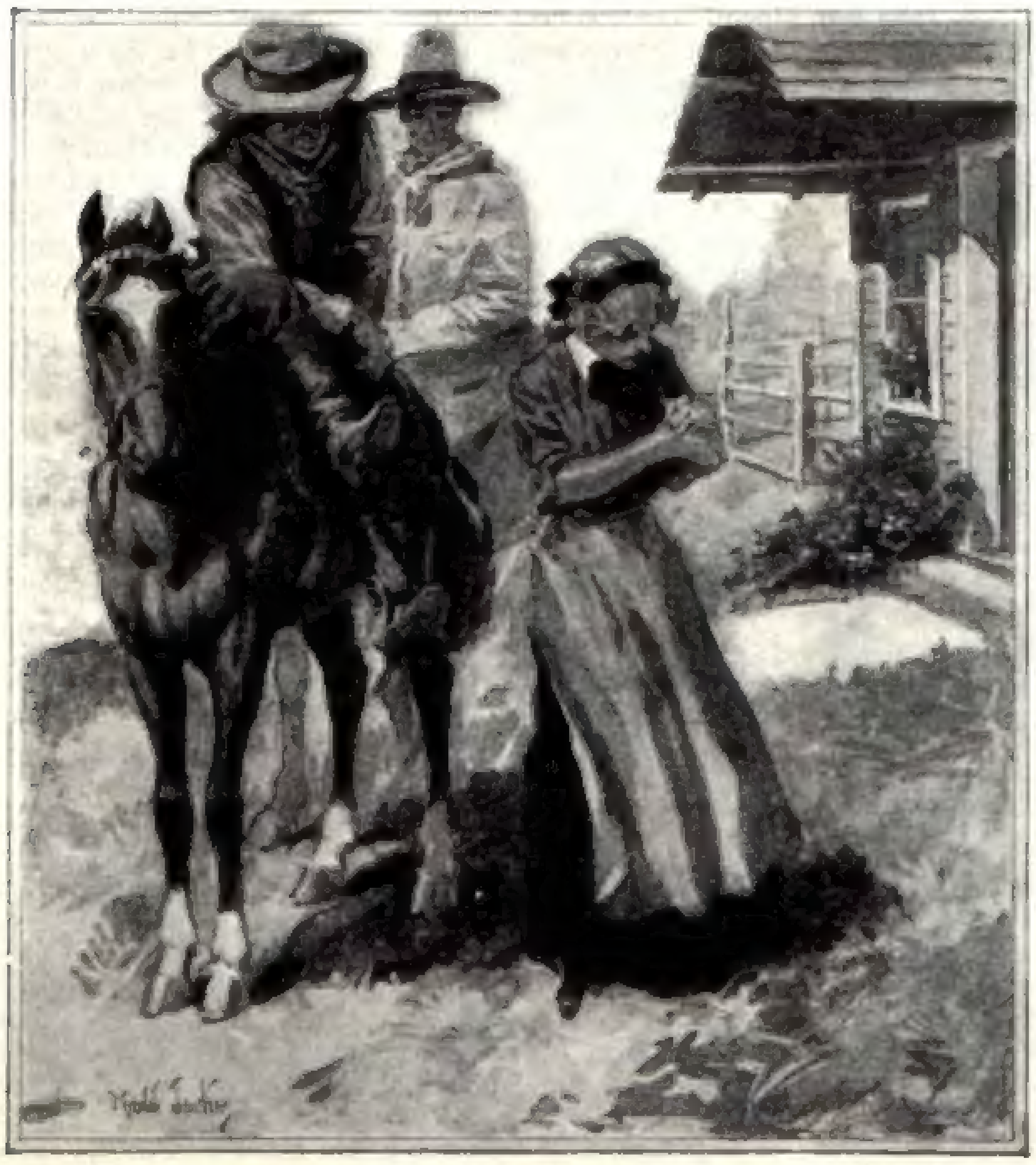
Curly removed the cigarette from its scant attachment to his lower lip.

"An' you couldn't guess in three hundred years who he picks out for to marry. I will tell you that, so's to save time. A manicure!"

"Oh, well ——"



"'I'm Crazy About Cowboys. I Always Go to the Wild West Show'"



"Don't You Go to Cry, Sis, or You Know I'll Take to the Woods"

"Um-hum! Let us be joyful. This here Curly family is doin' fine, ain't it? What Bob ought to 'a' married was some girl who could go out an' milk nine cows an' sell the milk—they tell me tame folks eat milk, though I never had no use for any that didn't come out o' a tin can. What he needs on his ranch is some one who can go out an' plant potatoes an' rake the meadows sweet with hay—what? When I married the Littlest Girl, down there in the Southwest, things was different. A sack of flour an' a side o' bacon didn't cost a hundred dollars, like it does now. I could make a livin' for the Littlest Girl, an' she could set in the house embroiderin' of a art square if she felt like it. But this Bob, he's lit in the middle of different times.

"Why don't he go down to Pittsburgh and git into the papers? Why don't he break open a bank or do something to git into good society? I didn't tell him to git borned, nohow; an' I never held out no inducements to not one o' my eight or fourteen children that this valley was a good place to locate in. No more would I ever counsel one o' 'em to git married. But this here Bob, he not only gits married, an' not only gits married an' locates in this valley, but he gits married an' locates in this valley an' he marries a manicure! Say, what is a manicure, anyhow?"

"It's where they hold your hand, Curly," I explained. "You go into a place and there's a—er—lady; and she takes your hand and says: 'Gee! These are awful; you ought to get them done every week.' She chews gum and charges you a dollar, Curly."

"Uh-huh! That's about what I thought. Fine trainin' for the wife of a sheep-rancher an' holder of a desert entry, ain't it? What does she do when her fond husband has to go out on the range an' sick Shep on the peaceful bah-bahs to keep 'em from eatin' up the cabbage? Why, she sets there at home. If the only thing she knows how to do is to fix up Bob's hands the only time she can be busy is when she takes them both out o' business, ain't it? When she works the ranch stops. I leave it to you, does a manicure look reas'nable for a fellow like Bob to marry an' bring down here into the San Pete Valley?—him all the time bein' that peaceful an' law-abidin' that he ain't got a single run-in to his credit in his whole life, so far's I kin tell. So far's I know, he couldn't hit a lamp-chimbly across the room if you let him hold his gun in both hands.

"But I got to tell you how it all come about," he went on unhappily. "When Bob went East on his weddin' trip he hadn't no idea on earth he was goin' to git married. Ol' Man Wright was takin' a trainload of cows to the stockyards in New York, allowin' he was goin' to realize on this here high price of beef. He didn't. He learned that it ain't the cowman that gits the high price. Anyhow, he took Bob along to kind o' help with the cows an' to sort o' show him the sights. Ol' Man Wright an' me has always been right good friends. That's how come Bob to git married."

"He knew the girl before, then?"

"No; but that don't seem necessary, because they wasn't gone over three weeks altogether, an' here he comes back spliced all right."

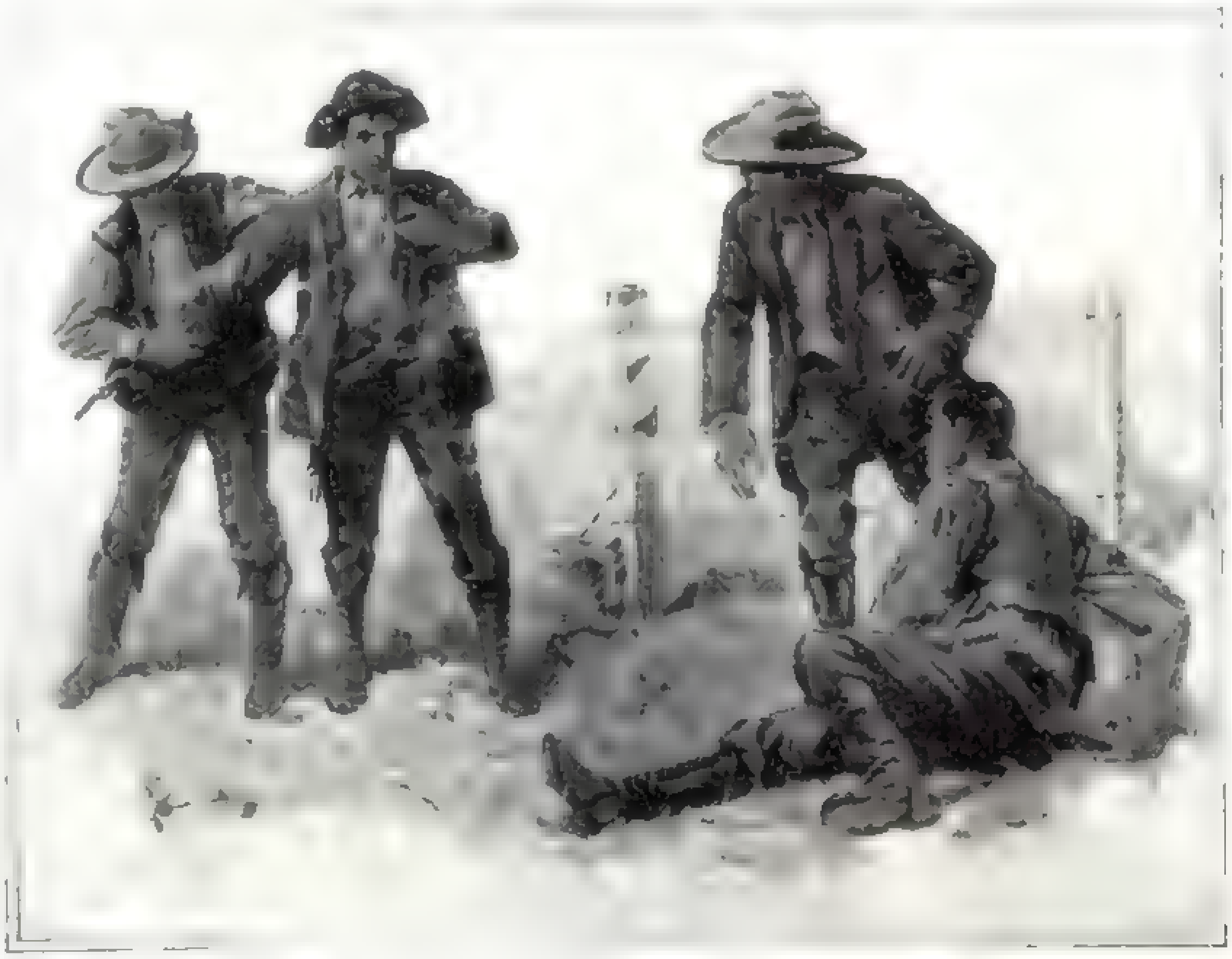
"Like father, like son, Curly," I suggested, remembering his own courtship of the Littlest Girl in times gone by.

"No; none whatever," he rejoined. "He married a girl that never seen a campfire in her life an' didn't know sheep-dip from molasses candy. Say, let's git on our horses an' ride over that way. I just want to show you the proof of this here Bob's iniquity. Come along; we ain't goin' to git no grizzly nohow."

So we saddled up the cowhorses, broke camp, packed our single packhorse and headed down through the foothills toward the San Pete Valley. As we rode Curly went on with his narrative.

"I'll tell you how it come," he said. "Part of it was along of the performance of Ol' Man Wright in the city. It seems he has a friend down there who is a fairly good performer for a city man; an' Ol' Man Wright looks up this man when he gits to town. Usual a city man comes out here an' asts you to come an' see him, sure, if you're ever in his town. You remember that; an' when you go there you do go in to see him. Soon's ever he sees you git in his office he looks pained, grabs his hat an' starts out on a keen lope. He says, over his shoulder, while he's goin' through the door: 'Glad to see you. Make yourself at home. If you want to write any letters hope you'll come right in here. George, give this gentleman a pen an' some paper if he wants it, any time. You can git stamps at the cigar store round the corner.' That's about how sociable a city man is when you go to see him, but this here man was different with Ol' Man Wright; an' Bob bein' along with Ol' Man Wright this city fellow takes him in on all the plays too. First thing he does he asts Ol' Man Wright and Bob to come over to his club an' have a lunch on him, though it's just about the time when people eat dinner out here.

"Now Ol' Man Wright, he's loaded up a few, natural, feelin' the way he does about this alleged high price of beef that he didn't get; but he was lucid an' able to walk, an' he wasn't anxious to break in where angels—anyhow from the San Pete country—is scared to tread. He knowed that this club was where there is a mighty tall buildin' an' you meet a gang that's made up of college perfessors, lawyers an' rich folks. They even let in members of Congress. But the city feller won't take no for an answer. As to Bob, who sort o' hangs back, he says: 'You're in too, son. Welcome to our city, little stranger.' So bimeby they go over to this club an' the city feller says: 'My friends, in this here City Club we have Bronx cocktails, Manhattan cocktails, Queens cocktails, Greater New York, Lesser New York, eastern, western an' southern New York cocktails, Martini cocktails, Washington cocktails, Spanish cocktails an' cocktails, besides all other cocktails in such cases made an' provided. What'll you have?'



"One of Them Grabbed Me, So I Only Got Him in the Leg"

"Now, Bob, as I told you, has always been a disappointment to me. In such drinks as they'd had up to this time on the street, why, Bob, he taken water—just plain, unvarnished mineral water. I can see him standin' there now, with Ol' Man Wright an' that city feller; his nice, wide white collar turned down on his neck, an' his nice, long, yaller curls hangin' down—a dash-blamed disgrace for the son of a cowpuncher. He's his mamma's little boy an' he takes water for his'n.

"Over at ol' Jim Gore's place, where they stepped in before they went across the street to the club, he had ordered about four or six bottles of mineral water, I reckon maybe.

"The city feller he starts in to show his City Club to his friends; an' he starts 'em in at the fifteenth floor, where they can git a view over the city. Says he: 'This here is a strictly modern club. There ain't a place in it where you can't get a cocktail. This is the fifteenth floor; an' if you have sufficiently enjoyed the view here, gentlemen, on which we very much pride ourselves, we will now drop down to the fourteenth where there is another view an' another cocktail, on which we also very much pride ourselves.' So now they dropped down floor by floor, little Robert a-trailin' in with that kind of bunch an' takin' a bottle of water every time they'd take a cocktail. Oh, my lands! If his fair-haired paw had been in them circumstances I shudder to think o' what might have happened.

"They drop down into the handball court, which is where they shut you up in a twelve-foot room with a rubber ball an' ask you to forgit that you have any past. They have another cocktail here—an' some more water. Then they go down into the swimmin' hole in the cellar, an' here the city feller an' Ol' Man Wright disport theirselves for a time; Bob also, takin' water inside an' out, although Ol' Man Wright an' his friend just ladle in a cocktail or two more. Oh, what a chanct a son o' mine is passin' up! By now they're right hungry; an' they remember that lunch'on an' head up to the big dinin' room that looks like a church, accordin' to Bob, but is some different. Bob was scared so bad he can't remember what he et there; but he says there was cocktails an' he had another bottle or two o' water. To look at, you wouldn't think that boy'd hold over a barrel or so of water at the most, but, accordin' to what he told me, he must have drunk enough water to 'a' took a wagontrain acrosst the Jornada. By this time I reckon he had water on his brain.

"But listen! After they had done et they went down to the smokin' room; there they had a seegyar or two an' something in a tall glass marked up like a barber-pole, accordin' to Bob. Himself, he takes another bottle of water. Presently they all floats off to the barber-shop. 'I'll tell yer,' says the city feller to Bob, 'Colonel Wright an' I are just agoin' to step acrosst the street to ol' Jim Gore's, an' maybe you can put in a little time here. Jimmie, take this young gentleman an' give him everything there is in the shop. I may be gone a little while.'

"Well, he was gone a little while, him an' Ol' Man Wright, investigatin' the high price of beef. An' little Robbie, instead of bein' in on a play like that, why, he's left behind in a barber-shop, them like enough thinkin' he ought to have his fair hair marceled. Instead of goin' out an' helpin' light up the city, why, Robbie stays behind—an' he gits married!"

"In a barber-shop, Curly—a club barber-shop?"

Curley nodded.

"It's funny about some men," said he. "It's funny about some women folks too. Man, they're deep.

"Now here's this redheaded offspring of mine alone in a strange barber-shop, scared stiff at bein' in so swell a place, an' so full of bright an' sparkling water that anyhow he don't care for no more, thank you. He'd like to go back to the hotel, but he don't know how to git downstairs. Meantime, one of them barbers, a right quiet feller, asts him to take a chair. Bob says the feller taken a look at his clothes an' he was right glad he had got a good suit at the Golden Eagle before he had started East.

"'What can I do for you, sir?' asts the barber.

"'Everything,' says little Robbie, standin' pat on the proposition the way the city feller had left it on the board.

"'Very good, sir,' says the barber. So he cuts Bob's hair down tight to the skull an' singes the skull, an' shaves the back o' his neck, an' shampoos him, an' puts hair tonic on him, an' powders him, an' trims the place where his mustache ought to be but ain't, him bein' only a prattlin' babe, anyhow, an' only about twenty-two years old, as near as I can remember.

"Well, while they're puttin' benzine on his hair an' finishin' the shampoo, the barber asts him if he don't want his boots done—meanin' his shoes shined. Along comes a nigger wearin' glasses an' shines him up while he's a-settin' in the chair. By this time Bob figures he must be about done with the whole *rodeo*; but he ain't. He looks up in the glass an' half believes he either saw or heard the barber wink at somebody. 'Yes, sir,' says the barber; 'the manicure'll fix your hands up directly, sir.' All at once Bob gives a jump nearly out o' the chair. He looks down an' sees his suspicions was correct. Some one had took hold of his hand while he was helpless; an' it was a lady.

"Oh, well, the kid may 'a' been kind o' game, after all, because, though all this sort of thing is new to him, he sets back in the chair, tryin' to look careless-like. He hadn't knowed that his nails needed any fixin', because they was all there the last time he counted them; but after a time he kind o' quiets down an' gits reconciled to these surroundin's, although he admits he perspired a-plenty.

"Now Bob allows he was locoed or maybe doped. He can't remember rightly anything that happened for a time, exceptin' that he was lookin' in the glass to see if there was any one laughin' at him—an' there wasn't. He don't have no recollection how it was that they got him out of the chair an' over to a little table in one corner of the room, throwed an' branded, girl still ahold of his hand, his other hand in a pan of water, and everything goin' on quiet as a funeral. Bob was plumb helpless, but as he come to gradual he noticed that the light shinin' through the winder on this manicure-lady's hair made it look like what he calls golden, although you an' me would call it cimarron.

"Well, Bob he looks round after a while an' it seems like most of the barbers is gone out to lunch or somewheres, an' there ain't nobody left much exceptin' him an' this here quiet manicure-lady; an' the nigger with glasses on, who was readin' in a magazine about the Dangers that Threaten the Republic. There ain't been nothin' said yet, but bimeby says she, easylike: 'It will take some time. I judge you are an outdoor man—aren't you?'

"'Yep,' says Bob; 'I'm a cowboy.' What he was, was a liar! But anyhow that's what he said, though he was only the son of a cowboy.

"She drops her shearin'-iron an' sets up. 'A cowboy?' says she. 'A real live one?' Bob nods. He's a liar again, for he's a dead one if you leave it to me.

"'I'm crazy about cowboys,' says she. 'I always go to the Wild West show. I love to see them ride. Tell me, can you ride?'

"'Well, I have told you about how Bob can ride. But what he does now is to nod to this lady an' say, modest-like: 'I can ride a few.'

"Well, that was the beginnin' of it. That job of fixin' up Bob's hands took a long while. Ol' Man Wright an' the city feller never did come back—not none at all. Bob an' the lady sits there conversin' in low, well-mojerlated tones; an' by about half-past five o'clock that afternoon there might have been saw a picture of a manicure who was crazy about cowboys an' a cowboy who likewise was crazy about manicures. Both of 'em dippy—absolutely batty! Both of 'em plumb respectable, yes; but not fit for to be away from home.

"Time come when the bluff wouldn't work no more an' Bob allows he has to go. This lady has to make him out a ticket an' here's the only place where Bob acts to me like a real man. He leans over acrost the little table an' says he, 'Write it down.'

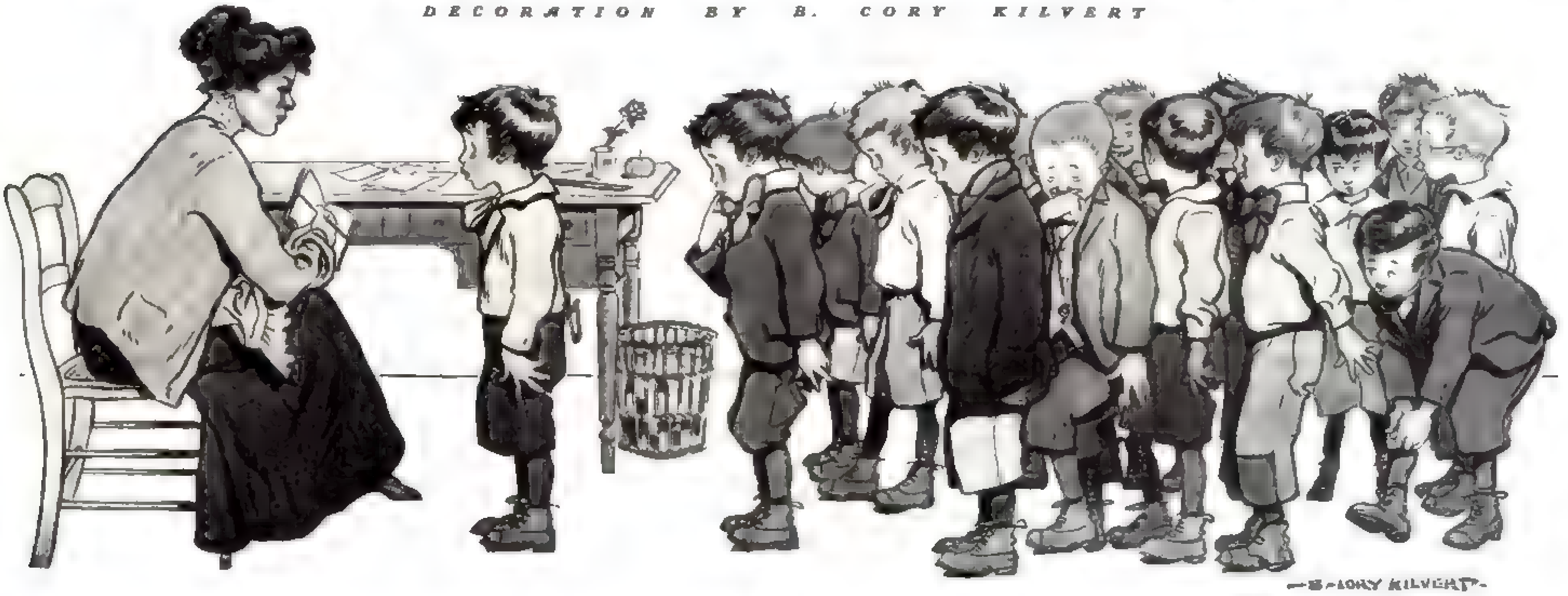
"Say, Sir Algernon, are women what you would call slow to grasp human thought? You git married an' see. Any woman, without takin' hold of your hand, can tell you what you're goin' to think two hours before you had any idea that maybe you were goin' to think. Moreover, any holdin' of the hands is dangerous. An' here was Bob goin' out of his class to fight a professional handholder. When he says what he does the girl gits red in the face, but Bob notices there is a extra piece of paper on the table. He gathers up all them tickets from the barber along with these an' marches up to the door the way he seen other folks do there, an' is goin' to sign his name in the book, but the head barber says, 'That isn't necessary, sir.' When

(Continued on Page 48)

Making Over the Public Schools

Giving Johnny Jones a Chance—By Henry M. Hyde

DECORATION BY B. CORY KILVERT



BEHOLD now, standing alone on the tallest virgin peak of time, that immortal hero, little Johnny Jones. Mr. Jones has just had his fat, pink legs inserted for the first time into a real pair of pants. Thus accoutered in true manly fashion, J. Jones smiles confidently at the universe. The planets may now begin revolving to some purpose. Every little Johnny Jones is a new center of the solar system.

"Heir of all the ages past" is Johnny, "and hope of years to come." He's the hero of every romance, the villain of every crime, both victor and vanquished in every battle. President, pickpocket, poet, spit-ball pitcher, pauper and predatory plute—call him all the names you please! His face still wears its inscrutable smile. He knows they are all true!

J. Jones is the reason why father works overtime; why mother has last fall's walking skirt transformed into a hobble. The world is his debtor and all the rest of us toil endlessly in his service. When he goes out to play, new empires are in the making. When he stands up to speak a piece, unborn senates break into applause. The ghosts of Homer, Napoleon, Darwin, recognize in him their only rival. Look at him with awe; consider him with reverence; treat him with the profound respect that is his due! Tremble lest, through inadvertence or ignorance, you interfere with a destiny that all the generations of men have lived and died to make possible!

It has taken a million years of struggle and suffering to bring little Johnny Jones into the world. Yet so fragile is this marvel that three short school terms may suffice to undo the work of the ages and transform a potential T. R. into a nervous, broken, sickly defective, a sullen and vicious degenerate or a pampered and inert mollycoddle—each almost equally a menace to the progress of the race.

A Course in Mumps and Mathematics

HAVING thus, by a brilliant and scholarly introduction, firmly fixed the attention of the fascinated reader, the artful author may now plunge directly into the full current of his discourse.

Start, if you please, with the little Johnny Jones of twenty years ago. When he got over being a baby, mother wiped his nose, took him by the hand and led him down the street to the old river schoolhouse.

Miss Alice Gray was the teacher. She seemed terribly young—mother can remember perfectly well when she was no bigger than Johnny himself. Besides, the Grays are very poor—they do say that the thirty dollars a month Alice earns is every cent the family has to live on; so it's a blessing she got this place. Of course Alice is engaged to Ben Porter, but they can't get married for a year or two, until old man Forrest, the druggist, gives Ben another raise. Anyhow, we all know that anybody will do to teach the beginners, just so she is nice.

"Why, yes, Alice," mother said; "Johnny knows his letters perfectly. He's been through the primer and up to c-a-r-r-o-t in the spelling book. You know he's naturally very bright."

Miss Alice smiled prettily. She was so glad to have Johnny in her room, and she'd put him right there at the nice double desk with little Sammy Slaymaker. Then the last bell began to ring and the children started to troop into the room.

"Well, I must be going," mother said, and got up reluctantly. "You'll be good to Johnny, I know, Alice," mother added. "He's so little."

"Of course I will, Mrs. Jones," Miss Gray answered. "Johnny and I are going to have lots of good times together."

At the door mother stopped and looked back. Johnny was already at his desk. He did look so cute with his little fat legs swinging three or four inches from the floor!

School had been called to order, the opening song had been sung and the first-reader class was beginning its recitation when little Johnny announced in a shrill, injured voice: "My foot's asleep!" Teacher frowned severely at the giggle that swept round the room and hurried down to bend over Johnny's desk. "If you want to say anything you must raise your hand," she said. "Now get down and stamp your foot hard."

Presently Johnny was back on his seat and the recitation was under way again. Cissie Byers was just in the midst of a command to her fellow sufferers to "See the cat catch the rat!" when Johnny broke out again. "My other foot's asleep," said Johnny triumphantly. This time he climbed down without being told and stamped vigorously. Of course teacher was mad. That sort of thing was "subversive of all discipline," as we say at the normal school. So teacher set Johnny up again on his high seat and told him that if he disobeyed her again she'd have to punish him.

It was a cool day and the twin desk occupied jointly by Johnny and little Sammy Slaymaker was the third from the big, hot stove in the corner of the schoolroom. Along about two o'clock in the afternoon little Johnny began to feel very drowsy. Teacher had just noticed that his yellow head was nodding on its stem when little Sammy Slaymaker stuck a pin into Johnny's fat little leg. It was very tempting—and very easy to do—right there on the same seat with a fellow! Johnny screamed. No wonder teacher was all tired out and nervous when school was finally over.

"I'm going to have trouble with that little Jones brat," she told her sister at supper. "He's delicate—always having something the matter with him—and seems a stupid child too. Went sound asleep in school this afternoon!"

"Well, Johnny, how do you like school?" mother asked when he came home.

"I like it swell," Johnny answered; "only it smells so funny." He was always saying the cutest things!

The next day was very warm and the draft of the stove was turned off, but Johnny got very thirsty about the middle of the morning. He raised his hand. Teacher saw that with encouragement and nodded. "I want a drink of water," Johnny announced. "Go right over there in the corner and help yourself at the waterbucket," teacher said kindly. "The tin cup's hanging on the nail."

Two days later Johnny didn't come to school. Then on Saturday mother met Alice Gray down at the library. "What do you think, Alice?" mother said, "Little Johnny's got the measles!"

"Well, there seems to be a good deal of measles around this fall," Alice answered. "There were half a dozen children out with it yesterday."

"Well, I suppose," said mother in a resigned way, "since they've all got to have it, it's just as well to get it over with now as any other time."

At the end of eight years, if he happened to survive the regular epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping-cough and all the other "recognized" diseases of childhood; if his eyes didn't go back on him or he wasn't forced to leave school on account of nervousness or poor health; if he didn't turn out so stupid that it was useless to keep him at his books or so bad that he was expelled—little Johnny Jones was graduated from the grammar school, ready to go to work or to continue his education. Even then, with so many "ifs" in the way, the finished product was rarely a perfect specimen: Johnny wore glasses, his lungs were weak, he had "stomach trouble," or there was some other speck on the peach.

The Deadly Drinking Cup in the Schoolroom

THE trouble seems to have been that, in the zeal for stuffing Johnny with useful knowledge, people forgot that he was an animal before he was a man. They passed compulsory education laws compelling him to stay in school until he was fourteen; but they paid mighty little attention to the fundamental fact that the welfare of his marvelous mind—to say nothing of his immortal soul—depended very largely on that of his equally marvelous body. They drove him into the schoolhouse, where he acquired, with almost equal certainty, mathematics and mumps, spelling and sore throat, grammar and grip. Later—the period of fads in the public schools—drawing and diphtheria were added to the curriculum.

It was the doctors who first gave the alarm. And here let it be remarked, to the honor of the brotherhood of Æsculapius, that physicians are the only class of men in the world whose hardest and most zealous work is devoted to the destruction of the prospects of their own business.

Doctors had long noticed how the number of cases of sickness increased—particularly among children of school age—when the public schools opened in the fall. One of them noted all the cases of diphtheria reported among children in the United States during a period of four years. Out of these statistics he constructed a graphic and illuminating chart. In August, the middle of the long vacation, there were six thousand cases. With the first of September the count began to rise rapidly. Within a month it had climbed to ten thousand and by Christmastime, when the first school term was over, it had reached the great number of fourteen thousand. Why?

The school drinking cup was the first criminal. It was discovered that in almost every case, where a common cup or glass has been in use for a week, its edges are covered with thousands of virulent disease germs—and that even in cases where it appears to be quite clean. Abolish the common drinking vessel! In many schools this was done, sanitary drinking fountains or individual cups being substituted. And where this was done the number of cases of contagious diseases began to decrease. Taking warning from this experience, several states have since forbidden by law the use of common drinking cups anywhere within their boundaries. When a Pullman train, for instance, crosses the Kansas state line the porter goes through and gathers up all the glasses in the smoking rooms. Those cranks out in the Sunflower state interfere with the personal liberty of even the casual traveler to the extent that they do not permit him to acquire a contagious disease in that particular manner until he gets over the line into Missouri or Colorado.

Meanwhile it is true that probably four-fifths of all the school-children in the United States still drink from common cups; but the subject is everywhere being agitated and within a few years it is likely that the percentage will be reversed. In Chicago, for instance, where there are between three and four hundred thousand children on the rolls, the superintendent, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, and the school board are planning to install sanitary drinking fountains, at which the pupils may drink direct from the bubbling water.

By the way, the Hindu always drinks by raising the cup and pouring the water into his mouth without touching the edges of the vessel with his lips, moved thereto by the ridiculous idea that he may be in some way contaminated by using a cup that other men have defiled. Those benighted heathen customs are so absurd!

But disease may be communicated in many other ways. It began to be plain that the only certain course was carefully to inspect little Johnny Jones, to see that when he brought a nice red apple to school—to give "dear teacher"—he did not at the same time bring a number of nice little germs for distribution among his fellow-pupils. Regular medical inspection of school-children in the United States began in the city of New York in 1892. Boston followed two years later, Chicago fell into line in 1896 and Philadelphia in 1897. At present, medical inspection is the rule in more than one hundred cities and four hundred towns—leaving, however, a very large percentage of children still unprotected.

The results have been startling. In New York, in a single year, fifteen thousand children were found to be suffering from a contagious eye disease and sixty-five thousand other children were excluded from school for various periods because they were found to be active sources of infection for various maladies, ranging from whooping-cough to diphtheria. That is one of the reasons why the death-rate in the metropolis has, in the last dozen years, dropped from twenty-five to eighteen for every thousand inhabitants.

When Johnny Jones comes up to be examined physically as well as mentally, before entering school, the wise physician is not content simply with making sure that he is not a menace to the other pupils. Johnny's own well-being—potential president that he is—remains to be considered.

"He's a stupid boy," teacher says confidentially to the doctor. "Hates to study. Doesn't seem to grasp the meaning of anything, even when I write it all out on the blackboard. When I correct him he's inclined to be sullen and impudent."

Presently the doctor discovers that Johnny's eyesight is defective. He hates to read or study because the print is blurred before his eyes. He doesn't grasp the problem that teacher writes out so carefully on the blackboard because he can't half see it. He is sullen and impudent because he feels he is blamed for something that is not his fault. It is estimated that about one-quarter of all the incorrigible and backward boys and girls in the public schools are so because there is something the matter with their sight or hearing.

Among one hundred thousand children in New York, nearly one-third were found to have such defective eyesight as to require glasses. In Philadelphia there were three hundred and fifty-four pupils who, their teachers declared, were mentally deficient—plain candidates for the asylum for the feeble-minded. At the suggestion of the medical inspectors and at a cost of three hundred dollars, appropriated by the city council, those three hundred and fifty-four children were properly fitted with glasses. The result was a most remarkable—not to say pathetic—improvement both in scholarship and conduct. Most of the supposed defectives presently took their places in the grades to which they normally belonged. It would be as easy as it should be unnecessary to multiply indefinitely similar instances. Suppose the case be left to stand on the statement of Doctor Newmayer, of Philadelphia, who has given years of study to the subject:

"Truancy, child labor, the juvenile criminal and the moral and mental defective, in greater part, have their origin in the unrecognized, unattended, physically defective pupil."

The average school board, if asked why it had not already established medical inspection, would in most cases give as the compelling reason, "We cannot afford it." Experience has shown that an inspection complete enough not only to bar contagious diseases but also to detect physical defects in the individual can be made for about fifty cents a year for each pupil. In every school there are a considerable number of pupils that fail, each June, to make the next grade. They are obliged to go over the same work a second time, adding, of course, just that much to the cost of maintaining the schools. In every city there are hundreds of pupils who take nine years' time to complete six years' work. Each of them costs one-third more to be graduated than the normal child. Medical inspection would prevent a large part of this delinquency and to the same extent save money for the board of education. This saving must be carefully calculated before it is possible to admit the not-sufficient-funds plea, even on the grossest dollars-and-cents basis. When, in addition, it is considered that many lives will be saved and—quite as important—many potential paupers and criminals will be transformed into strong and useful citizens, the plea of economy really becomes one of indifference or ignorance.

(Concluded on Page 50)

A Break in Training

By Allen Sangree

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LATE one drizzly afternoon in October, Leftfielder Dan Bunts and Catcher Steve—"Big Steve"—Doyle were beginning to feel the effects of many libations which, though paragraphed from Harlem to West Street, seemed by the very leisure of their absorption to have accrued a strange potency. Clasping a wellworn suitcase in his right breadwinner, whence glinted a three-carat chunk of "ice," the National League's hardest hitter vigorously but uncertainly led the way, as he thought, to the Boston steamship docks. Directly in his wake followed Catcher Doyle, similarly encumbered and adorned. "Wet grounds—no game" had provided this opportunity for a short break in training; but, a double-header being scheduled in Boston next day, they were loath indeed that the manager or captain of the club should observe their plight.

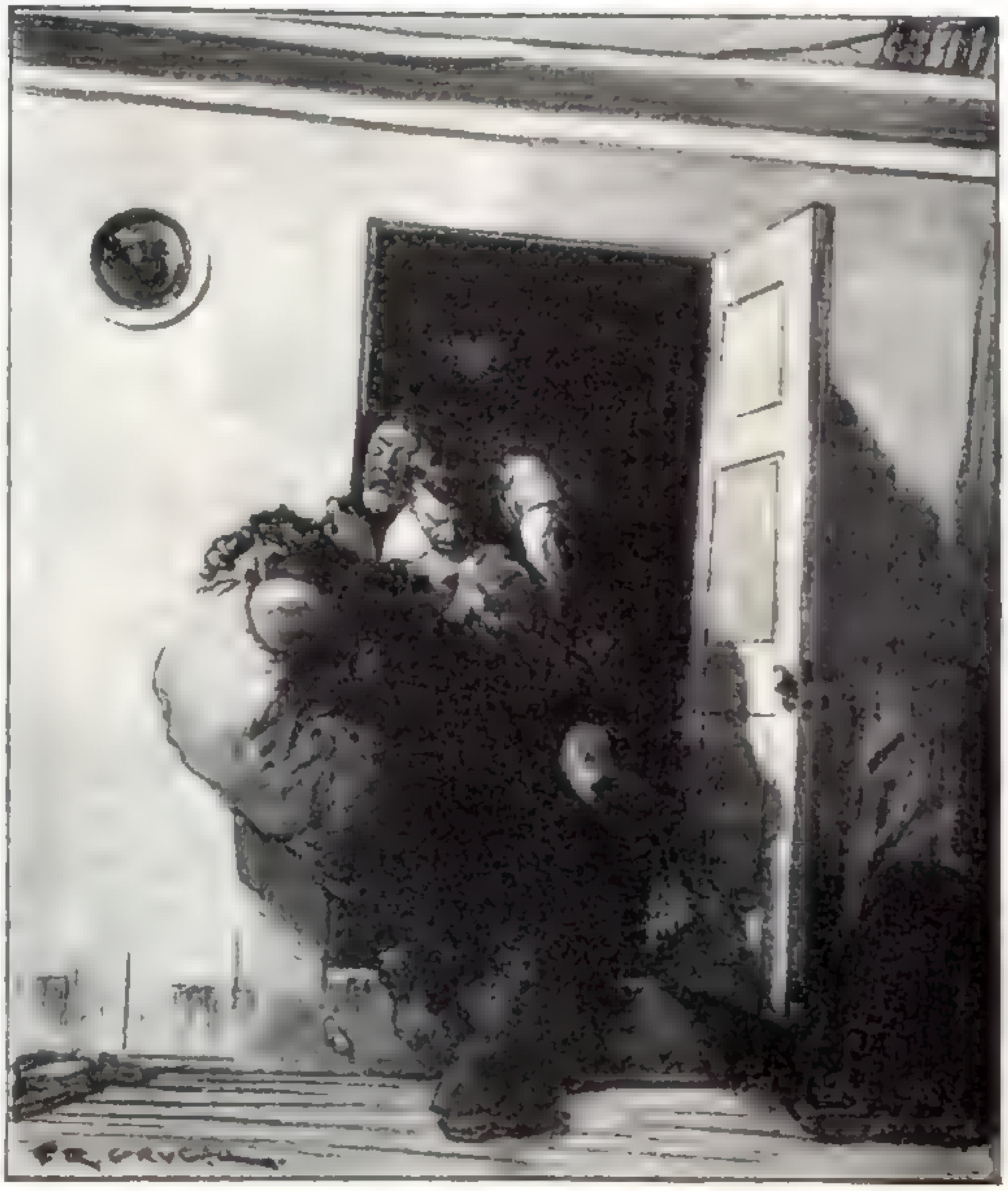
"Like as not Mac'll be at the gate countin' off th' bunch," urged Steve thickly, elbowing a commuter.

"'F he is," muttered Bunts, "we got t' lay low. Maybe we c'n crawl in the basement somehow."

Confused by the stir of traffic, swept by the rain now blowing in torrents, oppressed by fear of Manager Barney McNabb's wrath, the two ballplayers zigzagged under a high vaulted roof among piles of merchandise. An endless stream of trucks lumbered back and forth.

"Gangway! Gangway!" they heard at every turn; and stevedores, grinning maliciously, bumped these national heroes with no more consideration than if they had been immigrants.

Jostled into a grotto of temporary safety, Big Steve laid hands upon a person who commanded his attention by reason of a nautical cap. "Say, old boy, y' belong to th' boat?"



The Animated Mass Swayed and Lurched and Finally Tumbled Through the Doorway Into the Broad Luster of a Full Moon

"Hey, un'er y'r belt!" put in Leftfielder Bunts pleadingly. "You know —— Just a lit'l' afternoon 'th friends. Get's on quiet; we'll make 't all right. Be goo' fella!"

The mariner scrutinized the strangers closely, noting the weather-beaten skin, capable hands and well-knit figures that showed unusual strength despite their swaying.

"Well, now," he suggested—"you want to see the captain, don't you?"

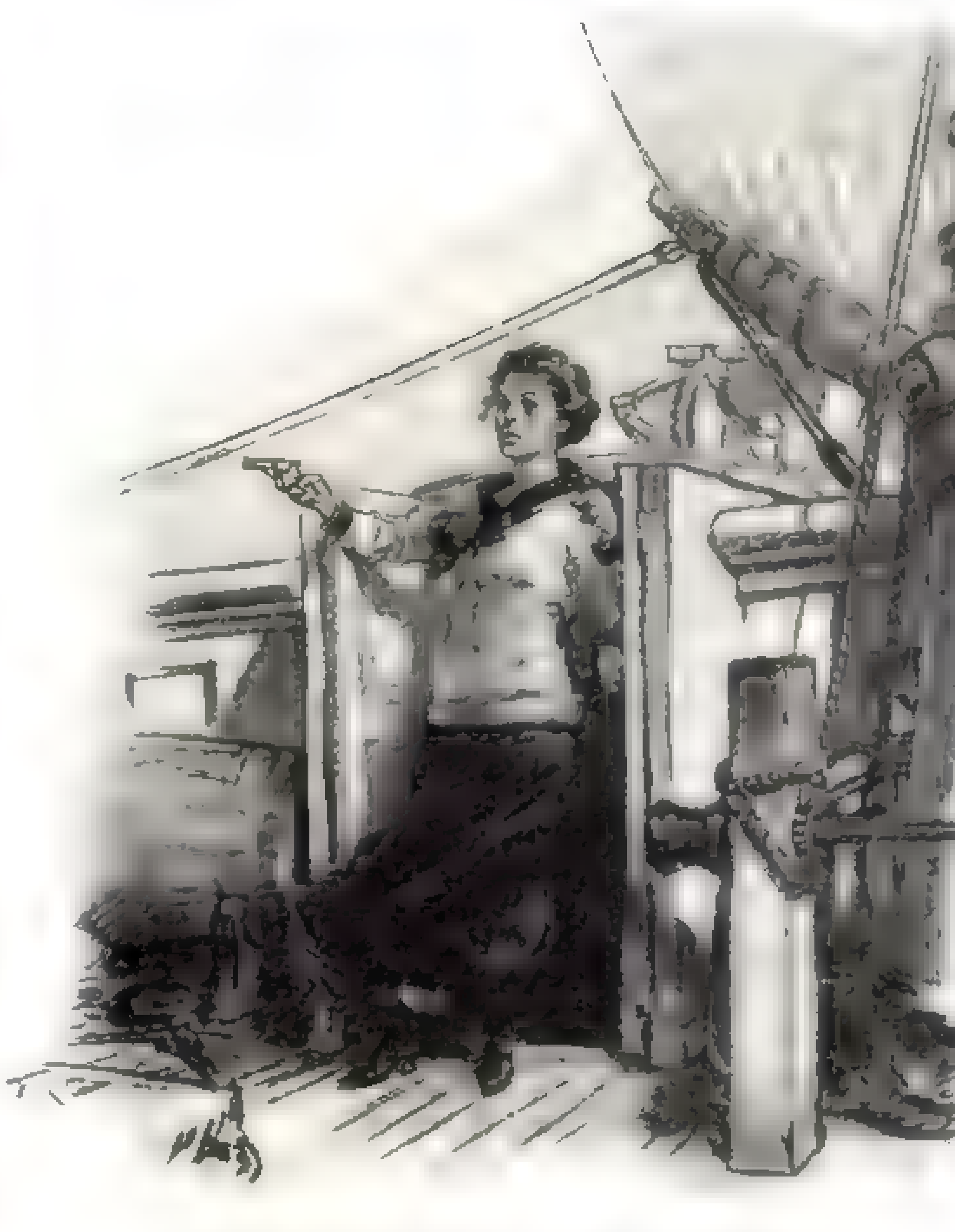
The extreme fervency of their denials, the fresh vigor of their imprecations against any such calamity, somewhat puzzled the other.

"I'm mate of this windjammer," the stranger said slowly, "and have no wish to get into trouble. The captain told me to be on the lookout for you." He paused. "Don't want to see the captain?"—grinding his eye over the huge proportions of Catcher Doyle.

"Captain, manager—none of th' team, y'un'erstan'!" they protested. "Jes' get us on—Lay low t'll morning—Sleep it off—Make 't a' right 'ith you—Un'erstan'?—Un'er y'r belt!—Jes' get us aboard."

Shortly after midnight, when the three-masted schooner Melrose, bound from New York to the River Plate with a general cargo, was abeam of Sandy Hook, Captain Ross ordered the watch to close-haul and set the main staysail. There was a fair breeze, a bright moon, and the trim vessel slipped over the silver-crested waves as noiselessly as a great bird. Before the mate, Mr. Evans, who was just as Welsh as Captain Ross was Scotch, turned in, the master of the Melrose, himself a trifle hectic, announced that in his opinion the newly shipped sailors had been sufficiently rested.

"Wear diamonds, eh?" he grunted jeeringly. "Glass, you mean. P'r'aps they're dagos."



"Remember, I Can Shoot—and Shoot Straight!"

"No fear, sir," from the mate. "They look like downright Yankees. I was surprised clean through. Haven't seen a genuine American sailor come aboard in ten years."

"We'll have a peek at them," decided Skipper Ross, with no great intensity, though he was plainly interested.

Tacking to leeward, captain and mate stepped over loosened tackle, past the galley, and, plucking a smoky lantern from a beam near the forecastle door, went directly to the bunks from which wafted jarring snores.

"Crimes o' Paris!" uttered the master of the Melrose. "They'd open the seams o' the ship! Mr. Evans, shove this bully in the ribs. By crimes! He is a little bit of all right. Never thought that crimp'd get hold of the like. From what he said I expected a couple o' wharf-rats that had to get away from the police. Diamonds!"

Mate Evans, prodding Catcher Doyle with a rough hand, a freedom from which any player in fast company would have shrunk, caused the big fellow to turn toward the light and toss his hand over the bunkside. The setting of his massive ring, purchased with a month's salary from Diamond Joe, gleamed even in that murky illumination. The backstop's thick, muscular neck was exposed; likewise a tattooed emblem on his forearm.

"Well, well!" laughed Skipper Ross, with triumphant humor. "That's one on you, Evans. Nothing but a big piece of glass - that's what it is. But, see there!" pointing to the India-ink American flag. "A sailor for fair and a knockout. Probably a man-o'-war's-man taking it on tick. I'll make a second mate of him, Evans, and send that half-breed lubber forward. Wake 'em up, lad; hand 'em one in the ribs. Crimes o' Paris! I'll give him Ju-Ju's berth in the cabin."

Mate Evans, a rawboned, sea-hardened output from Cardiff, tried a species of jiu-jitsu this time, twisting Big Steve's wrist and simultaneously twisting what was left of a nose that had been sadly damaged by a spitball.

The result was sudden and unexpected. Mr. Doyle, resting none too comfortably on an empty stomach, sprang upward, cracked his head on the berth above, hurled himself out and, leaping to his feet, yelled: "Shoot it, Jack! Shoot it! Home! Home!"

He clapped his big mitts together, caught an imaginary ball and, seeing the master of the Melrose in a half-crouching position, "put it on" him for as fair an out as ever an umpire called.

"I got him!" exulted the National League's brawniest catcher. "I got him!" His clenched fist landed in the captain's eye.

"You did, eh!" howled the infuriated navigator. Straightening up, he capsized Steve, upset the lantern, and together they whirled into the bunk occupied by Leftfielder Bunts.

Fully aroused from his crapulous nightmare, Mr. Doyle conceived the notion that he was an object of plundering assault. Even as he crooked one stout arm about the mariner's neck he felt for the band of gold and its costly setting. Its presence stimulated him to resistless exertion.

"Dan! Dan!" he yelled, as skipper and catcher rolled on the floor. "Get up! Look out! Thieves! Y'r diamond! ——" His speech was cut short with a gurgle-gurgle, for Captain Ross buried his sinewy fingers in the big leaguer's neck.

Leftfielder Bunts took in the situation as though it were an organized play and, flinging himself on the struggling forms, luckily clenched the shipmaster's whiskers with a fierce grip.

Mate Evans, momentarily palsied by the adventure, recovered himself and joined the animated mass which swayed and lurched in the narrow aisle and finally tumbled through the doorway into the broad luster of a full moon.

The majesty of an autumn heaven—stars, planets, milky way; the spread of bellying canvas, the long, rolling, silvered waves, the pitch and toss of the schooner, the gathering of black faces, the hoarse orders of captain and mate—what in the name of reason could it all mean?

The Melrose carried only three sailors in each watch—black boys from the Western islands—besides a second mate, who hailed from Brazil, and a Chinese cook. Obedient to the master's partly stifled commands, delivered in a hybrid dialect, these came to the rescue, some armed with belaying-pins. In the distorted imaginations of Messrs. Bunts and Doyle they suggested goblins, ogres, something unearthly.

The two were clad in their underclothes—sleeveless shirts and knee-breeches. Thus unhampered and easily discerning their immediate enemies, they fought with frenzied energy.

Though not so massive as his fellow leaguer, Leftfielder Bunts was regarded as a bad man to tackle on field or in clubhouse. He stood an even six feet, was built proportionately and had pantherlike quickness. A pitcher by occupation, he developed such hitting ability that Manager McNabb had shifted him to the left garden, using him in the box only on occasions. His wits were more nimble than the catcher's; so it was he that first realized the situation.

Disposing of the Welsh mate with a deft and vicious right swing, Mr. Bunts shouted:

"We've been kidnapped, Steve! They drugged us. Wallop that old duffer. He's the manager!"

Bunts laid two black men low, chased another around the galley house and turning the second corner ran into the cook, whom he flattened with a blow in the neck. Big Steve found the schooner's captain, for all the grizzled whiskers and fifty years, a surprisingly tough customer. Over and over they rolled, hands gripping each other's neck, hot breath meeting hot breath, and gasping oaths of their several vocations—that is to say, Catcher Doyle used the strong and unprintable language of the ballfield, while Captain Ross confined himself to the harmless oath, "Crimes o' Paris!" an expression which, for him—a stern Scotch Presbyterian—covered the gamut of blasphemy. He felt a secret pride in having coined the phrase after a two-days' sojourn in the gay French capital. But, if obedient to the Third Commandment, Captain Ross was in nowise hampered by the Beatitudes. Feeding his men on decayed horsemeat, robbing them of wages and hazing them with overwork was for him a matter of business.

Backstop Steve Doyle, of course, knew nothing of these eccentricities. He was "up against" a stout opponent and it required all his strength to finally drive the shipmaster against the bulwarks so hard that he lay there limp as a wet towel.

Puffing for wind, Big Steve leaned up against the galley. His heart, from fright and exercise, beat like a steam riveter.

"Wha' is it, Dan?" he wheezed.

"Jes' what I said, Steve. Somebody kidnapped us. Knockout drops. Must 'a' been in that last saloon. I've read about such things. Oh, great kingdom, Steve! What'll McNabb say? We throwed him down once, an' he said ——"

"Zwush!"

A nasty thud and Leftfielder Bunts flopped to the deck without a quiver. After the fashion of his race the Chinese cook had crawled to the roof of the galley and an iron belaying-pin did the rest. Big Steve wheeled about, got tangled in a coil of rope and, losing his balance, fell heavily; and quick as one might dump the ball and start for first base half a dozen sailors were atop of him. At the same time Mate Evans arrived and smote the hero with the butt-end of a heavy revolver. Also Skipper Ross, for good measure, added sundry kicks and blows until Catcher Doyle and Leftfielder Bunts were as ignorant of their whereabouts as Manager Barney McNabb, who was at that very hour searching the luxurious Boston steamer for his two high-priced stars. McNabb, in a wretched mood, walked the decks all night, taking his only hope in a chance that Doyle and Bunts had missed the boat and were traveling by train.

"They may have been held up or got to gambling, but they'd never throw me down at this stage of the game by going on a spree," he argued with the club's secretary. "Why, man, it means a couple of thousand apiece if we win four out o' the next eight games. Think Big Steve'd let that get by him? Nix!"

Manager McNabb conjured a number of excuses for the catcher and fielder, but not in his wildest dream could he have imagined them lying under a tarpaulin, almost naked, bumping each other on the foredeck of a schooner that was charging into head-seas of the Atlantic Ocean.

Dry-throated, empty-stomached, every bone and joint aching, the two athletes were apprised of the dawn's early light by Captain Ross, who soused them with a pail of sea-water.

"Fetch another!" he commanded one of the crew.

Messrs. Doyle and Bunts scrambled to their feet and backed against the forecastle, holding the canvas in front of them.

"Don't! For the love of Heaven, don't!" cried the catcher, brine stinging his eyes, his mighty shoulders shuddering.

"Don't! For the love o' Mike! Please don't, sir!" chattered the intrepid Bunts, cringing, spineless and terror-stricken.

Captain Ross fingered a bright revolver; and, to judge by his ferocious appearance, he proposed instant assassination. The skipper's upper lip was puffed, two front teeth were missing and an ugly wound on his forehead marked the size of Steve Doyle's diamond.

Possibly he knew that the puffed lip made him look a trifle silly, for his invective was unusually scathing as he talked of "double irons," "mutiny" and "twenty years' imprisonment." His red cheeks were almost purple from ill-contained rage. Shouting and ranting, he galloped up and down as he gripped his pistol and occasionally caressed his bruised lip.

"It's a mistake—mistake—a fierce mistake!" Doyle and Bunts reiterated. In a momentary lull Big Steve managed to announce.

"But, mister, we ain't sailors at all!" Then, a little louder and with an inflection of pride: "We're ballplayers!"

"World's champions!" put in Bunts. "This is Big Steve Doyle," waving one arm tremblingly.

"This is Dan Bunts; used to be pitcher—leftfielder now," introduced Doyle.

"Show 'em your hand, Steve," suggested Dan, for Captain Ross appeared to be skeptical. At least, he raised his eyebrows and his face wore an inscrutable expression. Steve displayed his throwing hand, with its broken and gnarled digits.

"Baseball players, eh?" inquired the skipper, with a jeering relish that escaped the big leaguers.

"That's right; you got it," they chorused, honey-mouthed. How easy it would be now! The magic of that word—baseball! The might of those names—Doyle and Bunts! Another rooter, this grim seafarer. Very likely he would be wanting to "fan" presently.

Big Steve regained his doughty bearing.

"An' if it's all the same to you, Cap, you c'n put us on that steamer over there." He pointed to a plume of smoke and a long black hull. "We'll pay you for th' trouble. Certainly's a good joke on us." Mr. Bunts joined in the laugh.

"Ballplayers, eh?" The skipper of the Melrose twisted his swollen lip into a queer grimace.

"Sure!" promptly replied the cheerful Bunts. "We're with th' Pioneers. Barney McNabb's our manager. Heard o' Barney, haven't you? Well, say, Cap, we're in pretty bad. Barney'll give us thunder f'r missin' that battle today. Only eight more games, y' know. Got t' win the pennant. Can't you signal that steamer? Be a good fella. We'll make it worth y'r while." He motioned in the location of his trousers pocket. "Or, maybe you c'd put us on shore ——"

"BALLPLAYERS!"

It was the roar of a prehistoric animal. Even the black crew shrank from the terrific blare and the brandished revolver. "Ballplayers? Loafers! Drunkards! Scum of the earth! I'll ballplay you! I got you—you snakes, you scorpions, you hell cast-offs! Oh, don't I know you! Go round th' country with your diamonds, luring innocent girls from home. By the crimes o' Paris! Want to go to sea, eh? Well, you're going then, by crimes!—going to the River Plate and to the Bight of Benin and then to China. Ha! Ha! Ballplayers!" He stopped abruptly. "Get below! Put some clothes on. See this?" He waved the pistol. "If you raise a hand to me just once I'll shoot your heads off."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Steve and Dan had an opportunity to converse. Clad in cast-off overalls stiff with paint, hobnailed shoes and cheap soiled sweaters, they lurched about doing odd jobs on deck. Their breakfast of weak coffee, a hunk of salt meat and biscuit was but a memory and an ugly one. At six bells Mate Evans ordered the vessel put about on the starboard tack.

"Get to the main sheet!" he yelled; and as poor Steve looked bewildered the Welshman, both of his eyes blackened, swung hard on the backstop's ribs. Utterly cowed, Big Steve rushed inside the forecastle and pulled desperately at the covers on his bunk.

Mr. Bunts, assigned to pick rust off the anchor-chain, fared better, having attached several of the crew by giving them plugs of very good chewing tobacco, a luxury to which he had long been addicted. As the mate sang out his unintelligible order to "Stand by!" Dan was tipped off; and skipping to the waist of the Melrose he did his part in hauling away. His blood boiled when he saw both mate and captain take a wallop at the National League's grandest pegger as he emerged from the forecastle and reported that he could not find any sheets. But Leftfielder Bunts had no stomach for the butt-end of a revolver. His pate was still sore from the night's bickering.

The weather becoming thick, balloon jib, upper jib and the three topsails came down. Short tacks required constant pulling of the ropes. Messrs. Doyle and Bunts, accustomed to Lucullian meals at the best hotels, were nigh faint from hunger. The schooner, buffeted with heavier seas, dipped and rose, canted and righted, with sickening irregularity. Big Steve, polishing some bright metal, lost his footing, plumped an elbow through one of the cabin skylights, and for his awkwardness received another blow on the chin.

"Send the idiot forward, Mr. Evans," bade the shipmaster. "He'll fall against one of the masts d'rectly and snap it off."

"Dan!" groaned Steve as he staggered to the windlass on the forecastle deck.

"Wha's matter now, Steve?"

"I fell through a window back there above the parlor; and say, Dan, I heard a woman scream—on the level!"

"Nix!" grunted the outfielder. "No woman'd ever come to a place like this. It was a poll-parrot, Steve. I've read how they always have 'em on ships."

"Take it from me," warmly returned Catcher Doyle, who prided himself on his omniscience of the gentler sex, "it was a woman ——"

"Silence, you swabs! No talkin' while you're on watch; don't forget that!" Mate Evans had followed Steve forward. He was nearly as perplexed over the situation as the ballplayers. Why did not Captain Ross put them in irons? Even though some mistake had been made, it was a clean case of mutiny. For himself, he had never heard of America's national pastime. The skipper vouchsafed no information and his grim enjoyment every time he muttered the word "ballplayers" puzzled the executive officer of the Melrose.

"Dan," murmured Steve, as the mate disappeared, "this is a pirate ship. They got a woman locked in the parlor back there. We're in for it, Dan. Ain't this somethin' fierce?"

A long silence followed as Bunts and Doyle chipped rust off the anchor-chain. Each knew what the other was thinking. About this time—nearly noon—the Pioneers would be chatting in the lobby of the Copley Square Hotel, waiting for the dining room to open. They could see the colored head waiter bowing and grinning as the world's champions filed in to take their choice of rich, nutritious soups, meats and dessert.

"Dan," said Steve in a hollow voice, "I don't think I'm long f'r this world. There's something coming over me—like—I don't know what. Dan, if I die you tell 'em ——"

"Cut it out, Steve. You don't feel any worse'n I do." Dan grabbed the windlass, for he, too, was experiencing seasickness for the first time. "But"—he gritted his teeth—"I'm going to put one over on 'em yet." He looked warily to the quarterdeck, where captain and mate were squinting through their sextants preparatory to "shooting the sun," and whispered excitedly: "All we have to do is to cop 'em, Steve. Look there!" He pointed to several vessels passing at close range. "We c'n make these dingeys row us over. F'r your own sake, Steve, brace up! Come on—they're not lookin'. Nothing but a fast ball—now, mind you—and put everything you got on it. It's our last chance, Steve. We'll be blacklisted in th' big leagues!"

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally divided among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would befall them by such a division. So it was with Big Steve Doyle, who could at that moment imagine no one so miserable as himself. Yet, five minutes after he and Leftfielder Bunts had craftily made their way inside the forecastle and secured, each, two slightly tarnished baseballs from Bunts' suitcase, you could not have looked upon a more elated human being than Catcher Doyle.

Absorbed in their nautical observations—for "Old Jamaica" was flirting with the clouds, now bright, now obscured—Captain Ross and Mate Evans had no warning as the two ballplayers stealthily approached within twenty feet, one on each side of the mainmast.

"Now!" shouted Bunts; and with the very word he hurled a fast ball that caught Mate Evans so squarely on the chin that he dropped in his tracks and lay as though never to move again. Catcher Doyle, though a famously accurate thrower, in his weakened state did not trust to so narrow an aim. Picking out the skipper's watch-charm, that marked the region of his solar plexus, he drew back for a fragment of time and then let go with his well-known flat-footed peg that had killed off the fleetest of basestealers. A cannon-ball could not have done better service. The master of the Melrose doubled up like a splintered mast and groveled upon the deck, his face contorted in his agony.

With a wild Irish yell, Steve Doyle precipitated himself upon the Scotch shipmaster, his Celtic blood tingling with victory as he manhandled the skipper and trussed him up with a length of rope, shouting, as he worked, what dire punishment he intended to mete out. Dan Bunts, ever on the alert, spied the Chinese cook running aft, with a long knife upraised, and methodically fitted the second ball in his right hand. As a pitcher, his genius lay in control, putting the pill where he wanted to. The untutored Celestial saw the horsehide whizzing toward him and kept ducking away, but with diabolical sureness the strange missile continued darting for his face. When it landed solidly Mr. Bunts turned unconcernedly to the task of tying up the mate and frisking him of his pistol. Often before he had witnessed the effect of that "bean ball."

Big Steve, utterly jubilant, began to roar forth:

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?
K—E—double L—Y."

Bunts had just lent his tenor accompaniment when, above their pæan, above the lashing of waves, creak of blocking, slatting of canvas and clamor of crew, there sounded a feminine voice, trembling but clear:

"Remember, I can shoot—and shoot straight!"

At the cabin companionway leaned a young woman, holding a small-caliber pistol, which wabbled pitifully, belying the brave words. Her blonde hair was disheveled, dark circles flanked her eyes and the pallor of her face was exaggerated by the sea-mist.

Doyle's jaw relaxed, but his hand still pinioned the skipper's throat. He gave Dan an I-told-you-so look.

"You must not kill him!" she exclaimed, with a defiant sob. "He's my uncle."

"Excuse me, miss," vindicated Steve; "but that's what he nearly done to us. All we asked for was ——"

"Why, it's Mr. Doyle—Steve Doyle!" The girl's eyes widened with astonished relief, her bosom heaved with a big intake of breath and her lips half smiled. "Mr. Bunts too!—of the Pioneers!"

Steve and Dan could only nod, gaping assent.

"Then," cried the mysterious person ere she gracefully collapsed and swooned, "Barney got the telegram, after all!"

Though no benedick, Big Steve had a way with women, and Mr. Bunts tacitly assigned to him the delicate task of carrying the girl below to the cabin while he, in possession of both pistols, did a man's duty on deck.

"Come hither, pickanins!" He summoned the crew with a stern smile. "See that?" He pointed to a small patch near the throat of the main topsail. In his baseball travels Dan had devoted many an hour to shooting-gallery practice. So, with the briefest of sight, he put a bullet through the target.

"Well; understand?" He stared at the second mate. "I'm handlin' this team now; an' you kids jump th' hurdles or I'll spot the ace on y'r wishbone!"

Meanwhile Mr. Doyle listened attentively to Miss Gretta Ross, niece of the skipper, as she told of her secret marriage to Barney McNabb, manager of the Pioneers, twice world's champions and now striving for a third "rag." The girl was semihysterical and skipped from one disjointed sentence to another so jerkily that Steve had difficulty in following.

She had lived most of her life in New Bedford, Massachusetts, Manager McNabb's native town. Her parents had died and Uncle John had taken care of her. Captain Ross, an un-Americanized Scotchman, for some reason had taken a violent dislike to baseball players, especially to one McNabb. He considered the profession irreligious, unreliable, given to poolplaying and gambling. It was of no consequence that Barney McNabb, baseball manager, earned in a year four times more than John Ross, shipmaster.

"Everybody in New Bedford likes Barney," declared Miss Ross, dabbing a tiny handkerchief to her streaming eyes.

"Sure!" said Steve, wondering what explanation he could make to the Pioneers' manager for his absence.

"Everybody wanted to see us married except Uncle John," continued the unhappy young wife. "He's so terribly religious, you know."

Catcher Doyle rubbed a prodigious bump on the side of his head and unconsciously gave vent to a doubting snort.

"It was when the Pioneers played that exhibition game at Rocky Point, below Providence—don't you remember?"

"I got a homer that day," Mr. Doyle modestly reminded her.

"Yes; yes, it was grand; and Mr. Bunts was fine too."

"Three singles and a triple." Steve emphasized the gallant record to counterbalance the remarks of Leftfielder Bunts, whose voice—berating Captain Ross and demanding food from the cook—penetrated the cabin.

Mrs. McNabb did not seem to hear it, so wrapped up was she in her own narrative.

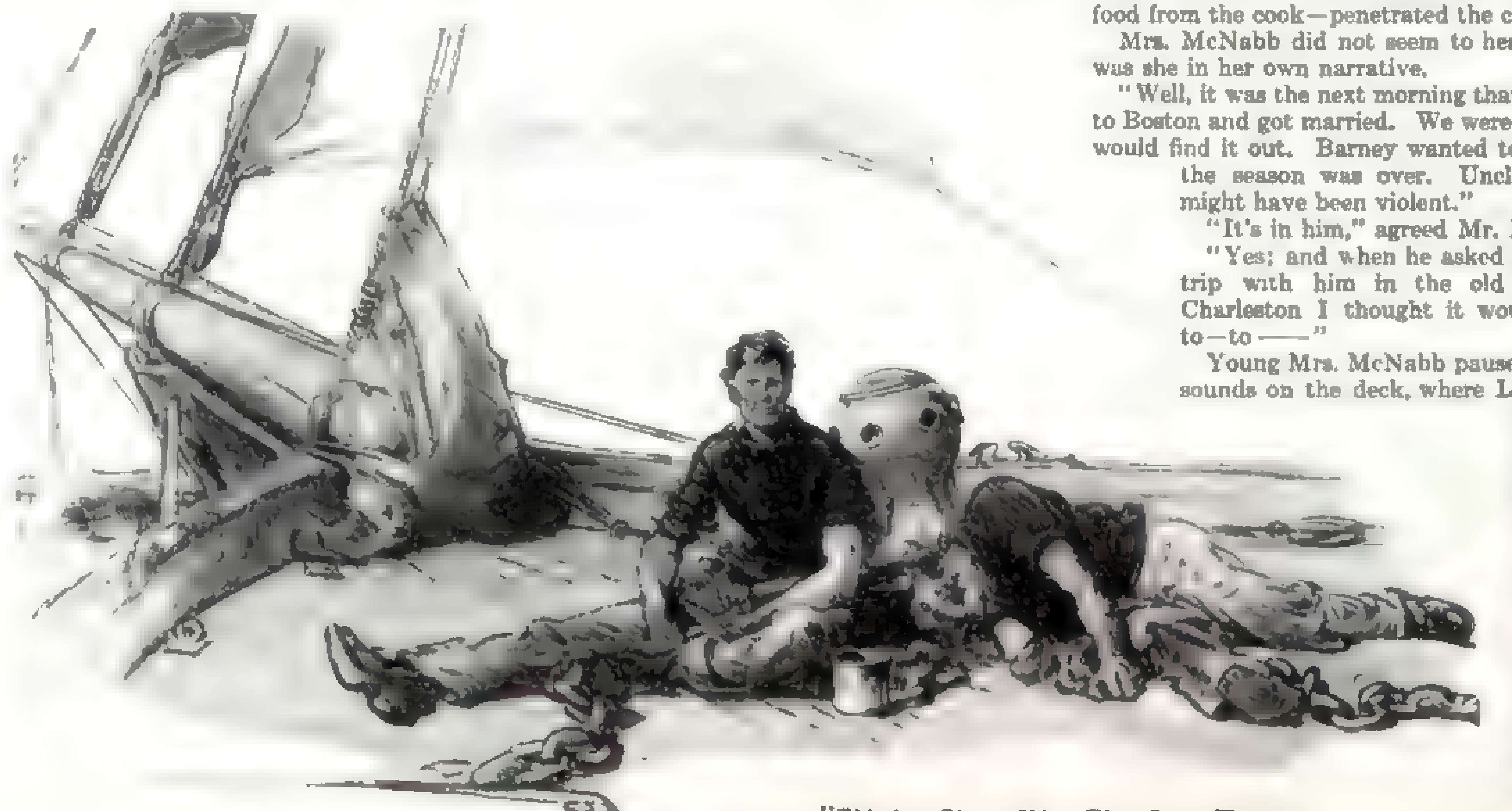
"Well, it was the next morning that Barney and I went to Boston and got married. We were so afraid the papers would find it out. Barney wanted to keep it quiet until the season was over. Uncle John, you know, might have been violent."

"It's in him," agreed Mr. Doyle firmly.

"Yes; and when he asked me to make a short trip with him in the old Melrose down to Charleston I thought it would be a good way to—to ——"

Young Mrs. McNabb paused at the uncommon sounds on the deck, where Leftfielder Bunts had organized a nonvolunteer bucket brigade. He was sousing the skipper and mate with pails of cold salt water. Captain Ross' protests and pleadings should have drawn sympathy from any woman, much more a relative; but his niece pressed her lips together and tried to control her voice.

(Continued on Page 40)



"This is a Pirate Ship. They Got a Woman Locked in the Parlor Back There"

THE RETAIL COST—By Will Payne

YOUR roast of beef has been a great traveler. Probably it started down near El Paso, Texas, as a promising two-year-old steer. From the range it was driven to the nearest railroad station. This was some distance too; for in that huge country the nearest thing is a good many miles away. At the railroad station it was loaded into a stock car and shipped to a farm in Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas—several hundred miles, certainly.

It tarried on the farm some six months, devoting itself industriously to the consumption of corn, hay and linseed meal. It was then driven again to the railroad station, put into a car and shipped to Chicago—another journey of several hundred miles. At Chicago it passed into the hands of Mr. Armour or one of his fellow craftsmen, who by a few skillful passes converted it into dressed beef. As dressed beef it was again put on board train and shipped, say, to Massachusetts, New York or Pennsylvania—perhaps a thousand miles. At its destination it was put into the packer's local warehouse and thence delivered, as a carcass or half carcass, to your local butcher.

Up to this point your roast may easily have traveled twenty-five hundred miles. Men were employed to drive it from the range to the Texas shipping point. Other men were employed to accompany it from Texas to the Kansas or Dakota farm and see that it was properly fed while on the way. During this journey the steer was taken out of the car two or three times to be fed; then reloaded and sent on. Men were employed to drive it from the railroad station in Kansas or Dakota to the farm and again to drive it back to the station after it had been fattened. On the journey from the farm to Chicago it was taken out of the car two or three times to be fed; reloaded and sent on. From Chicago eastward, as dressed beef, it traveled, properly iced, in a refrigerator car.

Thus it completed the first long stage of its travels; but another stage remained—namely, the journey of four or five blocks from the local butcher shop to your kitchen door. And it cost more to haul the roast those final four or five blocks than it had cost to haul it the two or three thousand miles from the Texas range to the local butcher shop.

That statement, I admit, looks rather staggering; but various investigations by the Department of Agriculture seem to leave no doubt that it is true. There has been no material change in transportation charges since June, 1908, and the department found the total cost of moving the beef from Texas to New York in that month, including attendance, feed, yardage, switching, and the like, to be about a cent a pound—under rather than over that figure.

Thirty-eight Per Cent Gross Profit

THERE is the advantage of thoroughly organized business—or even, if you will permit me to say it, of monopolistic business. So far, the beef has been in the hands of the railroads and of the packers; and there is no lost motion, no waste effort.

Let us see what happens after the beef gets into the hands of unorganized and thoroughly competitive business—namely, of the retail trade.

Rather over a year ago, when prices were much the same as at present, the Department of Agriculture made a special investigation of the retail trade in meats. Fifty typical cities—large, small and of medium size—in all parts of the country were selected. In each of these cities inspectors of the Bureau of Animal Industry got the wholesale price that the butcher paid for his meat when he bought it, as a dressed whole carcass or half carcass, at the packer's local warehouse. They then got the retail price of all the cuts into which the butcher divided the carcass when he sold it—for example: so many pounds of chuck at thirteen cents; so many of flank at ten cents; so many of plate and neck at nine cents; so many of rib at sixteen cents; so many of round at fifteen cents; so many of sirloin at eighteen cents; so many of suet at three cents; so many of bones—where the butcher sold the bones—at two-fifths of a cent a pound.

Thus they accounted for the whole carcass, or half carcass; for after the meat leaves the packer as dressed beef there is scarcely any waste. Obviously, by adding together the retail price received for all the various cuts and comparing that with the wholesale price of the carcass—the total number of pounds of meat in both cases being the same—it was possible to tell exactly how much was added to the price of the meat from the time it left the packer's warehouse until it reached the consumer—in other words, how much was added to the price by the retail process.

They found that in all the cities, on an average, the retailers added thirty-eight cents to each dollar's worth of meat; in quite a number of smaller cities they added full fifty per cent to the price; in eleven cities they added more than fifty per cent.

Here, merely as an illustration, is one retail shop in Allentown, Pennsylvania. It buys at wholesale a half carcass of dressed beef weighing two hundred and eighty-nine pounds, paying twenty-one dollars and sixty-eight cents, or seven and a half cents a pound. It divides the half carcass into twelve different cuts or items, the aggregate weight being two hundred and eighty-nine pounds, for which it receives at retail a total of thirty-three dollars and six cents, or almost eleven and a half cents a pound.

Consider that for a moment. The steer was bred, we will say, in Texas and kept there for two years. It was shipped north to a feeding farm, where it was kept for six months and where it ate sixty bushels or so of sixty-cent corn, a ton of clover or alfalfa hay and some trimmings. It was shipped to Chicago, slaughtered and dressed; and there the packer took his profit out of it. The dressed beef was then shipped to Pennsylvania and handed over to the local butcher. And the total cost of all that—including freight charges and the packer's profit that you hear so much about—was only seven and a half cents a pound. The butcher, that very day or the next day, cut the carcass into steaks, roasts, and so forth, which he delivered at your door, four or five blocks away; and the cost of that was nearly four cents a pound, or rather over half as much as the cost of all that had gone before.

In 1907 the Department of Agriculture calculated that the capital invested in meat-producing—exclusive, of course, of the retail end—was more than ten billion dollars. This included the value of meat animals on farms and ranges; the value of the livestock farms and ranges themselves, with their implements and equipments; and the total amount of capital invested in slaughtering and packing establishments. It did not, however, include the capital employed in transporting meat and meat animals. This must amount to a considerable sum, as about thirty million tons of livestock, meats and packing-house products are transported by rail in a year.

There are, of course, hides, fleeces and valuable by-products, out of which the packers, and to some extent the growers of meat animals, get a profit; but from the point of view of the consumer of meat the total cost of supporting this ten billions or more of capital is included in the wholesale price. All it asks of the consumer is seven and a half cents a pound, although several billion dollars invested in animals and in grazing and feeding lands has been, so to speak, tied up in his roast of beef for about three years.

How much capital is invested in retail butcher shops I do not know, but I will venture a guess that it is considerably short of ten billion dollars. The retailer, moreover, usually sells his meat within a few hours of the time he buys it. In his hands it undergoes only the simplest of processes. Yet the retail trade takes, in the case mentioned, nearly four cents a pound; and in all the cities investigated by the department it adds, on an average, thirty-eight per cent to the wholesale price—for merely cutting the dressed carcass into pieces and delivering the pieces at distances of a few blocks.

One might infer, therefore, that the retail meat trade is enormously profitable—if every one did not know by the commonest observation and experience that it is not. Millionaire butchers are rare. The four cents or three cents that retailing adds to the price of meat does not, in the main, represent profit. In the main it represents waste.

The Cost of Convenience

HERE is a city residence district. It contains nineteen retail meat shops, most of them selling groceries and vegetables also. Each shop maintains its own delivery wagon and horse, most of them being idle two or three or more hours during the day. When they are busy all nineteen of the wagons go pretty much over the same ground. Butcher A's wagon makes a delivery at house No. 313, then drives two blocks to house No. 515, where it makes another delivery. Butcher B's wagon, following on its heels, makes a delivery at house No. 314, then drives to house No. 516; while butcher C's wagon is making a delivery at house No. 414, then one at house No. 616. Two or three wagons, with properly arranged routes and schedules, could easily make all the deliveries for all the shops.

Each shop pays rent on space in which it displays the same articles and on floor room that is little used during a considerable part of the day. Altogether they pay probably three or four or five times as much rent as one big shop, capable of handling the same gross volume of business, would have to pay. There is duplication and waste all along the line. The same system would bankrupt one of the great packers in a month.

"There are some services connected with a retail meat or meat-and-grocery business in a city that customers desire for their accommodation which are costly to them," says the Secretary of Agriculture. "They want delivery of goods, perhaps, by special trip, and this requires at least one man, horse and wagon. They want, also, a man sent to their doors to take orders.

"Much more productive of costliness in the retail distribution of meat is the overdoing of the retail business. The multiplication of small shops is a burden to the consumers and no source of riches to the small shopkeeper. When twenty or more small shops divide the retail business within the area that could be served by one large shop the expenses of the many shops for labor, horses, rent, and other things that are in excess of what would be sufficient for the one shop must go into the retail prices of the meat sold."

Consumers, as a rule, look exclusively to convenience, without regard to what the convenience costs. It is pleasant to trade at a shop that will send over a roast or steak in a few minutes by special delivery if one happens to have forgotten to order earlier. This appears to be courtesy on the shopkeeper's part. But for this pleasure one pays more than he pays to railroads or packers.

For smaller towns the rule is that in every staple retail line there shall be as many shops as can possibly make a living—and then one more. This multiplication of small shops may be a convenience to the consumer. He or she doesn't have to walk quite so far to make a purchase. Also, it may be very edifying to those who believe in free and unrestrained competition under all circumstances; for the shops, as an almost universal rule, are thoroughly competitive. Yet it is clear, as Secretary Wilson points out, that all the waste involved in this multiplication of shops must finally be borne by the consumer.

In the East it was found that the retail cost was usually lower in the big cities than in the smaller ones. In New York City, for example, it was only an addition of twenty per cent to the wholesale price; while in Cortland, New York, it was fifty per cent. Perhaps this is because there is some organization in the big city retail trade.

The Poorer You Are the More You Pay

IT WAS found everywhere that the percentage of retail cost was greater on the lower grades of beef than on the higher-priced grades. In Boston it was twice as great on beef costing eight cents as on that costing eleven and eleven and a half cents. "Indeed," says the report, "the rule is quite general that low-priced beef is marked up twice as much relatively as high-priced. Perhaps it is a safe inference that the poorer people pay nearly twice as much gross retail profit as the more well-to-do people pay."

We are great meat-eaters. Our consumption is a hundred and eighty-five pounds a year, dressed weight, for every man, woman and child in the country—against a hundred and twenty-one pounds in England, a hundred and sixteen in Germany, seventy-nine pounds in France and only sixty-two pounds in Sweden, which is a rather vigorous country too. For the average family of four and a half persons this would make our yearly consumption eight hundred and thirty-two and a half pounds. In 1901 the Bureau of Labor specially investigated twenty-five hundred and sixty-seven typical workingmen's families in various parts of the country and found their annual consumption of meat to average seven hundred and eighty-five pounds, which then cost one hundred and two dollars, or thirteen and a third per cent of their total living expenses.

I have said a good deal about meat because that trade is so organized and has been so much investigated that it is comparatively easy to get at trustworthy facts. The milk trade, also, was investigated last summer in seventy-eight representative cities throughout the country. Taking the averages, it appears that the consumer paid eight cents a quart for his milk. The dairyman who produced the milk, with a large investment of capital in cows, land, buildings, and so on, got four cents a quart. The railroad got very little over half a cent a quart for hauling the milk to the city. The other three and a half cents were absorbed in distributing the milk from the city depot to the consumer.

"The milk wagon of the retailer has a long route," says the report. "It stops at a house or two in a city block, perhaps passes several blocks without stopping; and so proceeds to serve customers thinly distributed along a route of miles. At the same time other retailers are covering various portions of the same route; and so there is a great waste of effort and of expense in the distribution."

Though the producer, on an average for the country, received half the price paid by the consumer, there were many instances in which he received considerably less than half. In all the cities of the north-central group of states, for example, the producer, on an average, received only forty-four per cent of the retail price—that is, about three and a half cents a quart; the consumer paying eight cents and the freight being about half a cent. Evidently this was not a temporary condition either. Ten years ago the Industrial Commission took a great deal of testimony concerning the retail cost of distributing farm products. At that time the retail price of milk was generally six cents a quart instead of eight as at present. In Cleveland, to mention one strictly typical case, the producer received two and seventy-three one-hundredths cents for the milk and the freight was two cents a gallon. Thus the ratio between the consumer's price and the producer's price—the ratio, in other words, of the retail cost—worked out almost exactly the same as at present. In New York City at that time, for bottled milk that cost the consumer eight cents a quart, the producer received two and a half cents and the railroad one cent, leaving four and a half cents as the cost of retail distribution.

It is very clear that no material change in the ratio of retail cost can be expected so long as the present system obtains. The producer, with much capital invested in animals, land, and such things, will get about half the retail price. For hauling the milk to town, the railroad will get a fraction of a cent a quart. About half the total price will be absorbed in merely distributing the milk, the same day it arrives, from the city depot to the consumer's door.

As to potatoes, in some cities the Industrial Commission found that the producer got only one-third of the price paid by the consumer at retail, two-thirds being absorbed by freight charges and the cost of retailing; but the freight charges were only a small fraction of the total cost between producer and consumer. As to watermelons, also, the producer received only a third of the retail price; as to strawberries, half the price; as to poultry, a little over half.

Profits on Tea and Coffee

THE commission found that, as a rule, the retail cost increased as the quantity involved in the retail sale diminished. When the consumer bought a barrel of apples the producer received two-thirds of the price paid; but when the consumer bought a bushel of apples the producer received only a little more than half of the price paid. On strawberries by the crate the producer received seventy-five per cent of the retail price; on strawberries by the quart, only forty-nine per cent of the price paid. On onions by the peck the farmer received less than a third of the retail price; on onions by the barrel he received nearly sixty per cent. A like difference was found as to other articles. The habit of buying in very small quantities may suit a person's convenience, but it is undoubtedly expensive.

There is a good deal of Java and Mocha coffee on the market, but nearly all of it comes from Brazil. Of all the coffee imported into the United States last year only a tenth of one per cent came from Aden, where the Mocha berry is supposed to be grown, and only a little over one per cent from the East Indies, where Java is presumed to originate. Over ninety-seven per cent of all the coffee, in fact, comes from South America, Central America and Mexico—but mainly from Brazil. The actual import value of this ninety-seven per cent of our coffee was a little under eight cents a pound last year and the ocean freight rate from Rio Janeiro is one-quarter of a cent a pound. For this coffee the consumer pays all the way from twenty to thirty-five cents a pound. Merely to hand a package of coffee from the grocer's wagon in the alley to the kitchen door costs as much as to carry the same coffee from Brazil to New York. The average import value of all the tea brought into the country is sixteen cents a pound; the retail price is forty or fifty cents and upward.

Other articles that have been investigated and have shown an excessive retail cost might be added to this list; and there are, of course, a great many articles that are not charged with such excessive retail costs as those mentioned above. For example, an investigation in seventy-eight cities shows that of the price paid by the consumer for creamery butter eighty-six per cent goes to the producer—that is, to the creamery. This may be because butter is an article in the handling of which it is comparatively easy for consumer and producer to get together, many townfolk buying direct from the farmer. More likely it is because the butter trade has been more extensively organized through coöperative associations of producers than any other branch of agriculture. The producers, to an important degree, have control of the marketing. Very likely the retail cost of fifteen per cent in marketing butter is not excessive. Sugar is another article as to which the retail cost is relatively small.

It is quite interesting to compare the marketing waste or cost—between the producer and the small retail buyer with that between the producer and the big wholesale buyer—that freight rate of a quarter of a cent a pound on coffee from South America being one illustration. The Industrial Commission found that cotton growers received ninety-three per cent of the price paid by manufacturers for raw cotton; growers of broom corn received eighty-four per cent of the price paid by broom manufacturers for their product; farmers received ninety-three per cent of the price paid by packers for their hogs; ninety-one per cent of the price paid for their cattle; ninety-two per cent of the price paid by manufacturers for their wool, although wool is hauled long distances.

No one could pretend to say what the total cost of retailing is, or how much of that cost represents preventable waste. Probably, if we could get the figures, they would make this agitation over freight rates look like the scriptural case of the mote and the beam—not that that would warrant anybody in ceasing to be agitated over freight rates; but it might commit him to an even more profitable agitation.

The Man Who Pays in the End

SENATOR LODGE'S sapient committee on the cost of living found that the tariff "seems to have been no important factor in causing the advance in prices during the past decade." Also, it reported the case of a merchant who, several years ago, began handling a certain tea. Two propositions were laid before him: he could sell the tea at twenty-seven cents a pound without giving away any prizes; or he could sell it at sixty cents a pound and give away a handsome present with every purchase of a given number of pounds. Now the tea instance doesn't prove that the tariff is a negligible factor, but it does bring up another factor that is quite worthy of consideration.

Of course the retail trade will put a pretty china dish in your package of tea—or a cut-glass one, for that matter—but you will pay for it. In the same way it will send a wagon to your door to take your order and send it back again to deliver the tea. More than that, it will and doubtless does send a dozen wagons to or past your door every day when two wagons could easily do all the work; but you pay for it.

In a report recently sent to Congress, Secretary Wilson says: "Farmers' coöperative selling associations are numerous in this country, but coöperative buying associations among the people of cities and towns are few. Aside from buying associations maintained by farmers, hardly any exist in this country. It is apparent, therefore, that the consumer has much to do to work out his own salvation with regard to the prices that he pays. Potatoes were selling last spring in some places where there had been overproduction for twenty cents a bushel and in some places for even nine cents a bushel at the farm; at the same time city consumers in the East were paying fifty to seventy-five cents a bushel, although there was nothing to prevent them from combining to buy a carload or more of potatoes directly from the grower for delivery direct to themselves."

(Concluded on Page 42)

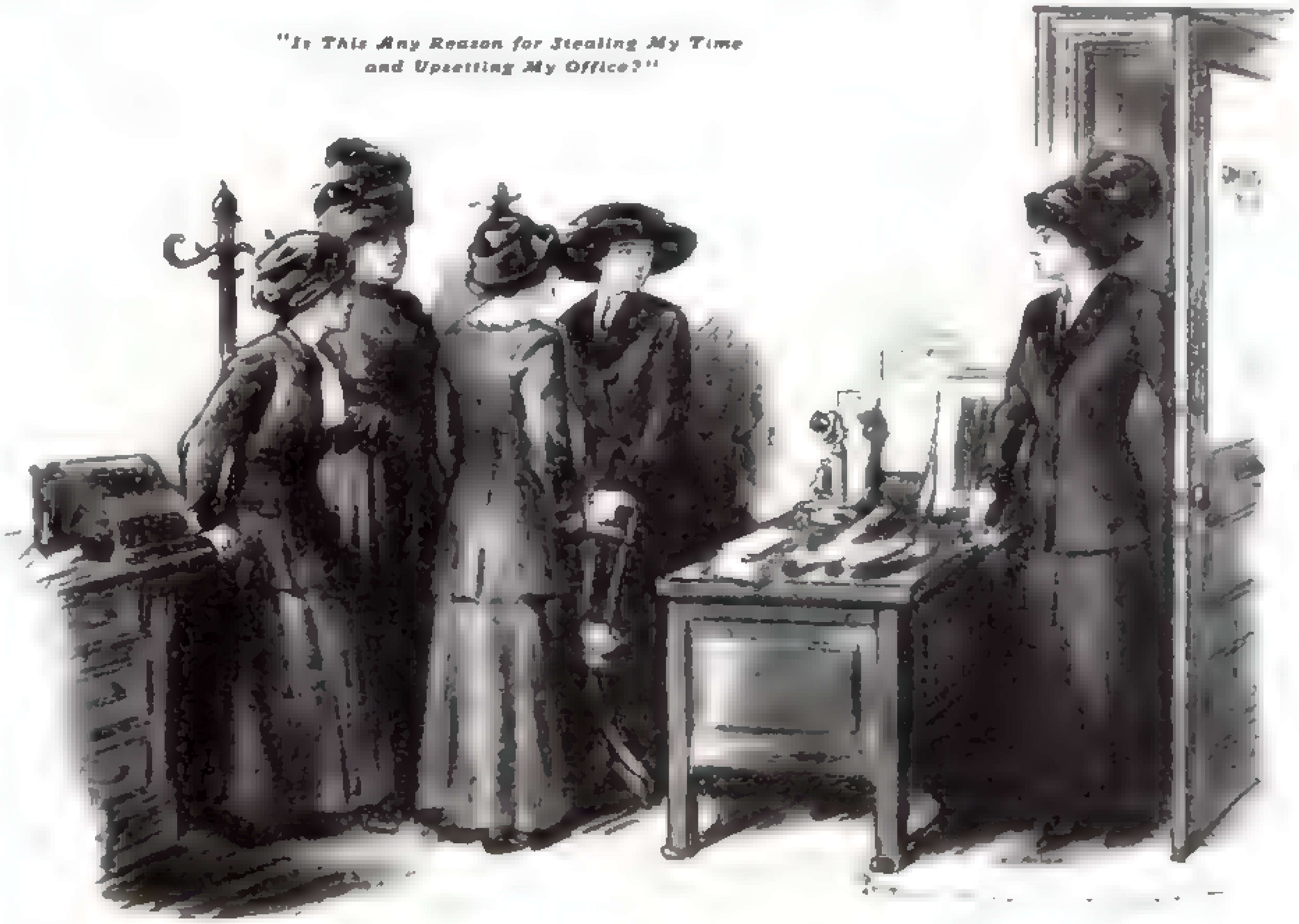
SUGAR
BEANS
10¢

A WOMAN WINS

By Anne S. Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HOW SHE MADE GOOD AT A MAN'S JOB


"Is This Any Reason for Stealing My Time and Upsetting My Office?"

THE first writeup of the "woman's company" had made a hit, so I established a sort of advertising bureau for my company and always had a story on hand for the reporters when they chanced along. They fell into the way of dropping in often. When there was no news I wrote an article on some pertinent subject. Hardly a week passed but some one of the dailies contained something or other about The Gale Advertising Company; I allowed my pictures to be used in connection with short business articles that I published in commercial organs. I shrank from this personal publicity, but I was making my hit on personality and it was necessary.

I have to confess that I never overcame that mortal dread of soliciting new business—many and many a time too I walked past a door before I could summon courage to enter it; and many and many a time I never went at all on the day planned. However, I early established a method that successfully eliminated all this dread and indecision.

When I saw that business would be slack and I must have a new client I carefully went over the field, watched the papers and got a line on some merchant who either did not advertise largely or who did it poorly. I studied his methods, bought goods at his store, observed the ways of his clerks, learned his type—what appealed to him personally—and whether he was just naturally "tight" or had been agency-bitten. When I knew his layout quite well, then I called on him. I would never talk with any but the head of the firm. I had no difficulty in getting an audience; if he was busy I made an appointment and called again later. Then, when I had my man in tow, I led him to talk of his business. I did very little talking myself, but when I did speak I said the right thing because I knew my man.

The trouble with most solicitors is that they talk too much. They learn their little speech about what they have to sell or sign up, go in and rattle it off without first making connection with the sympathies of the man to whom they are talking; or they march in with the glad hand outstretched and the hail-fellow-well-met, have-a-cigar manner that is awfully outworn and tiresome. They had tried it on me—not the cigar, but the bustling, take-you-all-of-a-heap, get-in-the-bandwagon, be-one-of-us approach—and it never got me. So I used none of these hypnotic catch-'em-on-the-fly tactics on others

A Business Woman's Handicaps

I WAS a fellow business person; calling, talking over business conditions, swapping opinions and eventually showing them where I could make their business pay better than it was then doing. I was never at all anxious about the little contract blank—often omitted it altogether and accepted their contract by word of mouth, unless they suggested having it in writing.

"If I can't make you money," I said, "I don't want your business." After the contract was signed I usually sat talking several minutes about news of the day or plans, in no haste to get a signature and run—so many solicitors have this manner! I often wondered whether it was induced by the fear that the merchant might come out of the hypnotic spell and call the contract off; or just a natural instinct to get away with the goods as fast as possible.

All the merchants had stock cuts and ads furnished by the Eastern firms from which they bought goods; they had been accustomed to running these without question. It was my business to make them see that these ads did not advertise them, but the firm back East.

"They carry our name," these merchants insisted.

"Yes, but the back-East style—that same ad is being run today in a hundred towns of this size, all advertising the man back East. Next year likely as not you won't carry his goods, but your neighbor across the street will; so he takes up these Eastern ads—same style—same general appearance—and runs them with his name at the bottom; and you, in turn, advertise some other dealer. Even though your name is affixed, it is still their talk, their ideas, their personality, that you are educating the public to like—you are clear out of it, except when it comes to paying the bills. No, sir; don't do it; speak for yourself; handle their goods—crack 'em up; but make our public, right here in this town, take these goods because you say they are the best; because you, their fellow townsman, guarantee them. And if next season you find reasons for handling another brand, nothing will be lost, because your patrons will have learned to leave these matters to your judgment."

It took time, but little by little I won a number of merchants over to my way of thinking; it was hard at first to make them see that I could put their personality into their ads; that this was chiefly what they were paying me to do; and that this one thing was worth the price. They all advertised—everybody advertises out West in large spaces and in everything—but to make them see that it mattered what they said in their advertisements was where my educational work came in. A man who had been accustomed to spending five hundred dollars a month for advertising space and having his clerk get up the ad between selling a box of handkerchiefs and a tie—while the solicitor waited—such a merchant could not all at once see why he should plank down seventy-five dollars out of the five hundred dollars for having the copy written. I had to prove to him that four hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of space well filled was worth more than five hundred dollars' worth filled with copy thrown off in a hurry.

Sometimes, with one of my assistants, I would go calling on different firms just to keep in touch, but not with the idea of landing business on the spot. If I did land it, well and good, but that was a secondary matter; the soliciting was merely an excuse for the call. A woman can't go hobnobbing about as a man can; she can't belong to the Commercial Club, the Ad Men's League, or take her prospective client out to lunch or buy him a drink; she can't go to men's banquets and get in right by a clever toast or a corking good story. She can't upset a man's plans when he wants to be president of the board or the state fair or the city carnivals; neither can she add a vote in his favor. She can't push his interests; hence she is handicapped in all these matters of getting contracts from the city fathers, the commercial clubs, the chamber of commerce—everything connected with the public life of the city toward whose upbuilding she pays her taxes and under whose laws she must conduct her business. So these little tours of mine—short calls on business men—and the newspaper notices, had to take their place; and I neglected no opportunity to keep myself well advertised.

About this time—I had been two months in business—the manager of the Hilton Advertising Company, the largest agency in that part of the West—came to see me; he was very chatty and pleasant, congratulated me on my success and said, laughing: "You are the only rival I have ever had in this town that I'm afraid of."

I answered: "You needn't be; our interests are quite different. My specialty is writing copy and yours placing, I believe."

We became good friends and never clashed seriously. If he ever acted other than fairly I am not aware of it, so am none the worse off.

A suggestion of the Mouse had been seed well planted; I refer to his suggestion that I needed a home among the fir trees in which really to rest. I was going at a terrific pace and at times was alarmed lest I should break down in the midst of vital matters. Then there was another reason: women have a reputation in business for impermanence. I was impermanent, goodness knows; I meant to quit at the end of the year, but I didn't mean that any one else should know it. Men would say: "Oh, yes; we'll give you our advertising—and in about six weeks you'll up and get married; then where'll we be?"

I was a newcomer; I wanted them to feel that I was one of them. So I must own my own home and live in it; I must pay taxes—go as far as the law would allow toward being a citizen.

Besting a Scotch Real-Estate Man

I HAD become familiar with the country all about in my many walks seeking nerve-balance. I knew a particularly high, beautiful plateau-like section selling in five and ten acre plots. A great many German families had settled there and did small market-gardening; it was a most attractive suburb, but old-fashioned and unadvertised, because most of the land was tied up by wills of pioneers, who thus sought to extend their dominion over into the future. There were no large tracts that could be subdivided and thrown on to the market; thus the price had remained low. I found a reliable Scotch real-estate agent living in the neighborhood and told him my needs. He found me a lovely strip of ten acres well up on the plateau overlooking the town; there was a small house, a sprinkling of giant firs—and the street car not a block away.

After looking it over I was well satisfied. "I'll take it," I said. Together we went downtown to Mr. MacGregor's office; he produced the abstract and other necessary papers.

"The price, you know, is two thousand dollars—half cash."

"That is all right," I said. "That's very reasonable."

I took out my checkbook and fountain pen and began to write. "I'm going to give you a check for two hundred dollars and pay you seventy-five dollars a month till it's paid for, with the privilege of paying it all up in three months if I wish."

"But wait, Miss Gale—it's half cash ——"

"Yes, I know," I answered, continuing making out the check; "but you're getting a mighty good thing in installments; very few installment buyers pay that much; and I'm almost sure to pay it all up soon. If you got half cash the rest would come in small dribbles." I blotted the check and handed it over to him.

He still hesitated, frowning and scratching his head.

"I may want some other pieces," I said. "Keep your eye open for a good ranch for me; maybe we can form a sort of partnership for real-estate speculation. When can I have possession?"

He was a Scotchman—he shook his head, puzzled a moment longer, then gave up.

"You can have it the first of the month," he said.

"All right; and make the payments due the fifteenth of each month, please, as collections are not all in till then." It was important to know when I was to have possession, for I had given him a check for all the money I had on hand; and where would next month's board-bill come from? There I could live on half I was paying for board and have the quiet I so much needed.

It made a good story for the reporters – "the handsome piece of ridge property Miss Gale had just purchased, where, it was understood, she was to build a handsome woodland bungalow." The dear newspaper men!—they "understand" so much; and much of their "understanding" comes true. Is it the power of suggestion?

Owning my own home gave me a substantial footing. Now, when I was met by the charge of impermanence, I showed that clipping and the photograph of my new possessions; it had the right effect. The acquiring of property is wonderfully interesting. Inherited property is like your eyes—only valued when lost; but to buy it and earn it all yourself gives a single woman a wonderful sense of content, of belonging. I recommend it to all who feel grooveless and nicheless. I found a business woman equally desirous of quiet to live with me and thus began life in my own home. This town was a great home place; I found I had fallen in with the popular thought.

To go back, however, the question of doing justice to so many clients at once was a harder one to meet; it was about the only argument against me that lasted beyond the third month. New people would say: "But you already have your hands full, Miss Gale." And thus my nice long list of leading houses was a stumbling-block. They would add: "If we had been called on earlier—but now you would put us off on some assistant." It was queer, the way they feared having their work left to some one else; I had rather overadvertised myself; now, some of my force could write just as good copy as I did, but I couldn't make the merchants see it. These assistants were old-timers in town; they were accustomed faces—it was all right for them to do clerical work; but I had come out of Chicago; I was advertised as an advertising expert; and if I was to be paid for handling their copy then I must guarantee to handle it personally. And how was it possible—with such a formidable list already on hand? I had twenty representative firms.

Hypnotizing Prospective Clients

AS ALREADY intimated, I didn't try to explain it; I just said, "That's one of the mysteries," or some such evasive answer, and ceased mentioning the number of clients I had. Still, in a town of this size, every one knows who writes every one else's copy; and skepticism was kept alive.

The question puzzled even my assistants, for I did originate the idea back of all our copy, as they well knew. I tried to tell them and get them to work in the same way; but it is a difficult thing to make clear—a trick, I call it, that I have always possessed and that came in splendidly in advertising.

To be as lucid as possible, I shall go through a case from beginning to end. We shall suppose that a real-estate man has just called about putting an addition on the market. He is doubtful of a woman's ability to handle real estate; she may be all right on stores and foods, but real estate – he's not at all certain about it. They always begin this way: "Well, you may be all right on millinery, now, or dresses or canned goods; but real estate—or mines—or mills—what can a woman possibly know about these things?"

True enough—what did I know about them? Not one thing; and this was just what they must not find out. For this reason I talked so little—to a new client. I have smiled to myself more than once at the way they would come stamping masterfully in, afraid if they didn't give me a try at their advertising they might be sorry; and yet almost irritated that I should consider anything so utterly out of a woman's line. Bless the great big men! They are such children—so transparent! Always I let them say it all, get it out of their systems—then, by a question or two, I would get my bearings.

This real-estate man had three hundred acres subdivided into lots one hundred feet by one hundred—piped, drained, streets laid out with wide curbs—he threw in details like that—and he looked at me to see if I comprehended what he was talking about. I would—if it were about the moon—so far as he could see. I let him talk on till I caught a thought out of the accumulation of details. I caught one that I dared speak on without betraying my general ignorance of additions; and I made my first full sentence in half an hour's interview.

"Wait—just a moment, Mr. Frank—it's a hillside, with fairly good elevation ——"

"Yes, yes!"—He was impatient of interruption; they all are—"Not too hilly, though, for small fruit—fine peach exposure—and sightly—very sightly ——"

"Just a moment: in clearing this plot, have you left trees well grouped on each lot for a correct tree-setting? This is evidently a typical bungalow hill; and a bungalow location, to attract the better class of people, must have a native fir tree setting ——"

I got no further; he grabbed my desk 'phone.

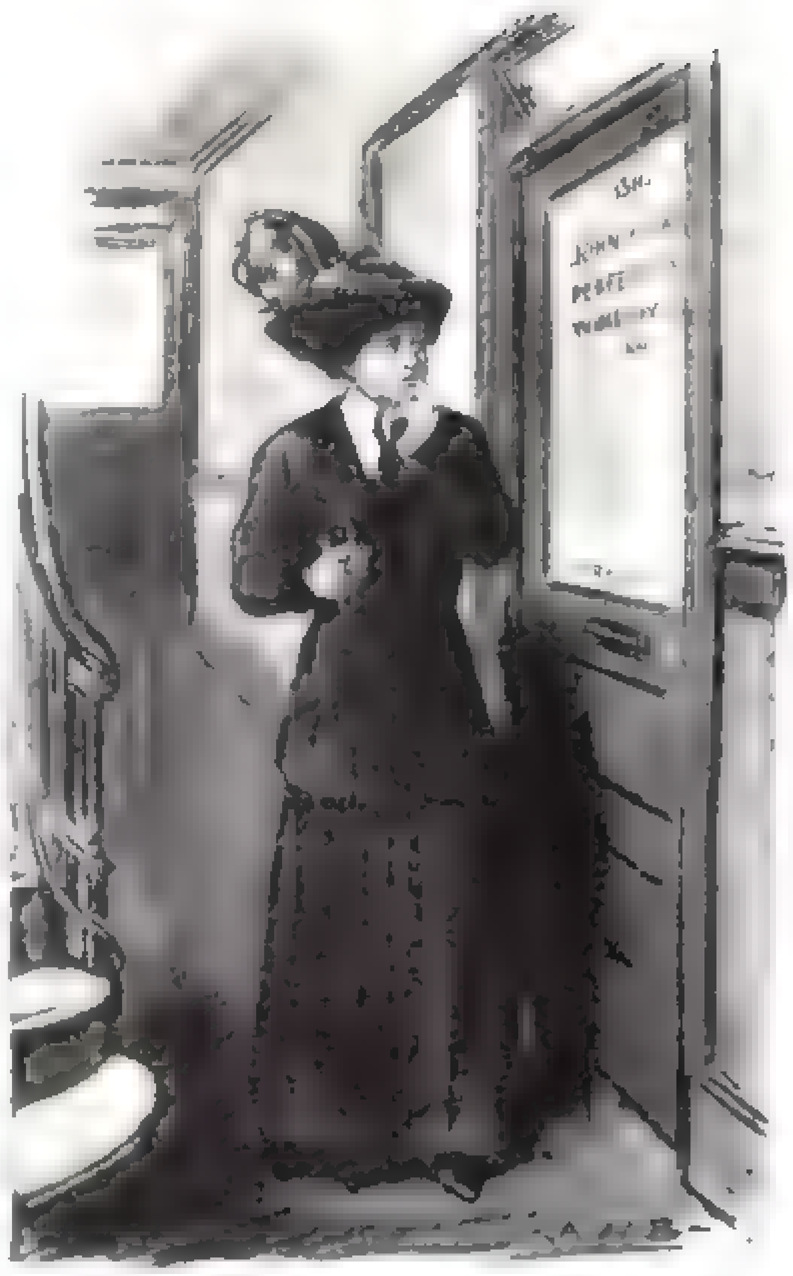
"Central! Central! Give me my number—quick—Main 3250—yes -yes!" He looked up. "They're clearing today; I ordered every lot cleared clean as they go; hadn't thought of bungalows—of course—it'll be Bungalow Hill. What's the matter, Central?—Oh, that you, Kemper? Stop the tree-cutting—stop all tree-cutting, I say—till I give further orders; I've caught on to another idea."

There, you see, I had him; I'd given him another idea. It sounds awfully simple; the idea itself was simple, but he hadn't happened to notice the tendency toward bungalows or thought of his location as a fashionable one for such homes. He was having it all cleared of those magnificent old firs, in Western suburban style, so the buyers could put in silly little gardens. Having a quick mind, he saw at once the advantage of appealing to a wealthier class and making it Bungalow Hill.

In his delight over an idea he never thought of recurring to the details; ideas are the things that add up in business these days.

With the real-estate man it was the tree-setting on which my ability was established; with another it would be something wholly different, but always I made the other man talk until I caught an idea—and, "sure as shootin'," the idea won him. You show a man a leak in his business that has escaped his detection and he is your man until you fall down on the job.

Well, I had my real-estate man; he signed up after a little more talk and an hour later I was alone with instructions. I was to get out a booklet descriptive of Bungalow Hill, illustrated from drawings and photographs showing the prospective appearance of a bungalow nestling among its trees; I was to spend three thousand dollars a month for three months on newspaper advertising and place it as my judgment dictated; all the details of the campaign were left to me. I was to receive two hundred dollars for getting out the booklet and, as you can easily figure at fifteen per cent, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars for putting up the campaign—all told, fifteen hundred and fifty dollars. This would go a long way toward wiping out the indebtedness on my home.


Many a Time I Walked Past a Door Before I Could Summon Courage to Enter

I didn't think of the matter again that night; I never attacked a knotty problem at the close of a day; I went to bed early, with all the windows wide open and the spicy fir and cedar odors filling the room, and forgot business entirely. At six I awoke refreshed, had breakfast, and took a car to the new addition; it looked very pretty in the soft trailing morning mists—part had been disfigured by the woodchoppers, but lovely firs and cedars still stood all about. The stakes were set, so I could see just the location of each lot and the view. I walked well over the addition and chalked a number of trees to be left standing on several lots, showing the right grouping for a bungalow; in this, taste alone served me. I observed the views from different points and noted where the choicest locations should be—where prices should go up a little; and other places in hollows, where they should go down. I became familiar with the addition—soil, trees, distance from town, distance from street cars, the view; I knew it thoroughly by nine o'clock, when I took a downtown car. Half an hour later I arrived at my office, went directly to my private den, closed the door and sat down at the desk. I sat there with idle hands, eyes closed, till noon; this constituted the rest of the trick. I compelled my mind, by a process of elimination and concentration, to wipe off its slate every fact, figure, circumstance, in its knowledge, but just two things—Bungalow Hill and well-to-do people wanting homesites. There they were—they both existed; the one wanted the other—how bring them together?

The Campaign Well Started

AT ONE I opened the door and came out. "You've been working too hard, Miss Gale; sha'n't I get you something?" the ever-solicitous Nelda asked, starting up. I was trembling from head to foot.

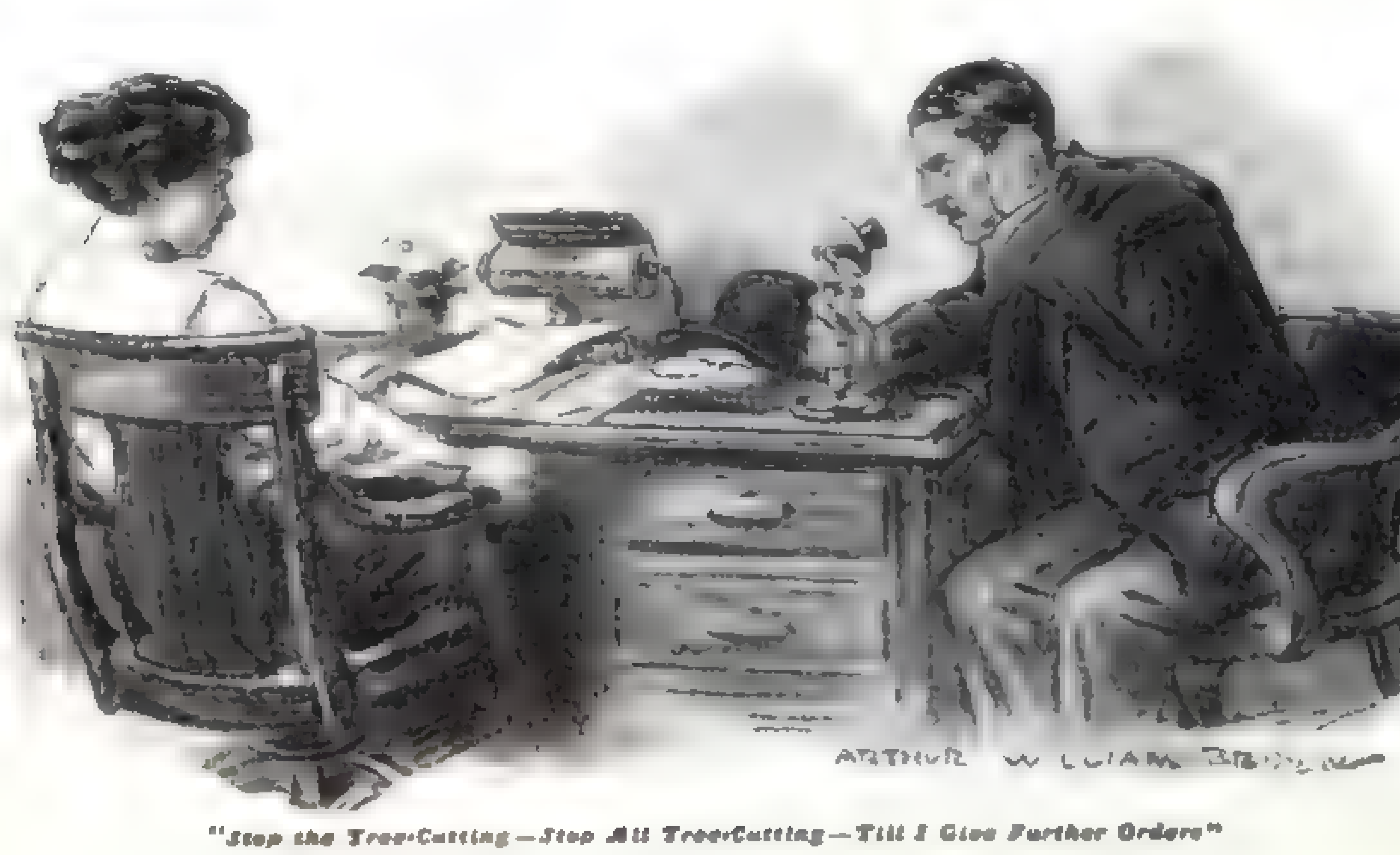
"It's all right, Nelda; all the hard work is done." And it was done, though not a pencil-mark had been made.

After luncheon I returned, called Nelda and spent the afternoon dictating. Not a thought or an idea must be lost; for all that I had gained in this way was invaluable—it would go; I had proved that too often to harbor a doubt as to the outcome.

The following day, while Nelda was writing out her notes, I was busy seeing newspaper managers, getting the contracts for space signed up and planning the details of the campaign.

Then I went to work on the booklet. That too was but a matter of physically writing out what was already worked out in my head. I got my artist busy with the pictures and in a few days the booklet copy was in the hands of the printers. I had submitted my entire plan to the real-estate man; he spent an afternoon going over the matter, then he said: "I see you know your business, Miss Gale; go ahead."

My main idea was to catch the buyers through their wives; I did not appeal directly to them—I did not use the word woman once in the whole campaign; but I made the appeal such as would naturally attract women; I counted on making them see the beauty and desirability of an exclusive high-class residence district in which the native grandeur of contour and trees had been withheld from destruction. The appeal was to those inner recesses of a woman's soul where love of beauty is as natural as mother-love. Every argument was for the value of living


"Stop the Tree-Cutting—Stop All Tree-Cutting—Till I Give Further Orders"

in the midst of Nature at her loveliest—and tucked away in every ad was an appeal from the investment standpoint: such locations could not be manufactured, like Dresden china; they were Nature-made and in time would command the highest price of any residence property in the city; the tug at the love of moneymaking always accompanied the appeal to the love of the beautiful—this for the men.

Had I appealed openly to women as women the men would have dubbed it a "woman's campaign" and its strength would have been lessened by half—such grown-up boys are men. But, handling it as I did, I caught the readers I most wanted and the men too.

Yes, it was a success—for a while I thought it too much of a success; for, by the end of the second month, the order came in to slow down the advertising—lots were going so fast, soon there would be none to sell. I was sorry, for this cut my fifteen hundred and fifty dollars down to thirteen hundred and fifty; still, I felt compensated at the close of the campaign when the real-estate man presented me with a beautiful lot in addition to my commission. He said I deserved it and he wanted me to have a home on Bungalow Hill.

I turned the thirteen hundred and fifty dollars over to Mr. MacGregor and got the deed to my place. I was glad to be able to do so, for he had never felt quite right over our little transaction. He lived in my neighborhood and it bothered me to have a good Scotch neighbor who didn't quite approve.

While on the subject of the trick of doing things new to one, I want to be sure that I am perfectly clear. I have tried to explain it without using trite expressions such as "going into the silence," "inspiration" and the like; and yet I think it is probably the same mental process, though I have never discussed it with a practical psychologist. I do not think it is anything new or peculiar to me, except perhaps in my conscious application of it to advertising. The old man's dreaming over his pipe, when his eyes take on a far-away look and he lives in another world; the shrewd financier looking down his long black cigar at the forming ash, but seeing only the working out of a scheme; the little child in the long lush grass, dreaming up at the blue sky and half hearing, half feeling the call of the fairies—all these have wiped the old globe as clean as a billiard ball and trotted out on it their own pet steeds to prance about at will. All these dreams are as real as the realest things—and the real things are but wooden images of the dreams.

Weathering a Financial Storm

I PRACTICED the old, old habit of us all. I used it on such sordid things as selling hats and machinery, real estate and spectacles. I habituated myself to erasing the globe clean at will and concentrated on one game—bringing purchaser and commodity together; and the result always rang true. Every detail worked itself out in my brain if I only kept my hands off and let the thing alone; even facts and figures of affairs of which I had no conscious knowledge presented themselves in proper order when needed. What the gods give us in dreams is seldom inadequate.

I remember that in school I used often to get my answers by this method—more or less I had used it always; but never had I needed so badly to know things I did not know as when I undertook the handling of thousands of dollars for shrewd business men; and never did the god of the silences help me out so valiantly.

Business men may laugh at this, but let any one of them call to mind how a quiet hour over a good cigar has cleared his brain. I wonder if the pipe and the cigar have not always been to men as my billiard-ball world to me—something to concentrate on. Perhaps men do big things more easily than women because they have this habit.

They say women always need a pattern, a precedent; that it's the men who do the original, daring things. When women learn to harness the god of dreams to sound sense they may yet do some daring things. I expect all the advertising of the future to be done by women—and what is more daring than advertising?

I had just drawn every cent of my money out of the bank to pay for improvements on my home on the ridge and was feeling particularly relieved to have no indebtedness hanging over me—also nursing a dream of letting down the tension and taking it easy for a while—when I came down one morning to find the town in a panic. One bank had failed and two others were said to be tottering. Business men all over town were struck dumb; even the elevator boy who carried me up seemed heavy-hearted.

I entered my office and there were the members of my office-force huddled together, with their hats and gloves still on, talking in funereal tones. One had all her savings in the bank just closed; another had a brother in the bank and he had lost his job; another was making payments on a home, and her bank, where the next payment lay, was threatened.

"Is this any reason for stealing my time and upsetting my office?" I asked. "Is this a holiday? We shall continue as usual, of course. Here it's after nine o'clock! you ought each to be well started on the day's work. Is it impossible for me to take an hour's rest from my office without finding pandemonium when I get back?" I hung up my hat and coat and, angry to the fingertips, started into my private office.

"But, Miss Gale—the panic—— What are we to do?"

"Do? Do as you always do; only do it a little harder."

"But the Elite Suit House 'phoned to stop their advertising; and I was to do their ad today."

"And you've been wishing for time to work on their spring booklet; go at it—now's your chance."

"I was to do the millinery midseason-sale work—and Faber's called it off," said another.

"Read up on spring-hat fashions and cull all the new words, phrases, trimmings; make lists of your names and adjectives. Your vocabulary on plumes and flowers is frightfully limited."

"The Western Fruiterers telephoned to kill that full page on the special window displays of canned goods. What shall I do?"

"Kill it, then; but go at the page just the same, for they will want it sooner or later, and you've got a lot of data to work up on pure fruits and syrups; that page must be so convincing with facts—not adjectives—that no thoughtful housewife in this part of the country will ever be able to order any other brand with a clear conscience. Now, don't any one bother me; I'm dead tired and I want to work."

I went into my office and sat down. I had the consciousness that the force had been startled into business methods and that quiet order prevailed again. All the morning I could hear callers come and go. My faithful Nelda met them with the universal word: "Miss Gale is very busy and so is everybody else. Can't you come in this afternoon?" I heard them sometimes snort out something about its being the "only busy place in town"; but I knew Nelda never gave in or looked other than imperturbable.

Time after time the telephone rang and I could hear from Nelda's words that another client had ordered his advertising stopped. Nelda took down the orders; but in each case, when I was asked for, she replied that I was very busy in the private office and could not be disturbed before the afternoon. I heard no word spoken among my assistants, so I judged they were working as indefatigably as though nothing alarming was going on in the city. And this was the main idea back of my behavior toward them. I wanted callers dropping in to find an office force as busy as usual; I wanted no outcropping of that panic to show there, and I wanted to clear the minds of my force of all thought of anything but their regular tasks. In short, I was determined to put the Gale Advertising Company right along on its usual lines. It was to be superior to panics and banks and Wall Street speculations.

But how was this to be done when by night undoubtedly every client on our list would have stopped advertising, leaving us with no ads to write, no business to do?

I turned to my typewriter and wrote out this notice:

The Gale Advertising Company is not personally affected by the banking situation. It is prepared to carry any reputable firm's advertising until the financial embarrassment is relieved.

I opened the door and called to Nelda: "Make as many copies of this advertisement as you need and run it in each daily and weekly paper till further notice."

That was off my mind. Now about my employees. They must be kept in the dark also; therefore I couldn't dismiss one of them. Each one, going home nightly after a hard day, would advertise me to her fellow housemates, who in turn would advertise me to their business comrades; but how could I pay their salaries? Well, none would be due for thirty days, so I let that feature lie on the table.

I would keep them all on and rushed to death; and I would work as I had not worked before—but at what?

How a Railroad Surrendered

ALL at once the railroad company that had its headquarters in our town popped into my head. Ever since I opened the office I had made occasional calls on the officials of the road, asking for work; I wanted to do their booklets and I wanted an opportunity to travel over their lines and see the country. They had a well-equipped advertising department, but I knew they frequently gave out extra writing. I had never been able to get any of it however. The head of the road was the most affable, genial gentleman I had ever met; he said no in such a way that it sounded almost like yes—unless one wanted the work very much indeed; my insistence on doing the booklets was quite a joke between us.

My last call had been made two months before; well, this was a good day to call again. I got his office over the wire and found he would be in that afternoon.

I went to see him.

"A fine day to come asking for work!" he said banteringly. "Of course we are heels over head in new plans."

"You ought to be," I answered. "If a railroad company doesn't keep up the spirits of a country, who is going to?"

"Now, see here, Miss Gale," he began, "everything is upset over the banking situation: another day——"

"Mr. M——," I said, "I can make it to your advantage to let me do your spring booklets now. I can wait for my money; any one else will have to have cash—before the job's half finished too." I knew the record of one man who had this work, who borrowed on the strength of it, charged the various commercial clubs of the various towns an extra price for mention of their localities and otherwise worked the graft for all it was worth. I knew he had been dismissed from the job, and I knew, in reason, some one else must be on it.

"Miss Gale," said the head of the road, "whoever takes this work will have to wait six months or so for the money; there's a lot of red tape to railroad matters."

"Mr. M——," I said, "I'll wait six years—or six centuries; I want the work."

He took me into the advertising office, as I have since thought, in pure self-defense.

Mr. Jordon, the time-seasoned advertising manager of this great railroad company, proved to be one of the West's own. His low voice, his quiet manner and his eye of steel all won me from the very start. I knew I could do business with him. I explained my desire to do the railroad's surplus booklet-writing.

He talked of their plans for the spring and I noticed a certain weariness in his tone; occasionally he drew his hand across his brow. At last he said: "Miss Gale, I am really on the verge of a nervous breakdown; I've been going at such a pace—trying to get all this stuff out. I'm not well—I'm not well."

It was plain that he spoke the truth. My own nerves were throbbing away at an alarming rate; it was the blind leading the blind, but I replied:

"Mr. Jordon, if you will take the time to go into the plan for each of these booklets

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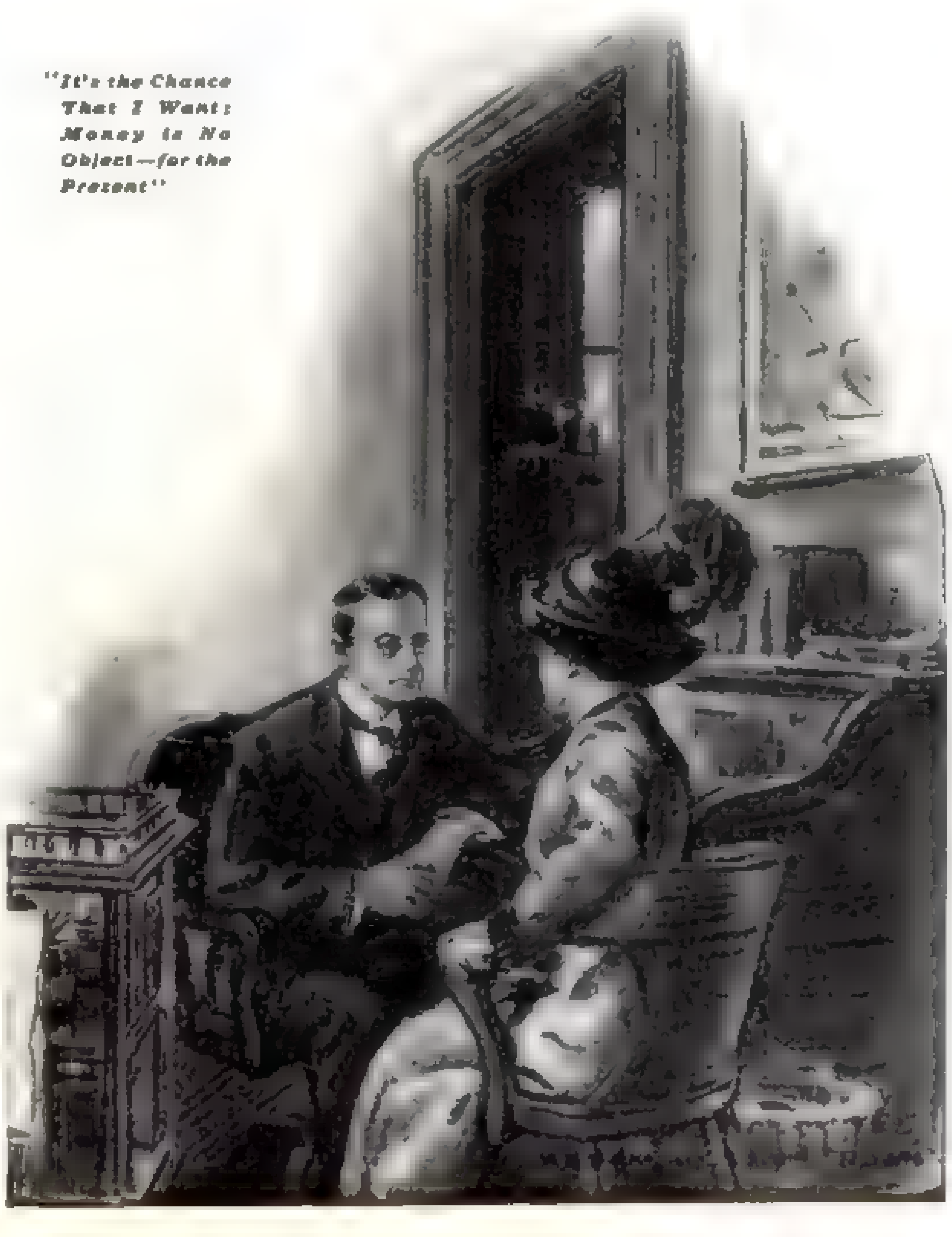
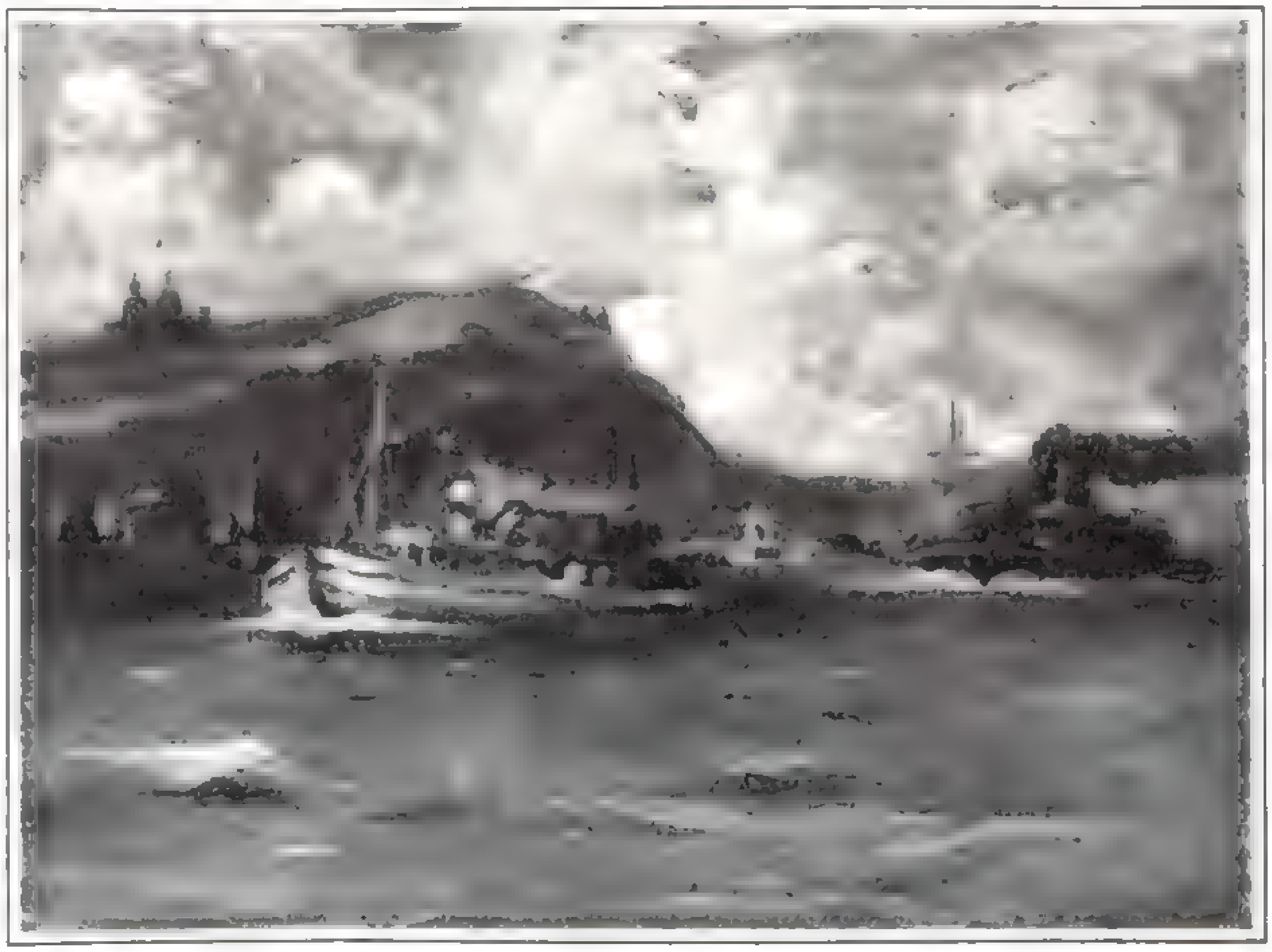

"It's the Chance That I Want; Money is No Object—for the Present"

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



V

TOWARD noon the following day Norman, suddenly in need of a stenographer, sent out for Miss Purdy, one of the three experts at eighteen dollars a week who did most of the important and very confidential work for the heads of the firm. When his door opened again he saw not Miss Purdy but Miss Hallowell.

"Miss Purdy is sick today," said she. "Mr. Tetlow wishes to know whether I would do."

Norman shifted uneasily in his chair. "Just as well—perfectly—certainly," he stammered. He was not looking at her, seemed wholly occupied with the business he was preparing to dispatch.

She seated herself in the usual place at the opposite side of the broad table. With pencil poised she fixed her gaze upon the unmarred page of her open notebook. Instead of abating, his confusion increased. He could not think of the subject about which he wished to dictate. First, he noted how long her lashes were—and darker than her hair, as were her well-drawn eyebrows also. Never had he seen so white a skin or one so smooth. She happened to be wearing a blouse with a Dutch neck that day. What a superb throat! What a line of beauty its gently swelling curve made! Then his glance fell upon her lips, rosy red, slightly pouted. And what masses of dead-gold hair—no, not gold, but of the white-gray of wood ashes, and tinted with gold! No wonder it was difficult to tell just what color her hair was. Hair like that was ready to be of any color. And there were her arms, so symmetrical in her rather tight sleeves and emerging into view in the most delicate wrists. What a marvelous skin!

"Have you ever posed?"

She startled and the color flamed in her cheeks. Her eyes shot a glance of terror at him. "I—I——" she stammered. Then almost defiantly: "Yes, I did—for a while. But I didn't suppose any one knew. At the time we needed the money badly."

Norman felt deep disgust with himself for bursting out with such a question and for having surprised her secret. "There's nothing to be ashamed of," he said gently.

"Oh, I'm not ashamed," she returned. Her agitation had subsided. "The only reason I quit was because the work was terribly hard and the pay small and uncertain. I was confused when you asked the question because they discharged me at the last place I had when they found out I had been a model."

Again she poised her pencil and lowered her eyes. But he did not take the hint. "Is there anything you would rather do than this sort of work?" he asked.

"Nothing I could afford," replied she.

"If you had been kind to Miss Burroughs yesterday she would have helped you."

"I couldn't afford to do that," said the girl in her quiet, reticent way.

"To do what?"

"To be nice to any one for what I could get out of it."

Norman smiled cynically. Probably the girl fancied she was truthful; but human beings rarely knew anything about their real selves. "What would you like to do?"

She did not answer his question until she had shrunk completely within herself and was again thickly veiled with the expression that made every one think her insignificant. "Nothing I could afford to do," said she. It was plain that she did not wish to pursue the subject.

"The stage?" he persisted.

"I hadn't thought of it," was her answer.

"What then?"

"I don't think about things I can't have. I never made any definite plans."

"But isn't it a good idea always to look ahead? As long as one has to be moving, one might as well move in a definite direction."

She was waiting with pencil poised.

"There isn't much of a future at this business."

She shrank slightly. He felt that she regarded his remark as preparation for a kindly hint that she was not giving satisfaction. . . . Well, why not leave it that way? Perhaps she would quit of her own accord—would spare him the trouble—and embarrassment—of arranging with Tetlow for another place for her. He began to dictate—gave her a few sentences mockingly different from his usual terse and clear statements—interrupted himself with:

"You misunderstood me a while ago. I didn't mean you weren't doing your work well. On the contrary, I think you'll soon be expert. But I thought perhaps I might be able to help you to something you'd like better."

He listened to his own words in astonishment. What new freak of madness was this? Instead of clearing himself of this uncanny girl, he was proposing things to her that would mean closer relations. And what reason had he to think she was fitted for anything but just what she was now doing—doing indifferently well?

"Thank you," she said so quietly that it seemed coldly, "but I'm satisfied as I am."

Her manner seemed to say with polite and restrained plainness that she was not in the least appreciative of his interest or of himself. But this could not be. No girl in her position could fail to be grateful for his interest. No woman in all his life had ever failed to respond to his slightest advance. No, it could not be. She was simply shy and had a peculiar way of showing it. He said:

"You have no ambition?"

"That's not for a woman."

She was making her replies as brief as civility permitted. He observed her narrowly. She was not shy, not embarrassed. What kind of game was this? It could not be in sincere nature for a person in her position thus to treat overtures, friendly and courteous overtures, from one in his position. And never before—never—had a woman been thus unresponsive. Instead of feeling relief that she had disentangled him from the plight into which his impulsive offer had flung him, he was piqued—angered—and his curiosity was inflamed. She had veiled herself; she was pretending—perhaps honestly—to fly. He rose and went to the window, stood with his back to her, resumed dictating. But the sentences would not come.

He whirled abruptly. "I'm not ready to do the thing yet," he said. "I'll send for you later."

Without a word or a glance she stood, took her book and went toward the door. He gazed after her. He could not refrain from speaking again. "I'm afraid you misunderstood my offer a while ago," said he, neither curt nor friendly.

"No," replied she, unembarrassed. "It was simply that I couldn't put myself under obligation to any one."

As she stood there her full beauty flashed upon him—the exquisite form, the subtly graceful poise of her body, of her head, the loveliness of that golden-hued white skin, the charm of her small rosy mouth, the delicate, sensitive, slightly tilted nose, and her eyes—above all, her eyes!—so clear, so sweet. Her voice had seemed thin and faint to him; its fineness now seemed the rarest delicacy, the exactly fitting kind for so evasive and delicate a beauty as hers. He made a slight bow of dismissal, turned abruptly away. Never in all his life had a woman thus affected him. "I am mad—stark mad!" he muttered. "A ten-dollar-a-week typewriter whom nobody on earth but myself would look at a second time!" But something within him hurled back this scornful fling. Though no one else on earth saw or appreciated, what of it? She affected him thus—and that was enough.

He realized now that his feeling for her had been like the quiet, steady, imperceptible filling of a reservoir that suddenly announces itself by the thunder and roar of a mighty cascade over the dam. "This is madness—sheer madness! I am still master within myself. I will make short work of this rebellion." And with an air of calmness, so convincing that he believed in it, he addressed himself to the task of sanity and wisdom lying plain before him. "A man of my position caught by a girl like that! A man such as I am caught by any woman whatever!" It was grotesque. He opened his door to summon Tetlow.

The gate in the outside railing was directly opposite and about thirty feet away. Tetlow and Miss Hallowell were going out—evidently to lunch together. She was looking up at the chief clerk with laughing eyes—they seemed coquettish to the infuriated Norman. And Tetlow, the serious and squab young ass, was gazing at her with the expression men of the stupid squab sort put on when they wish to impress a woman. At this spectacle, at the vision of that slim young loveliness, that perfect form and deliciously smooth, soft skin, white beyond belief beneath its faintly golden tint—the hot blood steamed up into Norman's brain, blinded his sight, reddened it with jealousy. He drew back, closed his door with a bang.

"This is not I," he muttered. "What has happened? Am I insane?"

. . . .

When Tetlow returned from lunch the office-boy on duty at the gate told him that Mr. Norman wished to see him at once. Like all men trying to advance along ways where their fellowmen can help or hinder, the head clerk was full of more or less clever little tricks thought out with a view to making a good impression. One of them was to stamp upon all minds his virtue of promptness—of what use to be prompt unless you forced every one to feel how prompt you were? He went in to see Norman, with hat in hand and overcoat on his back and one glove off, the other still on. Norman was standing at a window, smoking a cigarette. His appearance—dress quite as much as manner—was the envy of his subordinate—as, indeed, it was of hundreds of the young men struggling to rise downtown. It was so exactly what the appearance of a man of vigor and power and high position should be. Tetlow practiced it by the quarter hour before his glass at home—not without progress in the direction of a not unimpressive manner of his own.

As Tetlow stood at attention Norman turned and advanced toward him. "Mr. Tetlow," he began in his good-humored voice, with the never wholly submerged under-note of sharpness, "is it your habit to go out to lunch with the young ladies employed here? If so I wish to suggest—simply to suggest—that it may be bad for discipline."

Tetlow's jaw dropped a little. He looked at Norman, was astonished to discover, beneath a thin veneer of calm, signs of greater agitation than he had ever seen in him. "Today was the first time, sir," he said. "And I can't quite account for my doing it. Miss Hallowell has been here several months. I never specially noticed her until the last few days—when the question of discharging her came up. You may remember it was settled by you."

Norman flung his cigarette away and stalked to the window.

"Mr. Norman," pursued Tetlow, "you and I have been together many years. I esteem it my greatest honor that I am able—that you permit me—to class you as my friend. So I'm going to give you a confidence—one that really startles me. I called on Miss Hallowell last night."

Norman's back stiffened.

"She is even more charming in her own home. And"—Tetlow blushed and trembled—"I am going to make her my wife if I can."

Norman turned, a mocking, satirical smile unpleasantly sparkling in his eyes and curling his mouth. "Old man," he said, "I think you've gone crazy."

Tetlow made a helpless gesture. "I think so myself. I didn't intend to marry for ten years—and then I had quite a different match in mind."

"What's the matter with you, Billy?" inquired Norman, inspecting him with smiling, cruelly unfriendly eyes.

"I'm hanged if I know, Norman," said the head clerk, assuming that his friend was sympathetic and dropping into the informality of the old days when they were clerks together in a small firm. "I'd have proposed to her last night if I hadn't been afraid I'd lose her by being in such a hurry. . . . You're in love yourself."

Norman startled violently.

"You're going to get married. Probably you can sympathize. You know how it is to meet the woman you want and must have."

Norman turned away.

"I've had—or thought I had—rather advanced ideas on the subject of women. I've always had a horror of being married for a living or for a home or as an experiment or a springboard. My notion's been that I wouldn't trust a woman who wasn't independent. And theoretically I still think that's sound. But it doesn't work out in practice. A man has to have been in love to be able to speak the last word on this question."

Norman dropped heavily into his desk chair and rumpled his hair into disorder. He muttered something—the head clerk thought it was an oath.

"I'd marry her," Tetlow went on, "if I knew she was simply using me in the coldest, most calculating way. My only fear is that I sha'n't be able to get her."

Norman sneered. "That's not likely," he said.

"No, it isn't," admitted Tetlow. "They—the Hallowells—are nice people—of as good family as there is. But they're poor—very poor. There's only her father and herself. The old man is a scientist—spends most of his time at things that won't pay a cent—utterly impractical. A gentleman—an able man, if a little cracked—at least he seemed so to me who don't know much about scientific matters—but getting poorer steadily. So I think she will accept me."

A gloomy, angry frown like a black shadow passed across Norman's face and disappeared. "You'd marry her—on those terms?" he sneered.

"Of course I hope for better terms ——"

Norman sprang up, strode to the window and turned his back.

"But I'm prepared for the worst. The fact is, she treats me as if she didn't care a rap for the honor of my showing her attention."

"A trick, Billy. An old trick."

"Maybe so. But—I really believe she doesn't realize. She's queer—has been queerly brought up. Yes, I think she doesn't appreciate. Then, too, she's young and light—almost childish. . . . I don't blame you for being disgusted with me, Fred. But—what's a man to do?"

"Cure himself!" exploded Norman, wheeling violently on his friend. "You must act like a man. Billy, such a marriage is ruin for you. How can we take you into partnership next year? When you marry you must marry in the class you're moving toward, not in any of those you're leaving behind."

"Do you suppose I haven't thought of all that?" rejoined Tetlow bitterly. "But I can't help myself. It's useless for me to say I'll try. I sha'n't try."

"Don't you want to get over this?" demanded Norman fiercely.

"Of course —— No—I don't. Fred, you'd think better of me if you knew her. You've never especially noticed her. She's beautiful."

Norman dropped to his chair again.

"Really—beautiful," protested Tetlow, assuming that the gesture was one of disgusted denial. "Take a good look at her, Norman, before you condemn her. I never was so astonished as when I discovered how good-looking she is. I don't quite know how it is, but I suppose nobody ever happened to see how—how lovely she is until I just chanced to see it." At a rudely abrupt gesture from Norman he hurried on, eagerly apologetic: "And if you talk with her—she's very reserved. But she's the lady through and through—and has a good mind. . . . At least, I think she has. I'll admit a man in love is a poor judge of a woman's mind. But, anyhow, I know she's lovely to look at. You'll see it yourself, now that I've called your attention to it. You can't fail to see it."

Norman threw himself back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "Why do you want to marry her?" he inquired in the judicial tone.

"How can I tell?" replied the head clerk irritably. "Does a man ever know?"

"Always—when he's sensibly in love."

"But when he's just in love? That's what ails me," retorted Tetlow with a sheepish look and laugh.

"Billy, you've got to get over this. I can't let you make a fool of yourself."

Tetlow's fat, smooth, pasty face of the overfed, under-exercised professional man became a curious exhibit of alarm and obstinacy.

"You've got to promise me you'll keep away from her—except at the office—for, say, a week. Then we'll see."

Tetlow debated.

"It's highly improbable that any one else will discover these irresistible charms. There's no one else hanging round?"

"No one, as I told you the other day when you questioned me about her."

Norman shifted, looked embarrassed.

"I hope I didn't give you the impression I was ashamed of loving her or would ever be ashamed of her anywhere," continued Tetlow, a very loverlike light in his usually unromantic eyes. "If I did it wasn't what I meant—far from it. You'll see when I marry her, Norman. You'll be congratulating me."

Norman sprang up again. "This is plain lunacy, Tetlow. I am amazed at you—amazed!"

"Get acquainted with her, Mr. Norman," pleaded the subordinate. "Do it to oblige me. Don't condemn us——"

"I wish to hear nothing more!" cried Norman violently. "Another thing: you must find her a place in some other office—at once."

"You're right, sir," assented Tetlow. "I can readily do that."

Norman scowled at him, made an imperious gesture of dismissal. Tetlow, chapfallen but obdurate, got himself speedily out of sight.

Norman, with hands deep in his pockets, stared out among the skyscrapers and gave way to a fit of remorse. It was foreign to his nature to do petty, underhanded tricks. Grand strategy—yes. At that he was an adept, and not the shiftiest, craftiest schemes he had ever devised had given him a moment's uneasiness. But to be driving a ten-dollar-a-week typewriter out of her job, to be maneuvering to deprive her of a—for her—brilliant marriage, to be lying to an old and loyal retainer who had helped Norman fully as much and as often as Norman had helped him—these sneaking bits of skullduggery made him feel that he had sunk indeed. But he ground his teeth together and his eyes gleamed wickedly. "He sha'n't have her!" he muttered. "She's not for him."

He summoned Tetlow, who was obviously low in mind as the result of revolving the things that had been said to him. "Billy," he began in a more amiable tone, "you'll not forget I have your promise?"

"What did I promise?" cried Tetlow, his voice shrill with alarm.

"Not to see her, except at the office, for a week."

"But I've promised her father I'd call this evening. He's going to show me some experiments."

"You can easily make an excuse—business."

"But I don't want to," protested the head clerk. "What's the use? I've got my mind made up. Norman, I'd hang on after her if you fired me out of this office for it. And I can't rest, I'm fit for nothing, until this matter's settled. I came very near taking her aside and proposing to her just after I went out of here a while ago."

"You fool!" cried Norman, losing all control of himself. "Take the afternoon express for Albany instead of Harcott and attend to those registrations and arrange for those hearings. I'll do my best to save you. I'll bring the girl in here and keep her at work until you get away."

Tetlow glanced at his friend; then the tears came into his eyes. "You're a nice friend!" he ejaculated. "And I thought you'd sympathize because you were in love."

"I do sympathize, Billy," Norman replied, with an abrupt change to shamefaced apology. "I sympathize more than you know. I feel like a dog, doing this. But it can't result in any harm, and I want you to get a little fresh air in that hot brain of yours before you commit yourself. Be reasonable. Suppose you rushed ahead and proposed, and she accepted, and then, after a few days, you came to. What about her? You must act on the level, Tetlow. Do the fair thing by yourself and by her."

Norman had often had occasion to feel proud of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of his brain. He had never been quite so proud as he was when he finished that speech. It pacified Tetlow; it lightened his own sense of guilt; it gave him a respite.

Tetlow rewarded Norman with the look that in New York is the equivalent of the handclasp friend seeks from friend in times of stress. "You're right, Fred. I'm much obliged to you. I haven't been considering her side of it enough. A man ought always to think of that. The women, poor things, have a hard enough time to get on at best."

Norman's smile was characteristically cynical. Sentimentality amused him. "I doubt if there are more female wrecks than male wrecks scattered about the earth," rejoined he.

Tetlow saw the aim. His obstinate, wretched expression came back. "I don't care. I've got ——"

"You went over that ground," interrupted Norman impatiently. "You'd better be catching the train."

As Tetlow withdrew Norman rang for an office-boy and sent him to summon Miss Hallowell.

Norman had been reasoning with himself, with the aid of the self that was both better and more worldlywise. He felt that his wrestlings had not been wholly futile. He believed he had got the strength to face the girl with a respectful mind, with a mind resolute in duty, if not love, toward Josephine Burroughs.

He eyed the entering girl coldly, said in a voice that struck him as excellent indifference: "Bring your machine in here, Miss Hallowell, and recopy these papers. I've made some changes. If you spoil any sheets don't throw them away, but return everything to me."

"I'm always careful about the waste-paper baskets," said she, "since they warned me that there are men who make a living searching the waste thrown out of offices."

He made no reply. He could not have spoken if he had tried. Once more the spell had seized him—the spell of her weird fascination for him. As she sat typewriting, with her back almost toward him, he sat watching her and analyzing his own folly. He knew that diagnosing a disease does not cure it; but he found an acute pleasure in lingering upon all the details of the effect she had upon him. He did not dare move from his desk, from the position that put a huge table and a revolving case of reference books between them. He believed that if he went nearer he would be unable to resist seizing her in his arms.

A knock at the door. He plunged into his papers. "Come!" he called.

Tetlow thrust in his head. Miss Hallowell did not look up. "I'm off," the head clerk said. His gaze was upon the unconscious girl—a gaze that filled Norman with longing to strangle him.

"Telegraph me from Albany as soon as you get there," said Norman. "Telegraph me at my club."

Tetlow was gone. The typewriter pounded monotonously on. The barette which held the girl's hair at the back was so high that the full beauty of the nape of her neck was revealed.

"How do you like Tetlow?" he asked, because speak to her he must.

She glanced up, turned in her chair. He quivered before the gaze from those enchanting eyes of hers. "I beg pardon," she said. "I didn't hear."

"Tetlow—how do you like him?"

"He is very kind to me—to every one."

"How did your father like him?"

He confidently expected some sign of confusion, but there was no sign. "Father was delighted with him," she said merrily. "He took an interest in the work Father's doing—and that was enough."

She was about to turn back to her task. He hastened to ask another question. "Couldn't I meet your father some time? What Tetlow told me interested me greatly."

"Father would be awfully pleased," replied she. "But unless you really care about biology I don't think you'd like coming."

"I'm interested in everything interesting," replied Norman dizzily. What was he saying? What was he doing? What folly was his madness plunging him into?

"You can come with Mr. Tetlow when he gets back."

"I'd prefer to talk with your father alone," said Norman. "Perhaps I might see some way to be of service to him."

Her expression was vividly different from what it had been when he offered to help her. She became radiant with happiness. "I do hope you'll come," she said, her voice very low and sweet in the effort she was making to restrain yet express her feelings.

"When? This evening?"

"He's always at home."

"You'll be there?"

"I'm always there too. We have no friends. It's not easy to make acquaintances in the East congenial acquaintances."

"I'd want you to be there," he explained with great care, "because you could help him and me in getting acquainted."

"Oh, he'll talk freely—to any one. He talks only on the one subject. He never thinks of anything else."

She was resting her crossed arms on the back of her chair and, with her chin upon them, was looking at him—a childlike pose and a childlike expression. He said, smiling:

"You are sure you are twenty?"

She smiled gayly. "Nearly twenty-one."

"Old enough to be in love."

She lifted her head and laughed. She had charming white teeth—small and sharp and with enough irregularity to carry out her general suggestion of variability. "Yes, I shall like that when it comes," she said. "But the chances are against it just now."

"There's Tetlow."

She was much amused. "Oh, he's far too old and serious."

Norman felt depressed. "Why, he's only thirty-five."

"But I'm not twenty-one," she reminded him. "I'd want some one of my own age. I'm tired of being so solemn. If I had love I'd expect it to change all that."

Evidently a forlorn and foolish person—and doubtless thinking of him, two years the senior of Tetlow and far more serious, as an elderly person in the same class with her father. "But you like biology?" he said.

"I don't know anything about it," said she, looking as frivolous as a butterfly or a breeze-bobbed blossom. "I listen to Father, but it's all beyond me."

Yes—a lightweight. They could have nothing in common. She was a mere surface—a thrillingly beautiful surface, but not a full-fledged woman. So little did conversation with him interest her, she had taken advantage of the short pause to resume her work. No; she had not the faintest interest in him. It wasn't a trick of coquetry; it was genuine. She cared neither for what he had nor for what he was in himself. This offended and wounded him. He struggled sulkily with his papers for half an hour. Then he fell to watching her again and ——

"You must not neglect to give me your address," he said. "Write it on a slip of paper after you finish. I might forget it."

"Very well," she replied, but did not turn round.

"Why, do you think, did Tetlow come to see you?" he asked. He felt cheapened in his own eyes—he, the great man, the arrived man, the fiancé of Josephine Burroughs, engaged in this halting and sneaking flirtation! But he could not restrain himself.

She turned to answer. "Mr. Tetlow works very hard and has few friends. He had heard of my father and wanted to meet him—just like you."

"Naturally," murmured Norman in confusion. "I thought—perhaps—he was interested in you."

She laughed outright—and he had an entrancing view of the clean, rosy interior of her mouth. "In me?—Mr. Tetlow? Why, he's too serious and important for a girl like me."

"Then he bored you?"

"Oh, no. He is a good man—thoroughly good."

This pleased Norman immensely. It may be fine to be good, but to be called good—that is, somehow, a different matter. It removes a man at once from the jealousy-provoking class. "Good exactly describes him," said Norman. "He wouldn't harm a fly. In love he'd be ridiculous."

"Not with a woman of his own age and kind," protested she. "But I'm neglecting my work."

And she returned to it with a resolute manner that made him ashamed to interrupt again—especially after the unconscious savage rebukes she had administered. He sat there fighting against the impulse to watch her; denouncing himself, appealing to pride, to shame, to prudence, to his love for Josephine, to the sense of decency that restrains a hunter from aiming at a harmless, tame songbird. But all in vain.

When she finished and stood at the other side of the desk, waiting for him to pass upon her work, she must have thought he was in a profound abstraction. He did not speak, made a slight motion with his hand to indicate that she was to go. Shut in alone, he buried his face in his arms. "What madness!" he groaned. "If I loved her there'd be some excuse for me. But I don't. I couldn't."

On top of the papers she had left he saw a separate slip. He drew it toward him, spread it out before him. Her address: an unknown street in Jersey City!

"I'll not go," he said aloud, pushing the slip away. Go? Certainly not. He had never really meant to go. He would, of course, keep his engagement with Josephine. "And I'll not come downtown until she has taken another job and has caught Tetlow. I'll stop this idiocy of trying to make an impression on a person not worth impressing. What weak vanity—to be piqued by this girl's lack of interest!"

Nevertheless, at six o'clock he telephoned to the Burroughs' house that he was detained downtown. He sent away his motor, dined alone in the station restaurant in Jersey City, and at half-past seven he set out in a cab for the address on the slip of paper.

VI

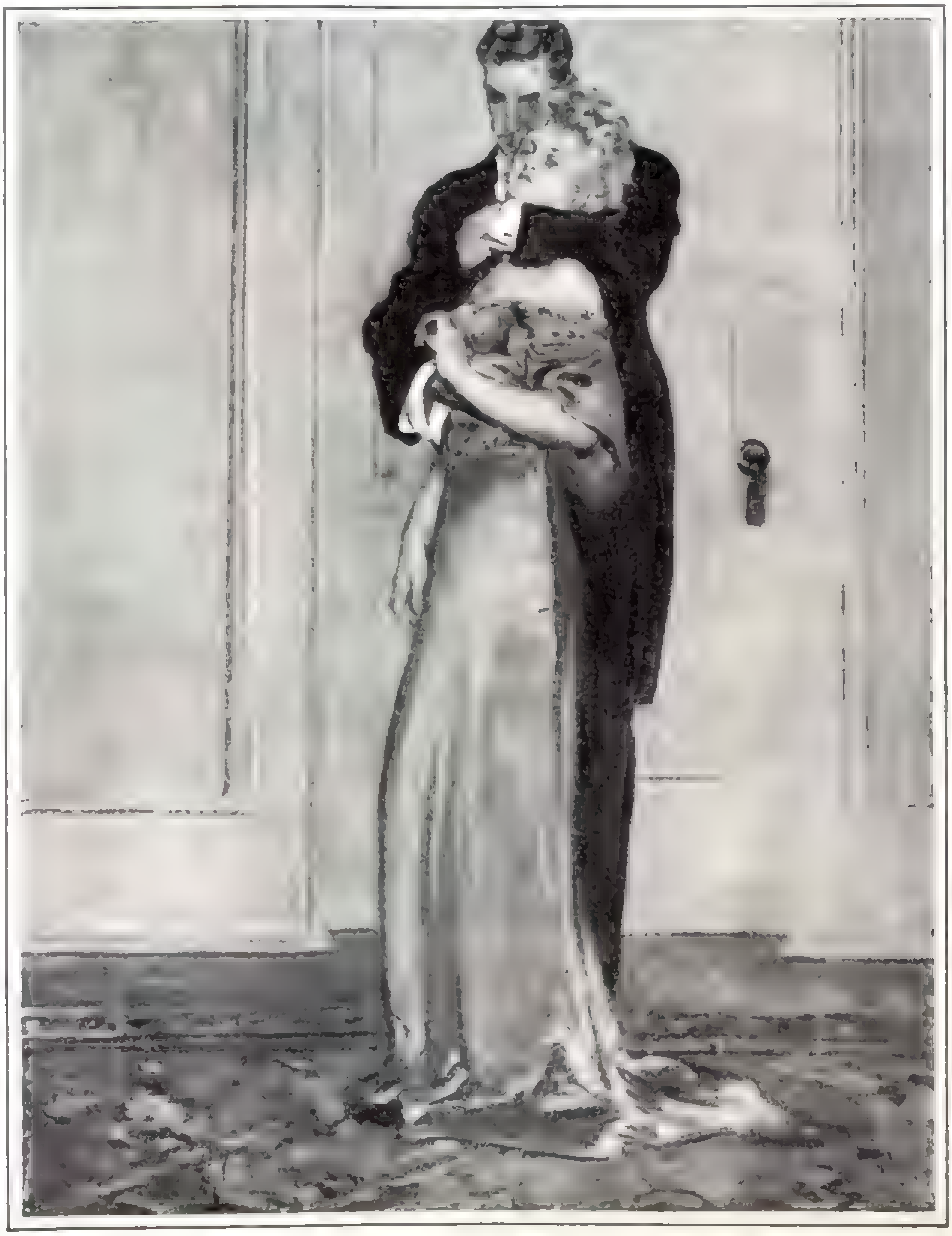
LIKE many another chance explorer from New York, Norman was surprised to discover that, within a few minutes of leaving the railway station, his cab was moving through a not unattractive city. He expected to find the Hallowells in a tenement in some more or less squalid street overhung with railway smoke and bedaubed with railway grime. He was delighted when the driver assured him that there was no mistake, that the comfortable little cottage across the width of the sidewalk and a small front yard was the sought-for destination.

"Wait, please," he said to the cabman. "Or, if you like, you can go to that corner saloon down there. I'll know where to find you." And he gave him half a dollar.

The cabman hesitated between two theories of this conduct—whether it was the generosity it seemed or was a ruse to "sidestep" payment. He—or his thirst—decided for the decency of human nature; he drove confidingly away. Norman went up the tiny stoop and rang. The sound of a piano in the room on the ground floor, where there was light, abruptly ceased. The door opened and Miss Hallowell stood before him. She was throughout a different person from the girl of the office. She had changed to a tight-fitting pale-blue dress made all in one piece. Norman could now have not an instant's doubt about the genuineness, the bewitching actuality, of her beauty. The wonder was how she could contrive to conceal so much of it for the purposes of business. It was a peculiar kind of beauty—not the radiant kind, but that which shines with a soft glow and gives him who sees it the delightful sense of being its original and sole discoverer. An artistic eye—or an eye that discriminates in and responds to feminine loveliness—would have been captivated as it searched in vain for flaw.

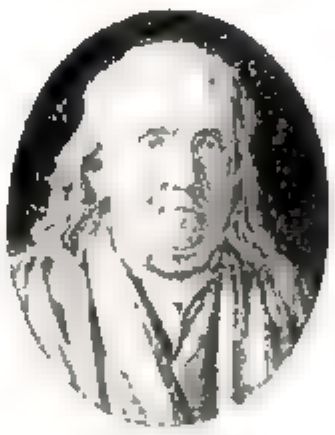
If Norman anticipated that she would be nervous before the task of receiving in her humbleness so distinguished a visitor he must have been straightway disappointed. Whether from a natural lack of that sense of social differences which is developed to the most pitiful snobbishness in New York, or from her youth and inexperience, she received him as though he had been one of the neighbors dropping in after supper. And it was Norman who was ill at ease. Nothing is more disconcerting to a man accustomed to be received with due respect to his importance than to find himself put upon the

(Continued on Page 44)



"I Will Teach You to Love Me. I Will Make You Happy"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18, 1911

David Graham Phillips

JOURNALISM in this country today has been raised to greater heights than ever before. The influence of print was never so pervasive. We have no Horace Greeley—which, as well as anything else, shows the advance. To deal with a complex subject like specie resumption by means of a striking epigram, or with the field movement of armies by dogmatic opinion formed in an armchair, would hardly answer journalism's best requirements nowadays. Those requirements can be answered only by dealing primarily with the facts.

Mr. Phillips was first a reporter and in the highest and best sense he remained one. Most authors derive their books from other books, echoing an echoed word. He derived his from life. From his high window in the heart of New York, year after year he reported what he saw that seemed most significant for his fellowmen in such artistic terms as carried the story straight into the mind and heart.

Such an inspired writer, with his high sincerity, becomes truly a public functionary—as important and useful to the nation as any figure in politics or science. His work was a public asset; his personal life retired and laborious. The only blame found in it by those who knew him best and were always eagerly seeking his company was that he worked too unremittingly—until a lunatic's bullets stopped his hand by one of those incomprehensible strokes of blind chance that confound the mind.

Some Back to the Soil

THE latest annual report of a State Department of Agriculture sets forth that during the year 256 farms were sold by means of advertisements in the department's publications, while its records show that at least two hundred families intend moving into the state this spring, seventy-four of them having already actually taken options on farms.

It is clear, therefore, that the department has been a direct means of attracting several hundred persons to the soil of the state. The point is that the state referred to is New York, where a great deal of first-rate agricultural land lies fallow and may be bought quite cheaply, and where some four or five hundred thousand farmers arrive from Europe every year. These farmers do not go to the waiting soil, however. Very few of them know it is there. They go into tenements and get jobs at strange trades.

We congratulate the department upon what it has done; yet it does seem as though, taking it by and large, there was opportunity for doing just a "leetle mite" better.

The Price of Gas

A HIGH and learned court held that the New York Gas Trust had proved conclusively that a rate of eighty cents a thousand feet for gas in the metropolis would be confiscatory; but a still higher and more learned court, to which the city appealed, had grave doubts about it. We note with great pleasure that the Gas Trust itself, after a year's trial of the eighty-cent rate, now fully shares the Supreme Court's doubts.

In its recent annual report it says that while eighty-cent gas has not yielded six per cent net profits, it hopes so to increase its earnings by economies and the growth of business as to get along very comfortably under that rate—just as the Supreme Court thought it might.

The Trust sold during the year twenty-seven billion feet of gas to 826,916 patrons—that, at least, is the number of meters in use. Many of these patrons are in extremely modest circumstances, and there was never any doubt that they would get along more comfortably with eighty-cent than with dollar gas; nor that the dollar rate would be confiscatory so far as they were concerned if eighty cents was the fair price.

This is by no means the only case in recent years, we are glad to say, where the Supreme Court has taken into consideration that a public-service corporation is not the only thing in the world which is liable to confiscation.

Some Tariff-Commission Nonsense

WE SUPPOSE a good deal of nonsense that is written and spoken just now about a tariff commission really deceives nobody. The statement that Congress is charged by the Constitution and by the people with the high duty of framing revenue laws and must not delegate that duty to a mere commission doesn't sound to us like the sort of nonsense that would be likely to deceive.

For fifty years—to say nothing of ante-bellum experience—Congress has been discharging this high duty by collecting its tariff information from protected interests and from Treasury experts who more or less owed their jobs to a warm sympathy with those interests. Sometimes, as instanced by the Wool Trust, the protected interest supplied Congress with an impartial expert of its own.

The only question involved in a tariff commission is whether the information upon which the rates are based shall be collected by disinterested, scientifically trained persons. No Congress ever will possess at first hand the information necessary to an intelligent adjustment of tariff rates—no matter whether it is a protective tariff or one for revenue only. Every Congress must go outside to get the facts. It no more need be bound by information coming from a tariff commission than by that coming from a protected trust. But whenever we see opposition to the commission idea we strongly suspect an inclination to regard the trust information as the more binding.

Mr. Morgan and the Constitution

A COPY of the Constitution of the United States, handsomely bound in red morocco, was laid beside the plate of each one of the six hundred and fifty guests at a dinner in New York the other evening. The guests included officers and directors of every important bank in the metropolis besides some eminent railroad men and lawyers. "The entrance of Mr. Morgan," we read, "was a signal for prolonged and hearty applause."

We hope this "Constitutional dinner" will set a valuable precedent. In any gathering that desires to express a conservative and discriminating admiration for genuine stability the applause should really go to Mr. Morgan, in comparison with whom the Constitution is a mutable and untrustworthy institution. We have long felt that Conservatism, in lauding and appealing to the Constitution upon every possible occasion, was making the fatal mistake of teaching its followers to rely upon a rope of straw. Within fifty years the Constitution has been formally amended in three important particulars, and two further amendments are now pending. Without formal amendment it is always subject to mutation by opinion of the Supreme Court, and that opinion again is liable to be impressed by the contemporaneous bent of the mob. Meanwhile, although several attempts have been made to amend Mr. Morgan every one of them has signally failed.

Admirers of immutable stability should, of course, continue to treat the Constitution with respect as a venerable and more or less interesting attempt at fixedness. But in these restless times, when Change bristles at them from every corner, they cannot afford any longer to waste their powder in defending a breached wall. They should take their stand openly and firmly upon Mr. Morgan.

The Philosophy of Failure

THERE are between twelve and fifteen thousand commercial failures in the United States every year. Last year the number ran about a thousand a month. Eliminating some two hundred big concerns, the others owed on an average only eight thousand dollars apiece. Almost all of these concerns were once solvent and hopeful. The history common to many of them is that they got to going a bit wrong—giving too much credit, carrying too many old goods, paying too much rent, spending too much money for living—and they kept right at it with a kind of dogged helplessness until they went plumb broke. There is hardly anything more pathetic or more common than the man who feels in his bones that he's wrong, but hasn't the sand to get right. Nursing a proved failure is one of the most painful methods of wasting one's time. At this writing, we suppose, another ten thousand are bumping patiently along toward the receivership that is already practically in sight. They dread to make a radical change; yet it seems better to fail trying than to fail without trying.

When Good Fellows Get Together

RAW cotton continues to cost the manufacturer about fifteen cents a pound. The latter part of January a trade review observed: "The Arkwright Club of Boston, the members of which represent corporations operating some ten million spindles, or fully one-third of the whole number in the country, at a meeting on Wednesday, voted to recommend to the New England mills an indefinite curtailment of production to the extent of twenty-five per cent, the curtailment to begin at once and continue until market conditions improve. The previous day the South Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association, representing four million spindles, also took action in favor of curtailing to the extent of five weeks between April and September, and a little earlier a similar move was made by corporations running over a million spindles in Georgia."

We remember having heard it gravely discussed whether an association among Texas cotton growers for the purpose of withholding their cotton from market until the price should rise to a satisfactory level was not a conspiracy in restraint of trade, rendering the growers liable to imprisonment under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Senator Aldrich's Bank Plan

IN SUBMITTING his tentative plan for a reorganization of the banking system, Senator Aldrich lays down three fundamental propositions: A consolidation of the country's banking power; "a more scientific basis for banknote circulation, so that its volume will be responsive to the needs of business"; and "a discount market in this country similar to the discount markets in Europe so that the most liquid portion of our bank funds will not be forced to such a large degree as at present into the making of call loans upon Stock Exchange collateral, but will, instead, be available for the needs of commercial business."

We think no intelligent student will deny that these are indeed the three prime needs, and that Senator Aldrich's plan furnishes an admirable working basis for meeting them.

We need first of all some centralizing organization so that an impending crisis may be met and repulsed by combined power—instead of every bank or every local bank association scurrying to cover for itself, thereby actually precipitating or intensifying the panic. This happened in 1907 when the demoralizing factor consisted precisely of the banks' lack of confidence in one another. The city banks' fear that the country banks would withdraw currency is what brought on suspension of cash payments. That Senator Aldrich calls his centralizing organization a Reserve Association, instead of a Central Bank, is unimportant. It would be, in fact, a central bank.

We need also to get away from bond-secured circulating notes, which either respond in only the slowest fashion to changes in business needs or move contrary to them.

Hardly less do we need a genuine discount market that will make commercial paper available for a city bank's secondary reserve, instead of forcing such reserves almost exclusively into Stock Exchange loans as at present.

Undoubtedly there will be objection to details of Senator Aldrich's plan. He evidently submits it with that expectation. But as a basis to work upon it is admirable. It serves the important purpose of bringing this subject tangibly upon the carpet. We beg to congratulate the Senator upon having taken this very useful step.

The Political Argument in Mexico

WHATEVER else may be thought of the discussion with muskets that has been going on in Mexico the last two or three months—occasional reports of which reach us in spite of a vigilant press censorship—it should be remembered that the discussion is proceeding in strict accordance with the constitution of the country. In fact—whatever the printed fiction may say—the fundamental law of the nation provides only one method of effecting a change in the established government, namely, to whip it. The alternative is to submit or fight. At length the number of people who find submission irksome has become sufficient, at least, to make the fighting quite extensive.

The grand object of the government, admittedly, has been to preserve civil order. Every other consideration has been sternly subordinated to that. Political agitation has been repressed as tending to disorder. Temporarily, at least, this policy results in a situation that could hardly be described as civil order. Mr. Kipling, we believe, has admiringly described Diaz as holding turbulent Mexico by the throat. We doubt whether that method, in any country, constitutes the permanent guaranty of tranquillity that its advocates think it does. However quiet a man may be while held by the throat we should prefer not to be an innocent bystander if the hold should slip a bit.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Long Shot

ONE would be justified in thinking an Atlee Pomerene is a new kind of berry invented by Luther Burbank, or a facial cream, or something to put on the hair; but one would be wrong, as one often is. Instead, an Atlee Pomerene is a Senator, or will be pretty soon—and a United States Senator at that.

One cannot be too careful to avoid hasty conclusions of this kind. It certainly would be a *faux pas* to be standing in the Marble Room, for example, and when a Professional Genial came along and said, "Mr. Binks, let me present Atlee Pomerene to you," to bark back: "No, thank you; I do not care for those tropical fruits." That would be terrible, for Atlee Pomerene isn't that, you know—not at all. Instead, he is or soon will be an Ambassador from a Sovereign State to the Greatest Deliberative Body in the World! (Loud applause from Jeff Davis and Coe I. Crawford!)

You all know Atlee. There are a couple of him at every county-seat in the United States: the earnest, impassioned young lawyer who has won his spurs by being district attorney or something. He makes the Fourth of July address or the oration on Decoration Day, rising, as Kin Hubbard says, in his well-worn Prince Albert coat and shining like a trained seal in the sunlight; mixing in politics and the lodge and other festivities of the place, and finally becoming a delegate to a state convention, when he goes to the capital. He is allowed to second the nomination of the sterling patriot they have chosen to carry the standard of his party for state engineer and surveyor.

Atlee looks like a professor of philosophy at one of those colleges that begem the bosoms of our Middle States—pardon me, one of those universities—and he talks like an elocution teacher. He never appears in public without his long-skirted coat and his black tie; and he possesses the solemnest mien to be found in Ohio. His only concession to worldliness is an Elk's button, which he wears in his lapel. His conversation consists of words of appropriate length, carefully enunciated, and his opinions are in entire consonance with those of the best people.

You All Know Atlee

Most of the hair on the front part of Atlee's head escaped long ago, leaving exposed to the gaze of all men several additional inches of his dome of thought; but what the front of the head lacks in the way of hirsute adornment is amply compensated for by the luxuriance of foliage at the back of his head, where Atlee's tresses are most abundant—bushy, indeed, if further characterization be needed. Atlee, as has often been remarked, bears a striking resemblance facially to the Honorable Wilfrid Laurier, although he has never admitted as much himself, being a true-hearted American citizen and opposed to any concessions to those without our border. Of course things have now changed; and the remark, from this time on, will be that Sir Wilfrid looks like Atlee—a proposition to which it would seem even so ardent an American patriot as Atlee can find no objection.

When the Long Shot Won

HE IS a man of most exemplary habits. Atlee has eaten the same kind of cereal for breakfast for many years, rises at the same hour each morning, and rarely is out of bed later than ten o'clock in the evening. It is a favorite observation of his that clockwork regularity is the secret of success. "Tell me," he is wont to say, "how a man divides his time and it follows, as night follows the day, that I can tell you what his measure of aspiration is." This, please remember, does not mean that Atlee is an aspirator, but that he has a true sense of the essentials.

He was born in Ohio, but created no consternation in that state until he began the practice of law in Canton in 1896. After thinking the matter over for a period of time, Atlee announced to the good people of Stark County that he would be a Democrat. This seemed an odd thing to do in a county where William McKinley lived; but Atlee, although he would not phrase it that way himself, was playing a long shot. He knew that even the most rock-bound Republican counties sometimes go Democratic, and he knew further that if there were few Democrats it was most likely that those few Democrats would be on the ticket continuously. Hence, if he, as a Democrat, kept running for office long enough he would certainly land sometime.

Well, he landed; landed—I will wager a good red apple—further and harder than ever his rosiest dreams presaged. Twice he put over a city solicitorship; and in 1896, after assiduously Democrating around, he was made prosecuting attorney for Stark County. The great case of his career was the prosecution of the woman who was accused of killing Saxton, President McKinley's brother-in-law. The woman was acquitted, to be sure, but it was Atlee's star case just the same, for it attracted a lot of attention to him—sort of turned the spotlight on this rising young Democrat who had been elected prosecuting attorney in a Republican stronghold.

When the spotlight was on, Tom Johnson took a look and immediately gathered in Atlee, converting him to the Johnsonian doctrines. Tom never was very much infatuated with Uncle Judson Harmon and, in 1908, tried to use Pomerene to beat Uncle Jud for the nomination for governor in the convention. He came mighty near doing it too. After Harmon was nominated, Tom was peevish. He sulked. He was sore and sarcastic and sneering about the ticket; but Pomerene, marching out on the platform, his long-skirted coat wrapped tightly about him and his black string tie neatly arranged, held up an imperious hand and said "Fellow Democrats!" in a loud and ringing voice. Then, with intense earnestness, but in well-rounded sentences, he proclaimed his everlasting faith in Democracy.

He said that, although he had not been chosen to lead, he was content to follow, indorsed Harmon and all the rest, swallowed his medicine and made very good with the people who had nominated Harmon. He had been made a member of the Ohio Tax Commission in 1906 by Governor Harris and, with Wade Ellis and Judge Martin, filed a large and imposing report, which the General Assembly used for shaving paper and cigar lighters for quite some time.

Pomerene was nominated for lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Harmon last fall and, of course, elected. He had already begun to realize that his system of being an industrious Democrat in a normally Republican state wins big when it does win, for there is not so much competition when the time comes to garner the fruits of victory. Consequently, when it was discovered that the legislature as well as the state ticket was Democratic, Atlee took a long running jump into the middle of the situation and announced that he would be a candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Charles Dick. That was natural too, for Dick wears his hair the same way Pomerene does, but their ties are different—Atlee's is of the string variety, while Dick's is long, flowing and artistic.

The chaps opposed to the Johnsonian tendencies of Atlee picked out Edward Hanley as their candidate and there was a howl that Hanley represented the interests or would represent them—or something like that. The smart Ohio politicians had it all fixed up to use Hanley against Pomerene, beat them both and nominate some other. Uncle Jud Harmon was supposed to be cognizant and complaisant; but when the time came Uncle Jud's feet got so cold the frost formed on the outside of his shoes and he turned in for Pomerene, who was named by the caucus and later chosen by the legislature.

Atlee wept when they told him he had been successful. He wept copiously, but his were tears of joy, as befitted a man forty-seven years of age who, reaching out of a window and making a grab in the dark, brought in one of the biggest political jobs in the United States. Atlee made them a speech. As they say in some parts of Ohio, his "holt" is making speeches. He can—and will—make speeches when all else fails, speeches full of good, well-tried expressions and ideas; and, being a radical Democrat who succeeds a most conservative Republican—Mr. Charles Dick—he will have a fine field for his efforts and his eloquence. What the Senate needs is a few more radical Democrats to even up with the radical Republicans. Atlee is well placed.

From Stockyard to Sanctum

HENRY OYEN, who now works for a magazine in New York, was born in Waupaca, Wisconsin, and lived there until a neighboring farmer, who knew one of the head men in the Armour establishment in Chicago, got him a job as clerk at eight dollars a week.

Oyen went to work in some department of that big institution, but turned his attention to literature as well. He had not been there long before he sold a story to a magazine. The story made a hit with a Chicago editor, who hired Oyen to write for the Sunday paper at thirty-five dollars a week.

The farmer who got Oyen his job with Armour met Oyen's brother, Chris, in Waupaca one day soon after Oyen had leaped from pork to literature. "Chris," he asked, "how's Henry making it?"

Chris told of the good luck that had come to Henry.

"You don't mean to tell me that he's got to be one of them writers!" asked the farmer, with mingled amazement and disgust.

"Yes; that's what he is."

"What ailed Henry?" asked the farmer solicitously. "Couldn't he make it go out there to the stockyards?"

A Present Appreciated

ONE of the appurtenances of the household of Champ Clark, who is to be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives, is an aged negro woman who can cook like an angel—a Mammy.

Mammy has always been persistent in her efforts to extort gifts from Mrs. Clark, and continually asks for new dresses, new stockings, new aprons and the like. One day, when Mrs. Clark was in St. Louis, she bought Mammy a rather extensive outfit and when she returned home gave the things to her with the intimation that perhaps they would hold her for a while.

A week later Mammy began asking her mistress for a new dress.

"Why, Mammy," said Mrs. Clark, "where are the things I gave you last week?"

"Sholy, missus," replied Mammy in great amazement, "you isn't thinkin' I's gwine to wear dem, is you? I's gwine to hol' dem to be buried in!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ James Bryce, the English Ambassador, does not like to wear an overcoat.

¶ Baron Hengelmuller, the Austrian Ambassador, is a ready and witty after-dinner speaker.

¶ Champ Clark, who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, is often mistaken for a minister—by his looks.

¶ President Taft doesn't smoke, but the cigars he gives his friends and guests are the finest he can buy, which is contrary to the usual procedure of non-smokers.

¶ Ed Howe, the Kansas philosopher, who has just retired from his paper, the Atchison Daily Globe, went to work in a printing office when he was twelve years old and was in one constantly until his retirement.

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The Senator's Secretary

THEY corraled all but eight of the Democrats who will control the destinies of this great and glorious Republic, so far as the House of Representatives can control them after March fourth next, at the long-heralded caucus and put through the program of the regulars, with only a pipe or two of dissent.

It was a good job, well done in a workmanlike manner. When Champ Clark went into the caucus with his fellow leaders they knew exactly what was to be done. After they had given every person, who wanted to talk, full and free opportunity to express himself on any topic he had on his mind, they started the machinery going and brought out the finished product exactly as laid down in the blueprints and specifications. If the Democratic majority in the next House can work as smoothly during the sessions there will be a lot of disappointed Republicans, not only in the minority on the floor of the House and in the Administration but scattered generally throughout the country.

Champ Clark was unanimously selected as Speaker. The Ways and Means Committee, so far as the Democrats are concerned, was appointed; and it was decided to make it a committee on committees to select from the Democratic membership the men who shall serve on the various committees of the House. Also, it was decided that the new Ways and Means Committee shall at once go to work on the preliminaries for a new tariff bill; and that, if feasible, the tariff shall be revised by schedules.

Naturally no thought was given to the men who will be the minority members of the Ways and Means Committee—the Republicans. It makes no difference to the Democrats whether the Republicans appoint any members to the new committee or not. They will have nothing to do with the tariff that may be made—will not be invited to the meetings of the committee and will be expected to keep out. It is none of the funeral of the Republicans, nor is it any of their business. When Republicans frame a tariff bill they tell the Democrats to keep away, and the Democrats will tell the Republicans the same thing. Finally, the Republicans will be called into a meeting and asked to vote for or against the bill that the committee has matured and will report. They will all vote against it and maybe present a minority report; but, to all intents and purposes, they will be as useless as appendages to the tariff-making as vermiform appendixes—or is it appendices?—are useless to themselves.

Clark for Schedule Revision

The making of a tariff is not economic, except in a secondary sense. Primarily tariff-making is political, which explains why the tariff commission idea is being received with such favor throughout the country. The new tariff the Democrats will make will be entirely political—framed, so far as possible, to carry out the Democratic idea of what a tariff bill should be. That idea has for its basic principle a tariff for revenue only, but, so far as individual Democrats and groups of Democrats are concerned, it is embroidered with many fancy patterns, ranging from free trade to high protection. Indeed, in the present House, where the Democrats are in the minority, there are many Democrats who believe in as much protection as John Dalzell believes in—and that is all the protection there is. From this they range down to free trade—or up to it, depending entirely on the viewpoint.

By and large, the new Ways and Means Committee may be depended upon, from its makeup and from the views of the men who made it and put it before the caucus for ratification, to produce a tariff bill that shall be essentially a tariff-for-revenue-only measure. Yet, although the Ways and Means Committee will propose, the House will dispose—and there are plenty of Democrats who will make fights for local produce and industries.

This is where the fun will come in when the bill—or the bills, if they go at it schedule by schedule—is put in. Only a day or so before the caucus Senator Bailey, of Texas, and Champ Clark made speeches at a Democratic get-together meeting in Baltimore. Bailey declared for a mass revision, while Clark declared for a revision by schedules. Inasmuch as Bailey will probably be the man in the Senate who will be most in front when the tariff gets over there, this difference, although Mr. Bailey in a statement declared it not material, will be important. Likewise, if the Republicans can hang on to their rapidly disappearing majority in the Senate or keep the Insurgents in line, the whole thing will resolve itself into a deadlock; but the House Democrats will be in a position to say they tried anyhow.

There are not many Democrats in the House who have had more than floor experience in tariff-making—that is, the Republicans have made the tariffs since McKinley was President. About the only Democrats who participated either in the Dingley or the Payne-Aldrich tariff who will be in the next Congress are a few men who were not on the Ways and Means Committee and who did what tariff-making and discussing they could when the bill was before the House. That makes the task of the Democrats more difficult, for the Republican minority will contain a number of men who are skilled tariff makers. They will use all their ingenuity and all their skill and all their wisdom in making things more difficult for the Democrats.

Forcing the Democratic Hand

To this end it has been thought by some observers of Congress that there is a well-defined movement on foot among the Republicans to force the Democrats to their tariff experiment before they are ready. The plan, as expressed at the caucus, was to have the new Ways and Means Committee hold meetings and hearings during the rest of this session and during the summer, so that it might be ready when the next Congress convenes, on December fourth, 1911. Of late there have been gloomy forebodings by such gloomy foreboders as Tawney, present chairman of the House Appropriations, that it will be impossible to get the big appropriation bills through in the time that remains before this Congress dies—at noon on March fourth next. It may be that there will not be a vigorous attempt to get all the money bills through. If they are not all passed one of two things must happen: either there must be an extra session of the new Congress immediately to pass these appropriation bills, when the Republicans—if that is their policy—will endeavor to force the Democrats to bring in a tariff bill; or a joint resolution must be passed continuing in force the appropriations for the various departments that may not specifically be provided for in the present appropriation bills as provided for in the bills that were passed at the last session. In other words, if any of the new appropriation bills fail a joint resolution can be passed that will continue the appropriations under which the Government is working as provided by former appropriation bills.

This plan, which may or may not be carried out, may or may not be good politics. It seems to be mighty poor politics, for it would only precipitate a situation that is inevitable; and, though it might for the time being embarrass the Democrats, it would work no good to the Republicans. Still, Tawney—who will not be in the next House—and Mann and Cannon and Longworth and others are not overlooking any opportunities wherein they may be able to make a political advantage, and it all depends on the outcome of the next few weeks.

Then again, whatever there was to the plan languished a lot after the Republicans heard of the action of the Democratic caucus. The Republicans had thought the caucus of the Democrats would develop into a big row and that there would be a lot of soreness and ill-feeling. Instead, it was a unanimous and cohesive gathering, and it showed the Democrats to be in far better position and condition than the Republicans. As a matter of fact, the Democrats, though they would like time to prepare carefully for their tariff work, are in a position to go ahead immediately in fairly good fashion.

There is another point the Republicans have apparently overlooked, and that is that the Democrats are not hopeful of any tariff legislation, owing to the situation in the Senate. What they are doing and what they will do in their tariff legislation and in all other constructive measures is to

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"I don't. I use

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No cake nor foolish bun.
Survive or perish
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fix up a platform to run on in 1912. The Republicans haven't comprehended that yet, but that is what they are doing.

Meantime the action of the Democrats in appointing a committee on committees leaves the Republicans in a hole, for they are sure to divide into two camps on that proposition. All the old Cannon crowd—Cannon will be in the next House—will be strong to have Cannon, or whoever is made floor leader of the Republicans, pick the Republicans for the minority memberships of the committees. This will be opposed by the large body of Republican Insurgents in the House, who will never submit to having Cannon pick the minority committee members; and there is the foundation for a lovely row right there. It will come off too; and if they try to rush through any such plan in a caucus it is unlikely that the Insurgents will go to the caucus or be bound by it. All in all, the Republican maneuvering that is going on at present doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Much to the astonishment of everybody, the Democrats appear to be hanging together reasonably well.

Some time ago it was announced that Charles Dyer Norton, secretary to the President, intended to remain in public life and had definitely refused to go back to Chicago to his old place as an insurance agent, where it has been numerously told he received fifty thousand dollars a year. Two weeks later comes the sudden announcement from the White House that Mr. Norton is to retire, that a new secretary to the President has been selected and that all of Mr. Norton's plans for being Assistant President have gone awry.

What happened to Mr. Norton was that he overreached himself. He overplayed his hand. As they say out in Indiana, when speaking of horses that step too far, he caulked himself. A nice, handsome young chap, with much ambition and a pleasing presence, he had been in the insurance business all his life and had known nothing of politics. He went to the President, who hates politics and hates detail, after Carpenter had proved such a failure, and tried to be a politician. Now, it takes time to learn politics—especially such politics as is played at the White House, where nine out of every ten propositions that come up are political in some phase or other, and usually in every phase.

Norton decided that, inasmuch as Mr. Taft is sometimes given to procrastinating, he would expedite several matters himself; and as luck would have it he expedited in exactly the cases where he should have put on the brakes. He wanted to do big things and wanted to be a big man. He was dealing constantly with men who have made politics a pastime or a profession for a generation. They would not stand for his methods, would not tolerate his assumption of Presidential powers, would not gratify his ambition by doing as he planned. The result, the inevitable result, was that, with a Presidential campaign coming on and with Mr. Taft an open candidate for renomination in 1912, Norton had to go to make place for some man who is supposed to have political knowledge.

Mr. Taft hasn't had the right secretary yet. Maybe the new man will prove to be the right one. Everybody hopes so, for the opportunities in that line at the White House at present are vast. No President ever needed a good secretary more than does Mr. Taft.

Meantime, Norton, who had ambitions far overtopping this secretarial position and who had dreams that he might become Secretary of the Treasury, is in a position to reflect on the vicissitudes of politics, the harshness of fate, the unappreciativeness of statesmen. Of course he can return to the insurance business, where he was so bright and shining a light.

The Psychology of the Audience

(Concluded from Page 7)

applause. It was very perplexing to the other players, especially as the audience was showing practically no enthusiasm about actors who were executing far more important parts. However, Barrett decided to take his good fortune and enjoy it. After the play he rushed across the street to a public house, hoping that he might be able to find out there whether it could possibly be that he had really, by the magic of his appearance or art, achieved this effect. A number of men were standing about the bar talking carelessly about the play, but Barrett heard no remark about himself or his part. At last he was obliged to force himself in and take part in the conversation. He casually remarked to the most intelligent of the drinkers: "That young actor in the play, Wilson Barrett, got a great deal of applause; they must have thought him a fine actor."

"Oh, no!" said the Irishman; "he was a pretty bad actor."

"Then," said Barrett, "how do you account for the applause he got?"

"Aisy enough," replied the man; "the last Fenian that was transported was named Barrett." Wasn't that Irish, though?

The agility with which the average mind in the audience leaps over abysses, with splendid incontinuity in regard to things that happen in the play, is a source of constant amusement and wonder to the actor. Here is an instance. The cook of a friend of mine went to the Academy of Music, in New York, to see the play called The Sporting Duchess. She was late in returning home and her mistress, who had to stay up and let her in, was much annoyed and made inquiries as to the delay. The girl was in a high state of excitement, but managed to explain matters thus: "After the last act a man came out and said one of the men in the play had been a jockey for fifty years and was going to be presented with a beautiful loving-cup, and speeches were going to be made; and he asked the audience to wait. And sure enough, after the play was over and some of the people had gone out, they raised the curtain and the jockey came out. And then they made the most beautiful speeches to him. And they told him how for fifty years he had been such a fine man and had done everything so beautiful. I suppose he had been kind to his horses and the like of that. And they said they were going to give him a silver loving-cup. And all these ladies and gentlemen that had known him all this time—I suppose he had run their horses for them—said such beautiful things that he was all worked up over it; and he actually cried. Oh, it was perfectly beautiful and I would not have missed it for anything!"

This occasion—referred to by the cook—was the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. J. H. Stoddart's career as an actor. The loving-cup was presented in appreciation of his services to the drama. He had created some of the most unique and well-known rôles in some of the most powerful dramas written during his life. Also, it was given in recognition of his association with the old Union Square Theater where he was so intimately known to the best class of theatergoers. It was a splendid tribute by many of the most celebrated actors and actresses of the time, who had come from their own work in the different theaters after the play to do this veteran honor. All these things were construed by the cook as coming to him for his services as a jockey, the part he had represented in the play during the evening. To save time, the actor had come before the curtain in his jockey costume; of course she thought that the man had come before the curtain to receive the recognition of the audience for fifty years of service as a jockey.

To be sure this is a somewhat exaggerated case, but within certain limits it might be called typical.

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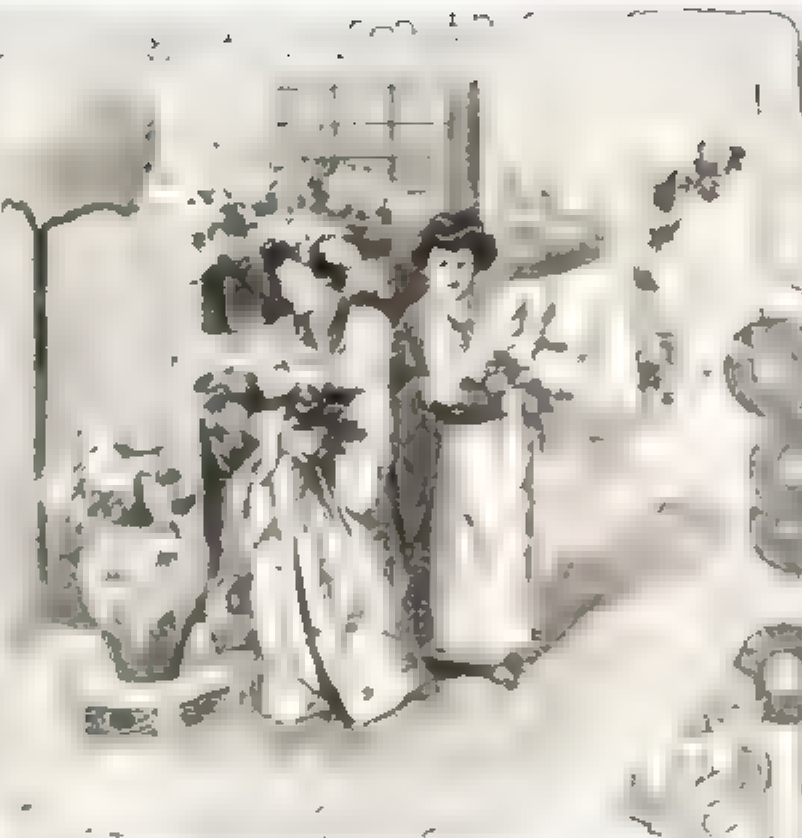

The Duet of the Flowers
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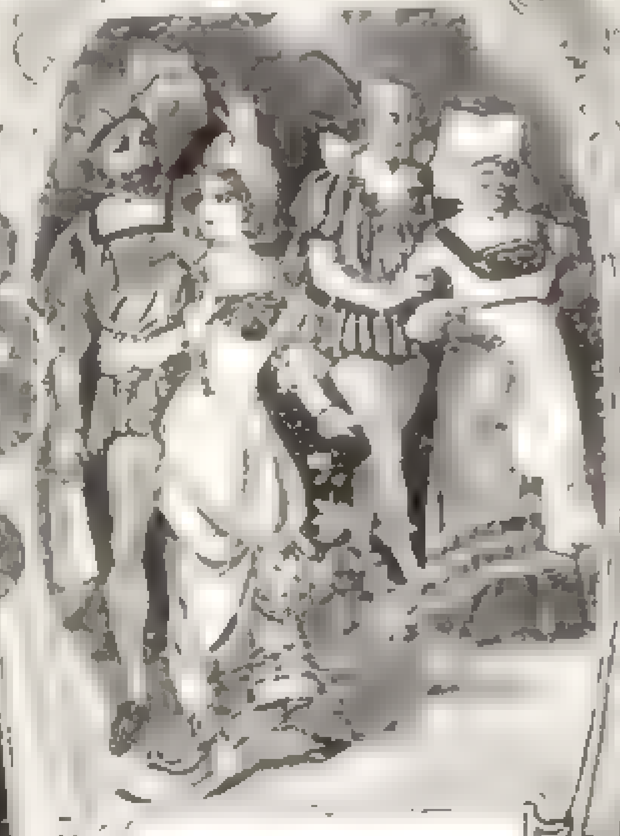
By Farrar and Jacoby (89026)



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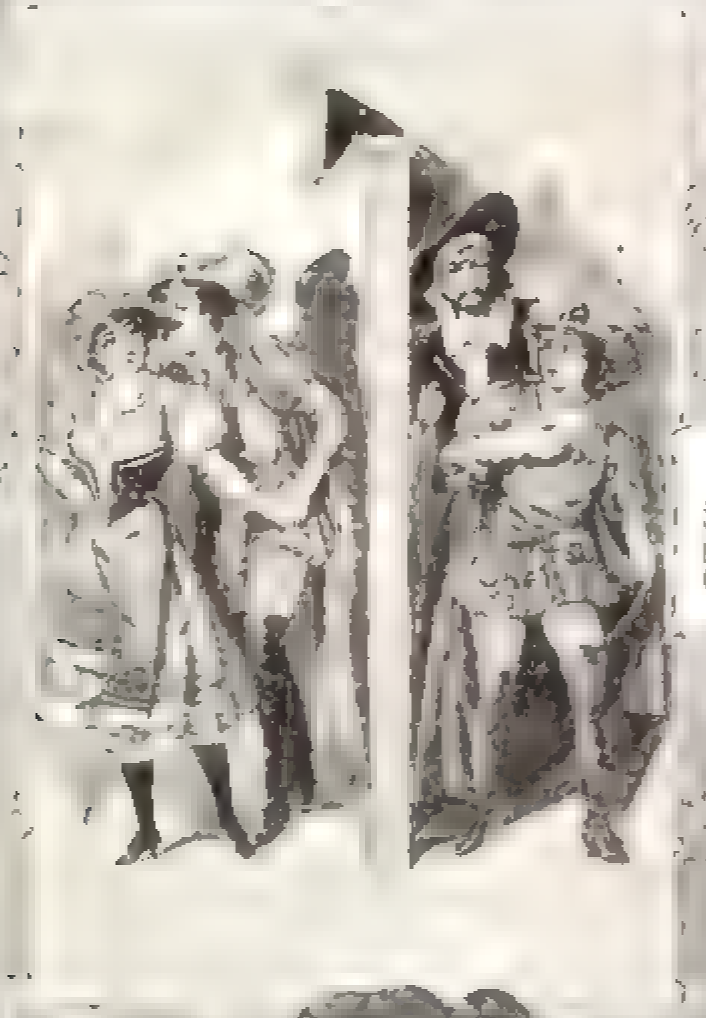

The Rigoletto Quartet
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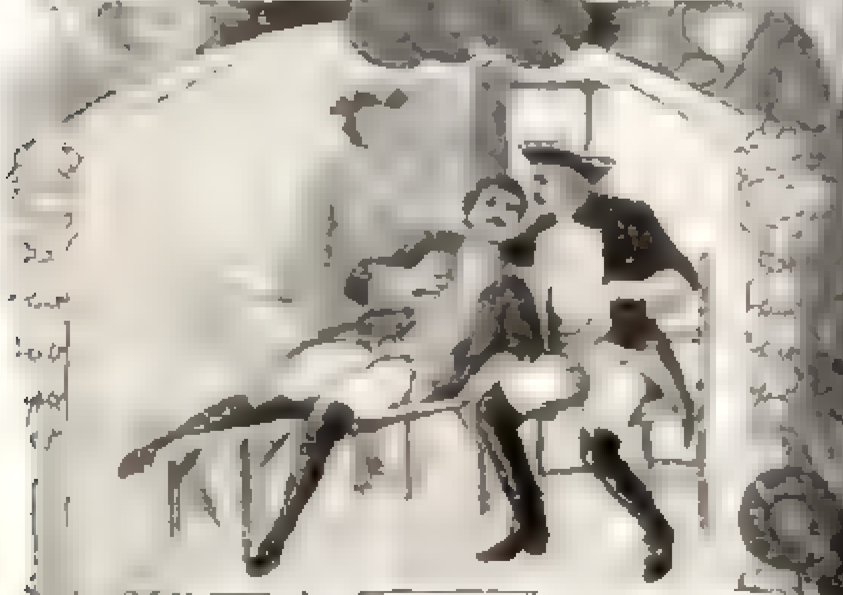

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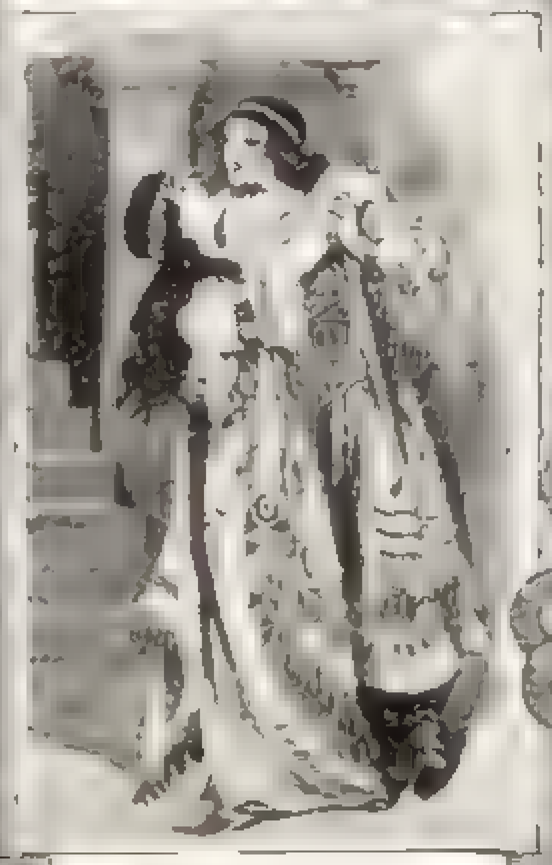

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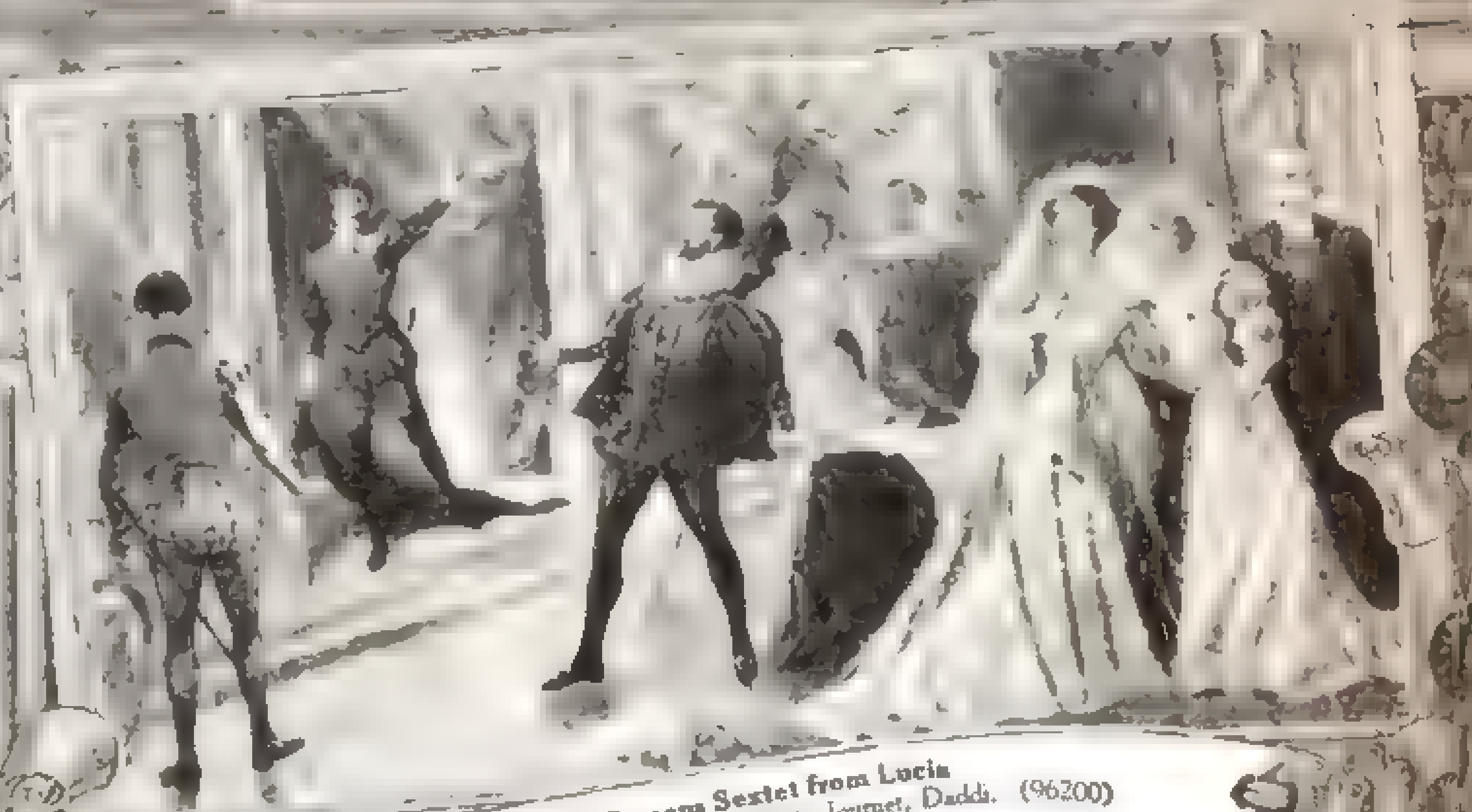
(O terra addio) (89029)



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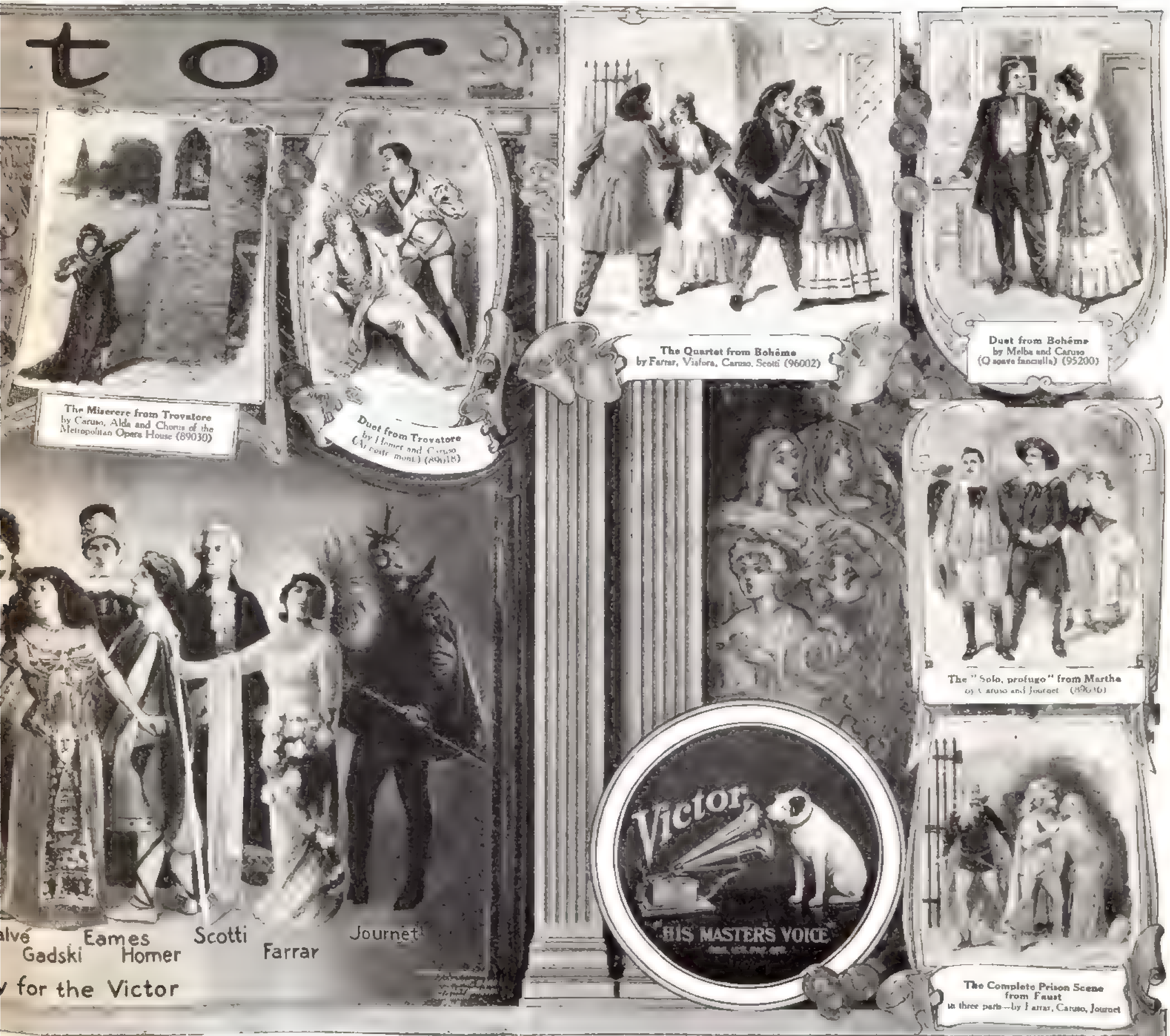
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Facts

1. Manufacturing ability and a little capital were the original assets of Lynchburg's successful business men
2. Lynchburg is the most economic distributing point for one-fifth of the population of the United States
3. The last census shows that the South has grown more rapidly than any other section
4. Twenty eight distinctly diversified manufacturing industries already located here and working to capacity (no shut downs, no strikes
5. These industries show an increased output of 500 per cent in the past ten years
6. Forty-five million dollars annual business
7. No other city can boast a similar growth
8. A distributing warehouse here offers cheaper transportation than direct shipments
9. Lynchburg distributes three times as many goods as it manufactures
10. This because Lynchburg is the logical distributing point to the South
11. Largest wholesale market in dry goods and notions in the South. Exceeds Atlanta, Memphis, New Orleans, etc
12. In shoe production fifth in United States exceeded only by St. Louis, Boston, Chicago and New York
13. Heart of Virginia's agricultural section (Farm book free)
14. Stock for a quarter million dollar hotel subscribed here in 30 days.

Free Railroad Fare and factory sites

If you are a manufacturer or distributor with Southern business, or want to establish a business seeking a Southern market, or want to learn why we are so successful and why we are able to offer such unusual opportunities to get you here, write for the book of FACTS. It is an object lesson in business building It is beautifully illustrated Address

ADVISORY BOARD
Chamber of Commerce, Lynchburg, Va.

1898-1911
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Any one of these $1 Plan Books FREE with a year's subscription $2.
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On improved farms in Indiana, Ohio and Oklahoma netting investor 5 per cent to 6 per cent. Safest form of investment no fluctuations in value, securities personally inspected no loan made to exceed 40 per cent of our valuation. Collections made without expense to investor. Long and successful experience. References furnished. Correspondence solicited

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Getting Facts About Listed Securities

By ROGER W. BABSON

IN MY last article I advised investors to count ten before buying any unlisted stocks such as are being advertised in the newspapers and elsewhere as paying abnormally high rates of dividend. I feel, however, that possibly the reader may be somewhat misled unless I supplement that article with another one, treating more in detail of unlisted stocks. I wish to emphasize especially the fact that because stocks are listed and actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange is no reason why one should buy them or why they should prove a safe investment. Some of the greatest losses that have come to investors have been through the purchase of cheap stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange; and possibly there are several stocks listed thereon today that will be total losses to the holders thereof.

Foreign investors especially have lost large sums of money through the purchase of the cheap listed stocks of our large railroad and industrial corporations. The American purchaser has usually stood by the reorganization, paid his assessment and received new securities—and these new securities have in many cases become worth very much more than the old securities. The foreign investor, not knowing the great latent wealth of our country, has refused to "spend a new dollar to save an old one." A holder of Union Pacific common stock at the time of reorganization, who did not pay his assessment, suffered a total loss; but those who paid the assessment and received new common stock have made a most wonderful profit. The same Union Pacific stock that now sells at around one hundred and seventy dollars a share, sold at the time of the reorganization for about eight dollars a share. Thus a man who at that time had only eight thousand dollars in Union Pacific today would have over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, in addition to receiving ten thousand dollars each year as dividends! In other words, the American who has the optimistic outlook necessary to realize the growth of the country at the time of a reorganization pays his assessment and stands by the property.

Always Buy the Best

It was investors such as these that I had in mind when writing my last article, in which I referred favorably to all listed securities as a class—even to the cheap speculative issues. Companies that are now earning barely interest charges, whose common stocks are selling at very low figures; may be reorganized and the stockholders required to pay an assessment. Such stockholders, however, as pay the assessment and stand by the property are almost sure to get back their money and make a handsome profit. On the other hand, this cannot be depended upon and there will be some total losses; enough, in fact, to reduce the average profits on the profitable ventures, so that the investor in the cheap stocks will make no more money in the long run than if he had purchased only the best.

In justice to the readers of these articles it is perhaps best for me to say also that it is a great temptation for small investors to become panic-stricken, refuse to pay the assessment and so take a total loss. For this reason I never recommend the purchase of low-grade speculative stocks; in fact, I advise the man with the average temperament strongly against such purchases. Therefore, although I have spoken favorably of listed stocks as a class, I wish it distinctly understood that because such stocks are listed does not mean that they are good. There are many listed stocks the holders of which will receive a total loss.

If any one has any doubt of this I wish he could visit Van Oss & Company's bank at The Hague, Holland. One of the rooms in this bank is papered with valueless stock certificates of American companies, nearly all of which stocks were listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

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It won't bite your tongue, simply *can't*. The nip's taken out by our exclusive, patented process. So don't get switched, Son There's only one P. A.

Do yourself the favor *now* of swapping 10c for the tidy red tin Open up, load up, fire up. Prince Albert is crimp cut, all ready to smoke. No mussing around in the hands to get it fine enough for your pipe. This new round tin with humidor top is a beauty Holds a half-pound. Ask your dealer about it.

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Two Blooded Shetlands, each with cart and harness made especially to fit the pony, will be given *each month* from March to October, inclusive, to boys who sell

The Saturday Evening Post

COUNTRY AND CITY BOYS

No matter whether your town is a large one or a small one, you have as good a chance to earn a pony outfit as has a boy in any other town or city. The ways of scoring equalize the opportunities of country and city boys. Thus, Harry Royster, Yazoo City, Mississippi, earned our last pony outfit by selling only 555 copies within two months.

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Your pony guaranteed to be well broken and safe for you to drive, will yet be full of life and a good traveler. The complete outfit is worth $150.00. (You can have cash if you prefer.)
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Gold watches and other premiums for boys who do good work.

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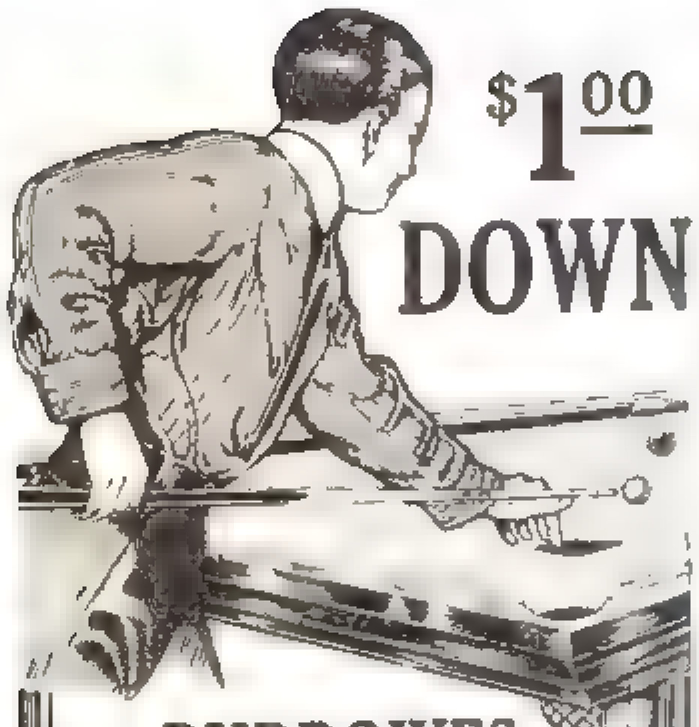

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$1 DOWN puts into your home any table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD and POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

Stop Supporting the Public Pool Room

You can become the absolute owner of a handsome Burrowes Table with the money you spend each month for the use of someone else's table.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

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Compo-Board makes dry, germ proof, fire resisting walls and ceilings. As [illegible] a plaster wall a foot thick. Can be put [illegible] in all climates. Takes paint [illegible] perfectly. No ugly cracks [illegible] appearance of the rooms. Will not chip or mar.

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You ought to see just how Compo-Board is made and find out its many advantages and uses. Sold in strips 4 feet wide and 1 to 18 feet long by dealers in nearly every town.

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[illegible] **Stewart's Automatic Awl** is most perfect sewing awl made. Feeds waxed thread from spool; always ready [illegible] Sent prepaid for $1 [illegible] Agents [illegible]

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East Boston, Mass

There is an old saying: "You cannot beat the Dutch!" I think that this applies especially to the purchase of investments. The Dutch are very shrewd buyers and have probably made more money in the purchase of American stocks than any other class of European investors. However, when purchasing American stocks they confine their purchases to stocks that are listed and actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. It is much easier to interest all European investors in listed than in unlisted stocks: in Holland this is especially true.

The Dutch investors are partial not only to listed securities but I may say to securities that are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and are traded in actively, with heavy sales every day. Consequently, one of the largest Holland investment houses—namely, the well-known firm of Van Oss and Company of The Hague—has papered one of the rooms of its fine banking house with worthless stock certificates as a constant reminder to its clientèle that, because an American stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange it is not necessarily a good purchase. Whenever I am in Holland I make it a point to visit this room and stand there for a few moments with my head uncovered, in order that these certificates may make on me an impression that will keep me in the straight and narrow path until I return on my next visit. I often wish that every public library in our land could have a similar room, papered in a similar way, to keep the inhabitants of the city or village reminded of the necessity of buying only the highest-grade dividend-paying, standard stocks, which have paid dividends through periods of prosperity and through periods of depression, and have weathered every storm to which this country has been subjected.

This brings us to the question as to how good listed stocks may be selected by the average investor; but, as I am to write later an article in this series explaining in detail how this may be done, I do not wish to enter on an explanation here. On the other hand, I shall now describe briefly the various sources of information as to listed stocks, and the means by which this information may be obtained. One of the reasons why I favor listed stocks rather than unlisted stocks is because it is so easy for the investor at any time to ascertain the condition of the companies issuing them.

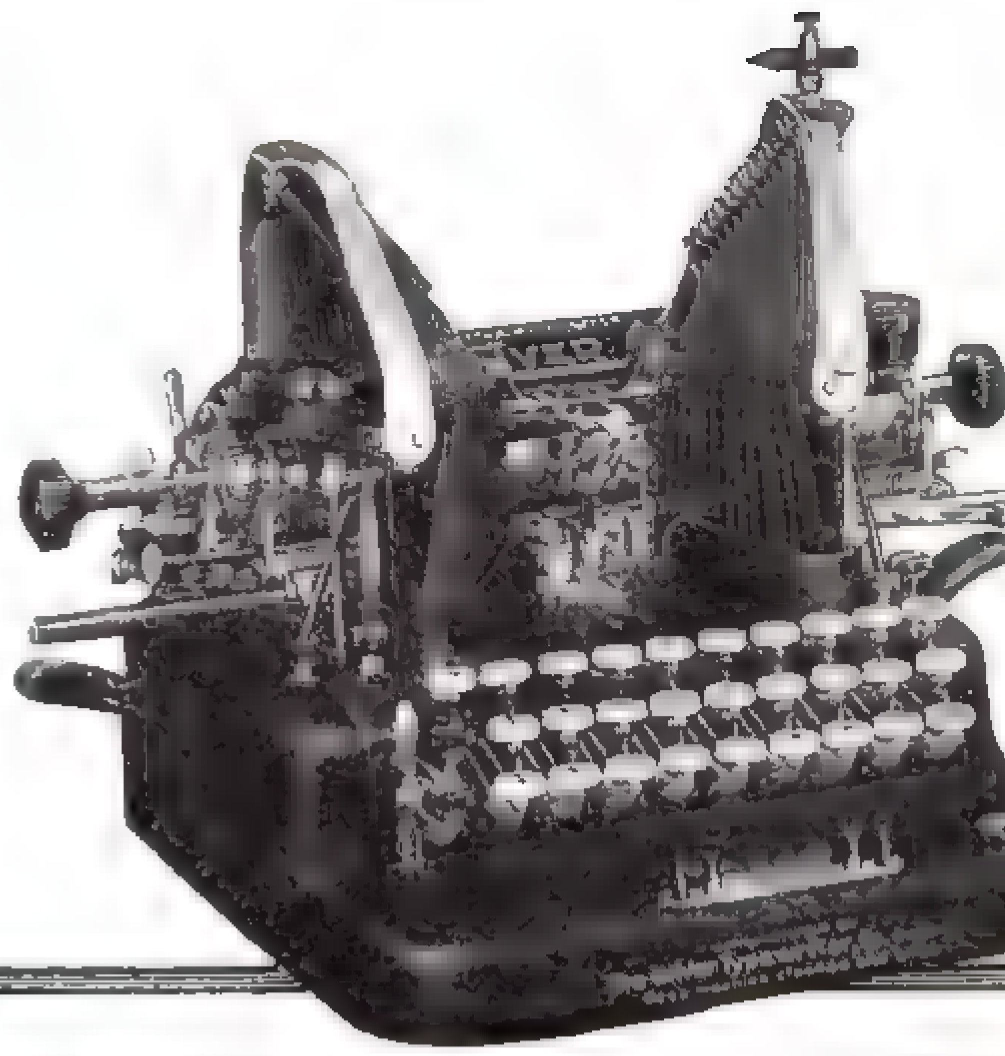
Official Figures Open to All

The best source of information relative to listed securities is the official stock exchange listings, made up from data furnished to the Stock Exchange by the proper officers of the various companies whose stocks are listed. As explained in a previous article, before a company can have its securities listed on the Stock Exchange it must prepare a detailed statement showing its condition and giving sufficient information to enable an investor to decide intelligently whether or not said securities are of real value. In addition to furnishing these original statements, the companies must furnish statements annually, thus giving the Stock Exchange practically an annual statement and certain other information desired.

In addition, however, to these statements, the Stock Exchange must be notified every time new stock is issued; and in order to have the new stock listed a new and complete statement must be prepared, bringing up to date all previous statements. In addition to keeping the original records in the office of the secretary of the New York Stock Exchange, where they are accessible to all members, duplicate copies are mailed to all firms that are members of the New York Stock Exchange. These firms methodically file these listing statements in their local offices for the benefit of their clients and all investors who may desire official information.

The next source of available information is the actual annual report of the company, which may be obtained from the company itself. All companies whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange issue printed reports, which reports are usually sent voluntarily to all stockholders; also, on request, to any one writing for the same. Moreover, all of the leading bondhouses have these reports on file in their statistical departments, and thus there is no excuse for any investor's purchasing any listed security that is not high grade.

Up to the present time the above were the only official sources of information for



17-Cents-a-Day
Buys Oliver Typewriter!

What! Actually *buy outright* the $100 Oliver Typewriter for *Seventeen-Cents-a-Day?*

Yes, sir—that's the proposition on the *new model Oliver No. 5, the Standard Visible Writer.*

We not only invite you—*we urge you*—to take advantage of our Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan.

This plan was devised for the benefit of the many thousands who are *renting* machines or *doing without* them for lack of the ready cash.

In selling you an Oliver Typewriter we meet you more than half way. A small cash payment brings the machine. We willingly *wait* while you pay at the rate of Seventeen-Cents-a-Day.

We don't want a cent of security. Just your promise to pay is enough.

Thousands Sold for 17-Cents-a-Day!

Since we began selling typewriters on this broad gauge plan our business has more than *doubled.* Tons upon tons of metal have been turned into *thousands of typewriters* and sent all over the world to supply the demand for Olivers—at Seventeen-Cents-a-Day! We have ample *capital* and *confidence* to sell typewriters on this plan. Our losses are *infinitesimal.* The public has justified our confidence in such an impressive manner that today we are just as glad to book orders on the "Penny Plan" as we are for *all cash in advance.*

Swiftest, Strongest, Simplest $100 Typewriter

The *speed* of the Oliver sets a pace that has never yet been excelled. Its *strength* and *endurance* are such that it [illegible] a *lifetime.* No other machine in the $100 class compares with it in *simplicity,* for we do away with *hundreds* of parts used on other standard typewriters. The first crude model of the Oliver Typewriter was built from an old wash-boiler and the type of a country print shop. The machine was a curious looking affair, but the *principles* embodied in its design were destined to *revolutionize the typewriter world.*

The OLIVER Typewriter

Model No. 5 Wins World's Applause

This model has captivated the public by its wealth of exclusive features which save time and effort, add scores of new uses and give tremendous gains in efficiency. The new "coat of mail" protects important working parts from dust, gives added strength and stability. The Disappearing Indicator shows *exact* printing point and *ducks* when type strikes the paper. The Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device is a wonderful convenience.

The Automatic Tabulator and the Line-Ruler are **Twin Devices.** Each supplements and completes the other in tabulating, invoicing and all kinds of statistical work. The Balance Shifting Mechanism, the Automatic P[illegible] Fingers, the Paper Register, the Back Spacer and other innovations [illegible] touch of perfection to this incomparable writing machine. You get all these [illegible] improvements, *without additional cost,* when you buy the Oliver Typewriter for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day!

Send for Book and "17-Cents-a-Day" Offer NOW!

We have told you very briefly, about the Machine and the Plan. Free Books, giving details in full, are yours for the asking. If you are a salaried worker, the use of the Oliver Typewriter will increase your efficiency and *force you to the front.* It has helped thousands to *better salaries and more important positions.* If you are in business for yourself, make the Oliver your *silent partner* and it will do its full share towards the *development* and *success* of your enterprise. Whether you wish to take advantage of the Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Offer or not, you should have a copy of the **Oliver Book** and become better acquainted with the typewriter that has made itself indispensable to the business world and broken all records in sales. If you own "any old typewriter," we will accept it in lieu of the first payment on the Oliver Typewriter. (43)

Your machine is ready for immediate delivery. Address all communications to

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Everything in and about Des Moines makes the City of Certainties especially a young man's City. He has more than a chance here—he has a Certainty. The market is not "owned" by people who control a business because their fathers built it up. The young man who begins on a small capital is not overshadowed by tremendously-capitalized companies. He is not crushed by competition, because

Des Moines today does not supply more than one-third of the demands of its trade territory.

The young man of vim, vigor and vision, who wants to begin business for himself, should know

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The Greater Des Moines Committee pays especial attention to the young man. We want him here.

We show him the exact conditions and advise him, if he wishes, what to do to reap immediate advantage. If the young man is your son, look into this. Find out about Des Moines. Understand Des Moines. Write us, and get WEALTH, the little magazine about the City of Certainties (not a boom sheet). Also the new book on Des Moines and other informing literature. Ask us everything you want to know about Des Moines. Our services are always free and prompt. We sell nothing; we tell the people what they want to know about the Certainties here. For convenience use this coupon today.

Greater Des Moines Committee
101 Coliseum, Des Moines, Iowa

CERTAINTY COUPON

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Send me WEALTH and the Des Moines Certainties Book

Business

the small investor; but, since the new corporation tax law, which compels all corporations to file a statement at Washington, has been in operation, another source of information is available. Although one cannot obtain access to the report of the company whose stock is unlisted and is not being offered publicly unless he is already a bona-fide stockholder, yet the Secretary of the Treasury has ruled very properly that the information relative to companies whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange shall be public property. Certainly this is very much to the credit of Secretary MacVeagh, and he deserves the thanks and hearty appreciation of all investors throughout our land. Thus an investor may now obtain at Washington a copy of a sworn report of the earnings of any corporation whose stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, irrespective of the official reports above mentioned. As these reports made to Washington are sworn reports, and are drawn up in a different way and for a different period of time from the other reports above mentioned, they will gradually become of great value to small investors and will tend toward raising the standard of all investments.

In addition to this there are numerous financial papers and, what is most interesting of all, the news-ticker service, whereby information from a central office in New York is supplied every minute during the day by an electric printing machine. Of course, these news-tickers and financial papers do not make a specialty of listed investment securities; they are designed more for the speculator than for the small investor.

Misinformation Easy to Get

Up to the present point I have referred simply to the sources of actual information—that is, published facts, reports, earnings, financial notices, confirmed news-items, and other matters that are of practical and permanent value to the small investor in aiding him to decide whether or not he should buy any stock in question. In addition to these there are vast numbers of periodicals, pamphlets, market letters and other publications—some sold and some distributed gratis which propose to give analyses of securities for the benefit of bona-fide investors. Many are not worth the reading. Investors should shun some of these publications as they would shun smallpox, for many are designed to lead the investor astray. I am especially bitter against certain publications that sell their periodical space and that sell "write-ups," either for direct gain or for the purpose of obtaining profitable advertising. Of course some publishers claim that there is no difference between a legitimate analysis and a "write-up"; but to me there is a great difference. In the former case the writer has no personal ax to grind; but, believing that he has some valuable information about some property of distinct interest to his subscribers, he prints the results of his study simply to increase the intrinsic value of his publication. "Write-ups," however, are given by publishers in exchange for money or for "calls" upon certain stock, or for advertising or other purposes.

Of all the illegitimate work of a financial editor, the very worst is the deliberate publication of absolute lies for their effect upon the stock market. However guilty certain publishers may be of circulating purchased "write-ups," yet I believe very few are guilty of intentionally publishing what they know to be out-and-out lies. I believe that our well-known publishers use every effort to eliminate such matter from their work. Notwithstanding their diligence, many manufactured rumors persistently appear in print and cause considerable loss, either to buyers or sellers.

I might also warn readers against various cheap market letters and newspaper advertisements—especially such free advice as floats about most boardrooms and brokers' offices. Advertisements of these miscellaneous organs may be found in many Sunday papers and should always be avoided. Of the sources of such news, the writer can state only that there is usually no source at all, it being manufactured entirely under the direction of the person by whom it is distributed. It is said that many tipsters advise one half of their clients to buy a certain stock and the other half to sell it on the same day. I recommend that all such tips should be avoided,

"GEE-E-E! IT'S GOOD"

WHAT'S good? Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Why is it good? Because it's just delicious roasted peanuts and salt ground to a butter.

And how do you eat it? On bread or crackers, just as you eat jam and jelly. Makes boys and girls fat and fit.

And how do you get it? In Beech-Nut glass jars, three sizes, generally sold at 10c, 15c, and 25c.

And when do you get it? Before you forget it. Your grocer's got it.

And who makes Beech-Nut Peanut Butter? Same makers who make Beech-Nut Bacon — far famed for deliciousness.

And how do you learn how to bake Beech-Nut Bacon, and how to boil eggs as you don't boil them, and how to make coffee as Mr. Oscar does at the Waldorf?

By sending for our new free book, "Beech-Nut Breakfast News, Special Early Morning Edition." Address Beech-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N.Y.

And when do you send for it? Before you forget it.

The best way to forget to get some is to put it off.

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You can't mistake the flavor.

Lily of the Valley

Everybody loves Lily of the Valley. By far the most delicately beautiful of all flowers. They are perfectly hardy, easily grown and require no attention after once setting out. They grow and multiply year after year. The roots have usually been rather expensive, but we now offer choice roots

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100 for $1.00, 1,000 for $8.00, charges prepaid, and full directions for growing. They are nice to plant beside porches, in [illegible], [illegible] shrubbery, in shady nooks and in cemeteries. They produce an abundance of lovely, pure white, bell-shaped flowers which are deliciously fragrant. Large descriptive catalogue of all kinds of plants, seeds and bulbs mailed free.

Ask for it.

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The famous Rose-scented Rose book—something unique in bookmaking. Each copy exquisitely perfumed. **It's free.** It is the handsomest work of its kind ever issued. It makes Rose growing easy. Plan your Rose garden now and send for this great book. It [illegible] the best Roses [illegible] to plant and tells you how to grow them. It's absolutely *free*—a post card with your address will bring it.

FREE [illegible] and addresses of six of your [illegible] a great [illegible] of **Jeanette Heller**, [illegible] the most magnificent hardy, everblooming vigorous fresh Rose known. It grows and blooms everywhere.

HELLER BROTHERS CO.
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A portable, efficient, sanitary, guaranteed electric water heater [illegible] Agents wanted. DIAMOND ELECTRIC SALES CO., Box 4, Head Bldg., San Francisco.

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[illegible] Henry A. Dreer [illegible] etc. [illegible]

Dreer's Orchid flowered Sweet Peas Extraordinary size with wavy petals usually borne four to a spray A mixture containing all colors 10c per packet 15c per oz 'Garden Book' free with each order

HENRY A. DREER 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

$7.55 Buys Best 140-Egg Incubator

Double cases all over, best copper tank [illegible] self-regulating. Best 140-chick [illegible] water brooder, $4.85. Both ordered together, $11.50, Freight prepaid E of Rockies [illegible] any price are better. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for book today or send price now and save time.

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which **blooms in 4 months from sowing**, [illegible] over 40 varieties [illegible] FREE, "Floral Culture" and my handsomely illustrated [illegible] Annual Catalog

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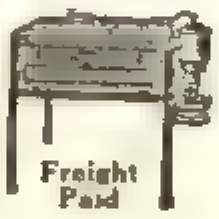

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J W MILLER CO., Box 120, Freeport, Ill.

This to you, Mr. Retailer:

We make our clothes for the most critical man in this country—

The fashionable New Yorker.

We sell them to him "over the counter."

We know, as only retailers can, just what *sells.*

We want more merchants in the larger towns who have a trade like ours,—critical, particular.

If you are such a one, write us.

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258 Broadway at Warren St.
842 Broadway at 13th St.
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Frisbie Collars

Cadillac
1/2 HEIGHTS
1/4 SIZES

We make "Frisbie Collars" *by hand* because this makes them *slow to wear out.* That they are *four-ply* is another "*why*" they go to the laundry so *often* Fashion-keen men like the "Cadillac" So will *you*

At most good shops
25c for two

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co.
Makers
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WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1911 model bicycles.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-56, CHICAGO

believing that it is impossible for any one to know how the market will act tomorrow, or next week, or even next month. Long swings may be forecast by a study of fundamental statistics; but one stands a much better chance to make money at roulette or dice than by playing for a one per cent profit on the daily movement of any stock.

How to distinguish between facts and "write-ups," or between legitimate rumors and manufactured tips, is hard to explain, as every one must depend to a certain extent upon his own intuition. On the other hand, to be able to do so is very important in all instances. Both the honesty and the accuracy of every publication are generally known—and such reputation is common property which any one may learn by inquiring of his banks, brokers or bond dealers.

Horses for the Army

TO CARRY out the proposed plan of breeding cavalry horses for the United States Army one hundred stallions will be required for sires. It is proposed that these shall be acquired by purchase, with very careful selection, and established at a number of stations in different parts of the country, ex-cavalrymen of experience and reliability being placed in charge of them as stud grooms.

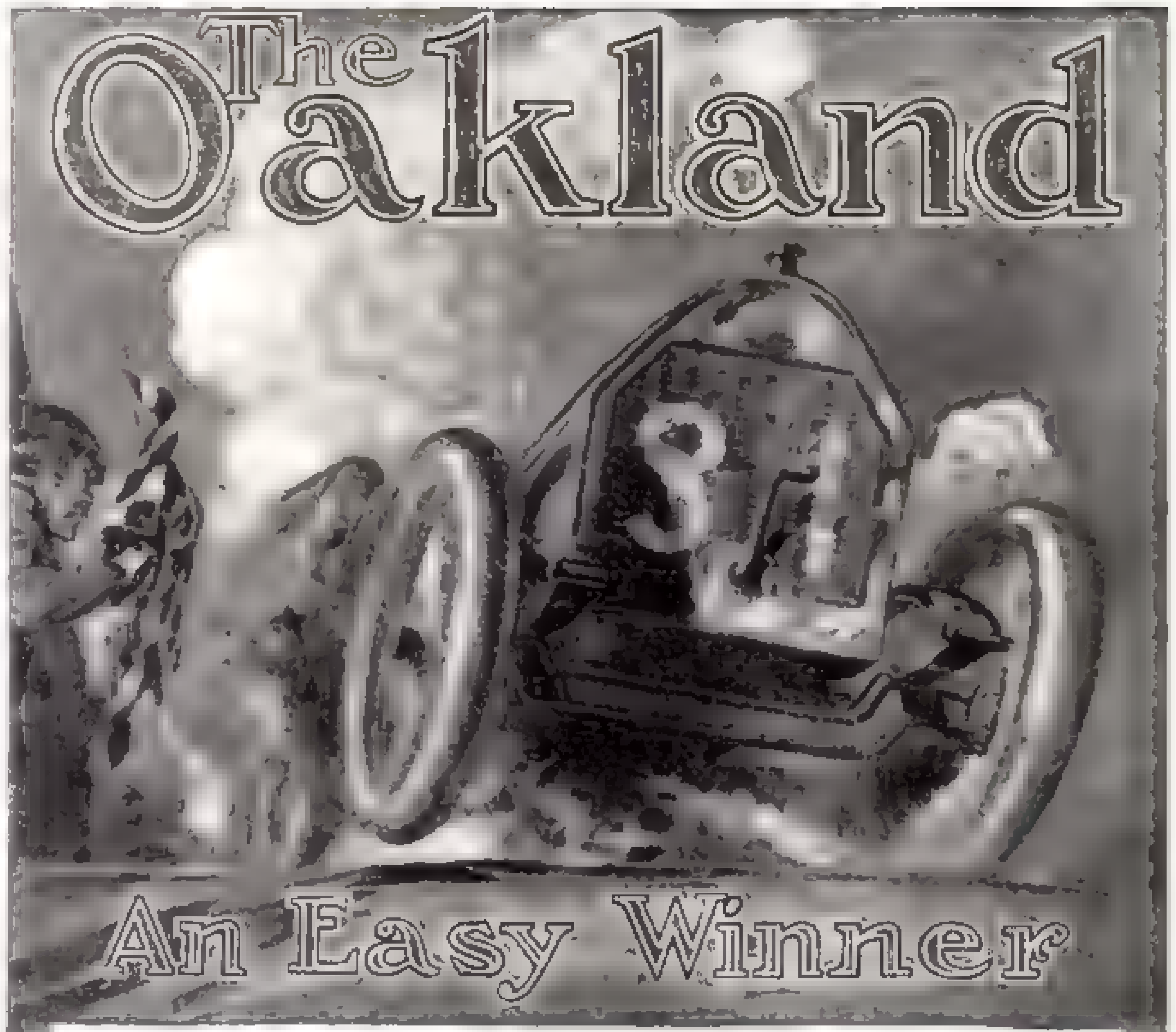
The stallions are to be bred to suitable mares wherever the latter may be found, with the understanding that the owners of the mares shall give to the Government in each instance an option on the resulting foal at three years of age, at a price to be fixed before the animal is bred. All breeding is to be conducted under the direction of experts of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

This plan ought to provide not less than two thousand first-class cavalry horses per annum—the minimum number required for remounts. At the present time the War Department finds itself unable to procure enough suitable animals. People nowadays ride much less than formerly they did and fewer horses of the riding type are bred. In addition, the abolishment of the old style street-cars has discouraged the breeding of a type available for army purposes—car horses being the very best kind for cavalry mounts because of their endurance and willingness to work.

If the War Department cannot find enough suitable horses in time of peace how could it manage in case of war? Unquestionably it would be in serious trouble. The waste of horseflesh in war is enormous, and in a conflict of any magnitude our government would need hundreds of thousands of horses per annum. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1864, there were purchased for the Federal armies 188,718 horses. In other words, five hundred a day were required for remounts this being the measure of the destruction of horses during that period.

During eight months of the year 1864 the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac required forty thousand fresh horses. Sheridan, during his campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, had to be supplied with fresh horses at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day. In the Russian campaign of a century ago the French crossed the Niemen with 127,121 horses. That was in the month of June. Six months later, December 13, they recrossed with sixteen hundred horses. All the rest had disappeared.

All the European countries are now supervising the breeding of horses for their armies. The War Department is convinced of the necessity of adopting the same policy in the United States. Leaving its military usefulness out of the question the plan proposed is expected to prove highly advantageous through its favorable influence upon the breeding of American horses in general.



Our Splendid Record Entitles Us to Leadership

OAKLAND Cars have won 25 hill climbs, road and track events, in competition with the cream of American Motor Cars. The big majority of these were hill climbing contests, and its continuous victories are the talk of the racing world—just as its wonderful touring qualities have made it first in the minds of well informed motorists.

Can you think of a stronger test than hill climbing? Motor, clutch and transmission must show a continuous 100% of efficiency—if victory is to be won. Hill climbing is the supreme test—and 25 continuous victories prove an absolute superiority of construction—honestly and fairly won.

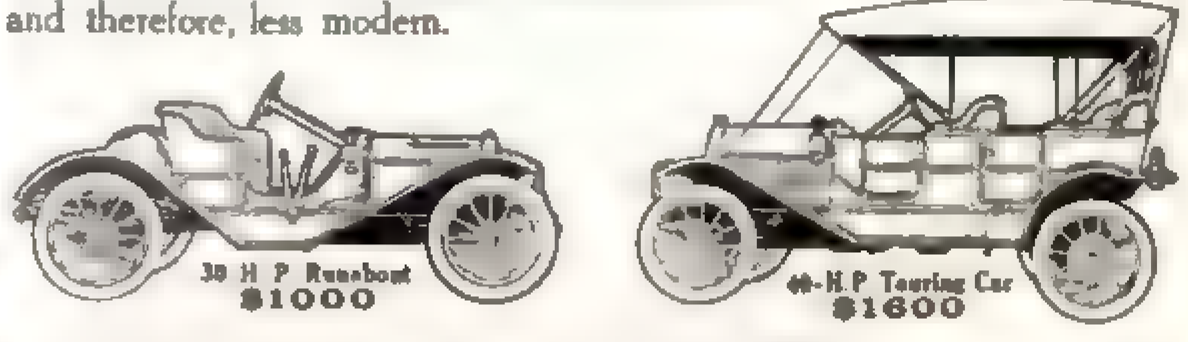
Contest after contest was added to our string of victories—not easy ones but the hardest kind of road and hill climbing events—anywhere—everywhere.

No one else has dared to claim this leadership, because no one else can show such records as those won by the Oakland at Los Angeles, Algonquin Hill (Chicago), Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dead Horse Hill (Worcester, Mass.), Seattle, Giant's Despair, at Wilkes-Barre, and many others.

What does all this mean to you? It means honesty of manufacture, excellence of material, the finest of workmanship, closest attention to detail and, above all and foremost, it means that the fundamental principles of design are correct—and stand so proven before the world to-day.

Accessibility and simplicity are the two most pronounced qualities of the Oakland chassis. Motor, clutch, transmission, magneto and pump are all easily at your hand. Your eye takes in the whole chassis at a glance. Its simplicity means a saving of time and money to you.

These cars are priced far below other machines that have less power, are more complex, less get-at-able—and therefore, less modern.



30 H P Runabout
$1000

40-H P Touring Car
$1600

For 1911 we are marketing a 30 and a 40 horsepower chassis with seven body mountings. The 30 horsepower will be made in a five-passenger Touring Car, detachable fore doors, at $1200 (detachable tonneau if preferred), a Toy Tonneau, four passenger body, at $1150, and a two-passenger Runabout, the fastest car of its kind to be found anywhere, at $1000. The 40-horsepower chassis will be furnished with a five-passenger, fore-door body, at $1600, a speedy Roadster with fore-doors at $1550, and Model K, five-passenger touring car, $1500.

Compare the car, compare the record, compare the price. We invite your closest inspection and most careful thought—on this most important subject—to you—and to us. If you will do this, we know what the result will be.

Oakland Motor Car Co.
Pontiac, Michigan

Be sure to mail this coupon to the factory.

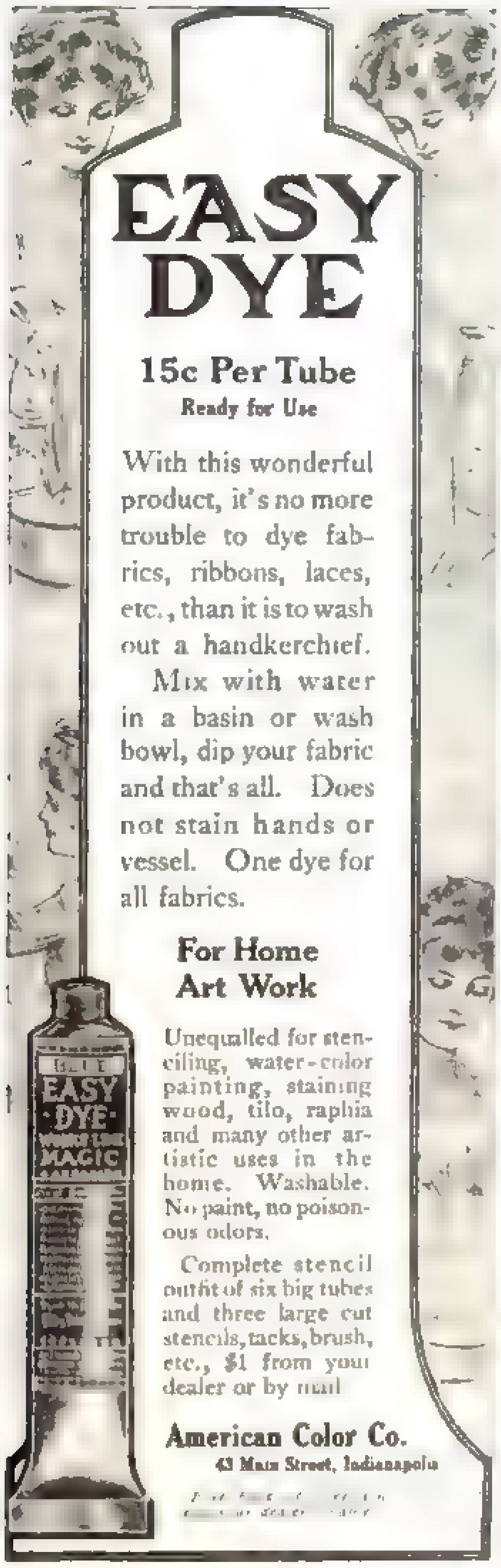
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Pontiac, Michigan

Please send me copies of "Little Stories of Big Victories," "The man who has driven one," "The 1911 Catalogue."

Name ______________

Street ______________

City ______________


EASY DYE

15c Per Tube
Ready for Use

With this wonderful product, it's no more trouble to dye fabrics, ribbons, laces, etc., than it is to wash out a handkerchief.

Mix with water in a basin or wash bowl, dip your fabric and that's all. Does not stain hands or vessel. One dye for all fabrics.

For Home Art Work

Unequalled for stenciling, water-color painting, staining wood, tile, raphia and many other artistic uses in the home. Washable. No paint, no poisonous odors.

Complete stencil outfit of six big tubes and three large cut stencils, tacks, brush, etc., $1 from your dealer or by mail

American Color Co.
43 Main Street, Indianapolis

[illegible]

DEALERS—Write today for our [illegible]
EASY DYE
MAGIC

Make Your Shoes Comfortable with The Family ShoeStretcher

POST PAID $1.00

Offers instant and perpetual relief from all foot ailments caused by ill fitting shoes.

A [illegible] and simple way to enlarge tight [illegible]

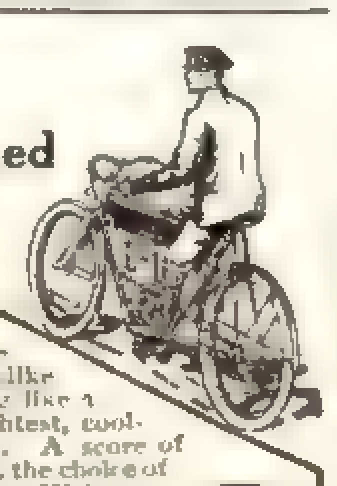
Place [illegible] where relief is desired, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] without comfortable shoes [illegible]

Sent prepaid on receipt of $1.00. State for man or woman. Money back if not satisfactory

KOSTERS LAST MFG. CO., 2 Lock St., Buffalo, N. Y.


Any Road
Any Grade
Any Speed

The man who [illegible] R. S. Motorcycle can ride any place a wheel can travel. Boulevards, country roads, hills, all are smooth sailing. He can go like the [illegible] like a zephyr. The simplest, lightest, coolest motor ever developed. A score of features make the 1911 R. S. the choice of every thinking motorcyclist. Write for catalog. Agents wanted.

READING STANDARD CO.
Makers [illegible]
River St., Reading, Pa.

R-S

Bee Keepers 64 Page Book Free

Sent [illegible] A [illegible] Special Offer "Gleanings in Bee Culture," [illegible] the industry [illegible] trial 25c. All about the art of bee-keeping, the work, the pleasures, how to make it pay. Address The A. I. ROOT CO., Box 76, Medina, Ohio

A WOMAN WINS

(Continued from Page 18

with me—and then give me mileage over the road and letters to your agents—I think you can shelve the whole business on to my shoulders without a bit of uneasiness. I believe you will be pleased with the results; I am thorough."

"I believe you are, Miss Gale," he said wearily; "but, you see, these booklets will be delayed for a while now; and then, when we do get at them, they will have to be rushed through at a rate that will prevent absolute thoroughness."

"Give me the work now," I said, "and provide my expense money while traveling, and I will not present a bill till you say the word. It's the chance to do these booklets that I want; money is no object for the present."

"You are differently situated from most people right now," he said.

"I am unusually fortunate," I agreed.

It ended in my carrying away a mass of data and plans for half a dozen booklets that would eventually net me not less than twelve hundred dollars if I succeeded in carrying out the plans as outlined. At three o'clock I reentered my office with my arms full of material from which to work, followed by a boy from the railroad office carrying books, charts and maps. Several callers were waiting, so I put aside the railroad work and gave the rest of the day to visitors. Some were clients who wanted to talk over the financial situation and a few were strangers with schemes they had decided to try out on the public, so long as I was doing advertising now "free of charge." These adventurers I advised to hold off till the financial condition had righted itself. I didn't intend to lose money on sharks. In a few instances I consulted with the papers; and where they were willing to risk their space I risked our work. This, at least, helped keep the force busy and maintained an appearance of heavy routine.

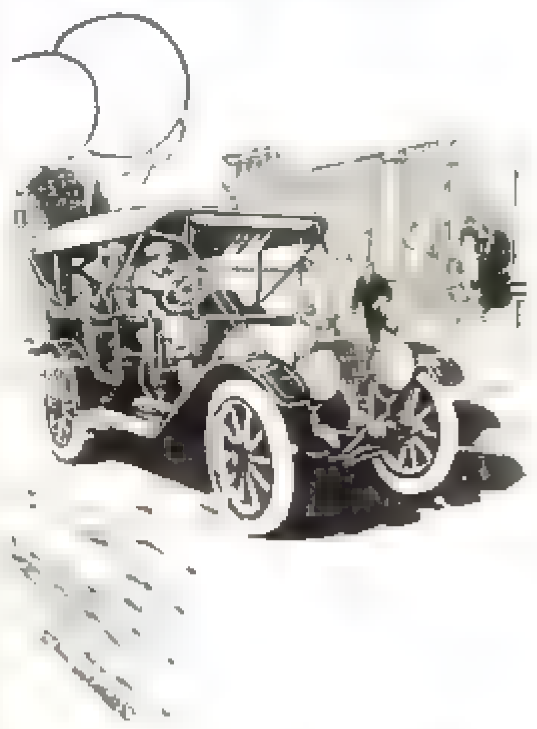
Overworked in Dull Times

I was pleased that evening at closing time to observe that my assistants looked as wholesomely tired on this first day of the panic as they generally did. When they were leaving—I was still busy with callers—I called to them to be "earlier than usual tomorrow," as a lot of new work had come in. "We may have to work nights," I added.

They looked half incredulous; they thought the remark was for the benefit of the wavering advertisers still in the office. Next morning, when they arrived promptly at eight o'clock, they found me deep in railroad matters.

The railroad work was really the most delightful I had ever done. Had I only been rested I should have enjoyed every phase of it; but now added to the strain of penetrating a new field was the mental and spiritual strain of "keeping up the bluff"—as some would call it—of plenty of work and plenty of money. I proposed to put the thing to the test; to see whether I could control a situation against so many minds running counter. To do this I must provide the framework on which to hang the garments of office activity.

Three days later, two more banks closed their doors; the talk on the streets, in the stores, in business offices, on cars and in homes was panic, panic, panic! There was a heavy, helpless submission to this thing that had darted at them like a snake in the grass. Years before in its history the solid old town had suffered from a panic brought on by a notorious railroad manipulator; and now the old-timers, with millions in their tills, remembering that early experience, closed them tight and sealed them over. They weren't to be caught twice; they had gone West as young men, had settled on land, married women who also had land claims, and thus, through generous Government grants, acquired many broad acres. Railroads had come and towns sprung up, making them rich without much effort on their part other than a tenacious hold on all they possessed. They were suspicious of financial maneuvers; they held back from anything like taking a chance. Their experience with Eastern grafters had laid the foundations of their caution; so they were not to be blamed, when the three banks closed their doors, for drawing back into their shells. They might have saved the situation locally had


Chalmers Talk Number One

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

"Forty" $2750

An automobile is not an extravagance. It is an economy. It increases your efficiency. It makes "two minutes grow for you—where only one grew before." Some extravagant people buy automobiles, but not very many. Only a few really extravagant people ever can afford to buy them. They spend their money for less useful things. Think that over.

The automobile industry is now the third in the country in point of volume and is still growing. The everyday, sensible, careful-buying business man has made this volume possible. If the motor car was an extravagance he would soon find it out—and quit buying. But he goes on buying. He sees that the motor car is a necessity.

Each year the Chalmers Motor Company has had more orders than it could fill. We have, already this season, shipped to customers more than 60 per cent. of our 1911 output. The remainder is going fast. We take these conditions to mean that we have succeeded in building cars that appeal to the careful business buyers of the country as unusual value at their prices. "30"—$1,500. "Forty"—$2,750. All types. Dealers in all leading cities.

Chalmers Motor Company
(Licensed under Selden Patent)
Detroit, Michigan

Hatch Chicks in Any Room

$3.50

The Handy Hatcher holds 25 eggs, weighs about 6 lbs., set it in any room, costs $3.50. Automatic regulation of heat and ventilation. As accurate as the most expensive. Get a Handy Hatcher with free book on brooding, feeding and raising chickens, together with instructions how to make a Fireless Brooder. Send for FREE catalogue

The Handy Hatcher Co., Dept. 11, Kansas City, Missouri

112 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry [illegible]

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

[illegible] information it contains. It's free. Write a postal for a copy today.

Prairie State Incubator Co., 434 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

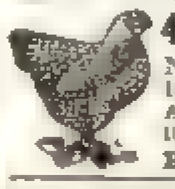
Poultry 47 leading varieties Pure Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys; also Holstein Cattle. Prize winners. Oldest poultry farm in northwest. Stock, eggs and incubators at low prices. [illegible]

LARKIN & HERZBERG Box 69 Mankato Minn.

Beautiful Swans, Fancy Pheasants,

Ornamental Geese and Ducks for Parks. Also Hungarian Partridges, Pheasants, Quail, Deer, Rabbits, etc. [illegible] preserves. Send 4c for descriptive circulars

WENZ & MACKENSEN
Dept. 2P, Pheasantry and Game Park Yardley, Pa.


48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c for fine 100 page 17th Annual Poultry Book.

R. F. Neubert, Box 786, Mankato, Minn.

TO POULTRYMEN 90 Days Trial On Queen Incubators

Improved 1911 models on make-good plan. Send for fine free book and see offer. Big money making on little capital. Interests business men, farmers, women and children. Address WICKSTRUM, Queen Incubator Man, Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

BUCKEYE'S 50 EGG INCUBATOR $6

[illegible] write to us. We'll send you our catalogue and two books, "Making Money the Buckeye Way" and "51 Chicks from 50 Eggs." Free.

THE BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., 585 W. Euclid Avenue, Springfield, Ohio
Builders of Buckeye Portable Poultry Houses
Sold Cheaper Than You Can Build Them

The Incubator of Quality

WORLD'S BEST HATCHER

The latest improved [illegible] of Robert H. Essex, [illegible] Full particulars in 1911 [illegible] which Mr. Essex [illegible] "[illegible] where others fail." Yours [illegible] free

Robert Essex Incubator Co.
104 Henry St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Essex Model [illegible]

Greider's Fine Catalog Largest and most practical poultry reference book published. Lists 70 varieties of Pure Bred Poultry. 1911, 200 pages, over 100 illustrations, 57 in natural colors. Gives low prices for stock, eggs, incubators. Only 15c postpaid.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 83, Rheems, Pa.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

and Almanac for 1911 has [illegible] Incubators, [illegible] All about [illegible] Only 15c

C. C. SHOEMAKER Box 912, Freeport, Ill.

GET OUR PRICE

[illegible] years experience [illegible] SUCCESSFUL [illegible] Brooders [illegible] Catalogue FREE. Write [illegible]

Des Moines Incubator Company
548 Second St., Des Moines, Iowa

Send for Free Book

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

The PECK Patented
PENCIL SLOT MACHINE
Price $15.00

affords you the opportunity of going into business for yourself

Machine sells lead pencils of any standard size or make. Can sell 25 to 50 pencils a minute. Each pencil it sells yields at least 100% profit. Can be set up in stores of all kinds, newsstands, cafes, railroad stations, near schools, or other public places. Sold outright—no royalties. Only machine of its kind in the world. A few sales per day quickly pay for it.

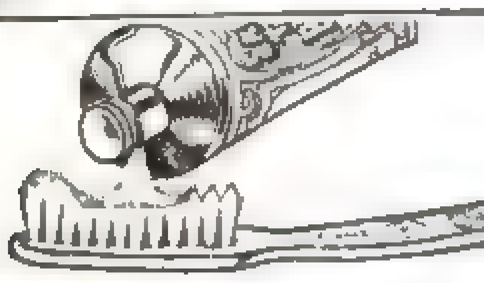
Profits of one machine will buy enough additional Machines to make you Independent.

Machine built of green and gold enameled steel—12" high, 12" wide, 6½" deep—weighs 18 lbs.—holds 144 pencils in plain sight of buyer. Order 1, 2, or 3 machines as a trial. Send money with order.
Express or freight charges prepaid on trial orders accompanied by remittance.
Orders filed on day received—no delays.

If machines are not as represented, return them at our expense and we will refund purchase price.

Exclusive city or county rights considered where machines are bought in large quantities.

E. W. PECK CO.
1123 Broadway
New York



A little Sanitol Tooth Powder goes a long way. Its strong antiseptic properties penetrate and cleanse every crevice, preventing decay. It whitens the teeth, keeps the gums healthy and the mouth sweet and pure.

SANITOL

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

is heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof. Best proof against the hard wear that every floor or linoleum gets.

Send for Free Sample Panel finished with "61." Test it. Prove that **you may dent the wood but can't crack the varnish.** Sold by dealers everywhere. Two booklets, **"The Finished Floor"** and **"Decorative Interior Finishing,"** sent free. Address, Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES
American Factories New York Buffalo Chicago Bridgeburg, Canada
Established 62 Years
Foreign Factories London Paris Hamburg

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00
Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog.
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

they been willing to come to the rescue, but they were not willing and things grew worse and worse. People couldn't buy clothes, they couldn't make payments on lots and homes purchased by installment; they reduced their grocery bills and cut down on theaters and all amusements; a number of firms closed their doors; three advertising companies went out of business; the head of one company committed suicide.

The Hilton Advertising Company, that had been rocking for some time in uncertainty, was saved—so I understood—by the infusion of new capital and a change in the ownership of most of the stock; the two of us weathered the storm—but I had no outside help.

And right here I want to give the other man his due. A woman has an advantage over the man in hard times; a woman can reduce her living expenses almost to annihilation and still keep going; she can wash and mend and press her own clothes; cook her own food and eat things she doesn't like. She is not expected to treat, to smoke expensive cigars, to pay club dues, to set up the drinks, to take her friends out to dinner, or in any other way make a splurge; she is just expected to turn out work—she is a hired servant, appreciated so long as results are satisfactory.

A man, on the other hand, from his very beginning in business, indulges first his appetites and, second, his social instincts; he orders a seventy-five-cent steak for his lunch when a woman on the same income orders a ten-cent sandwich and a cup of tea; he smokes half a dozen twenty-five-cent cigars a day, where she hesitates on a dollar box of candy once a week; he meets his friends at the club and has a jolly luncheon party nearly every day on the same income on which she indulges in a tearoom treat with her friends once a week. A man is afraid of appearing small if he doesn't do all these things; and the fact that he likes to do them adds to the argument in their favor. He instinctively humors himself and a woman instinctively denies herself. When hard times come along he dare not retrench too much or people will know at once that he is "touched." He must bluff it out—and he does. It sometimes throws him into bankruptcy; for a very small sum of ready cash in panicky times makes all the difference between bridging the chasm and going down into it. Many a man has lost millions for the lack of a few thousands, and thousands for the lack of a few hundreds.

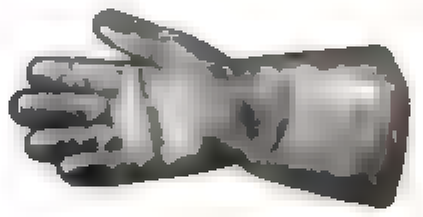
Returning Confidence

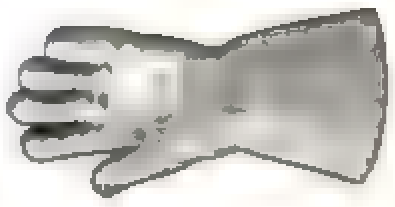
The "other man" had made his hit on his genial, free-handed manners; and the harder the times the more genial and free-handed must he appear. I had made my hit on my thorough methods and the large amount of business we handled; and I must keep my public unsuspicious by being even more thorough and more full of business than ever.

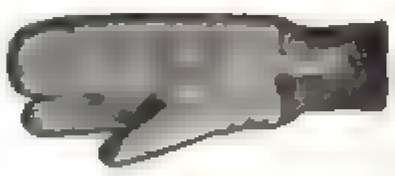
I pursued the policy of never mentioning the panic, never discussing hard times, and persistently declared for good cheer. I came to the office early each morning and demanded that the others do the same; I contrived to have work enough to keep each one busy all day; I put them on the railroad work, gathering statistics, getting out letters and consulting references in the public library. I held to the established methods and saw no one in the forenoon, when I spent my time poring over railroad work and preparing to begin on the booklets; they could be spread out over as much time as I wished and I used this to my advantage. Really, we never worked harder than we did those first days following the bank failures, when the whole town was stunned and motionless.

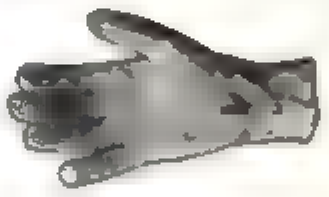
At the end of two weeks there was really no more office work to be done on the booklets and I was at my wits' end. Then a sudden thought illumined my mind—and I felt how self-centered and unjust to the clients I had been—I had kept the panic paralysis away from my own office, but had done nothing to ward it away from them. I had been all wrong; I should have made the usual calls on each of them and kept pace with the season's demands in advertising, even though the advertisements should never appear in the papers. I resolved on a plan.

It had been the custom with us for each one to have her own clients, on whom she called, daily, for notes. Personality is a strong power in business as elsewhere. Some merchants liked one of the women,









Here's Your Glove
Whatever Your Work or Favorite Outdoor Sport

Hansen, of Milwaukee, makes a glove, gauntlet or mitten to fit every man's individual needs. Hansen's not only fit the hand but fit the work in hand.

Many men look upon gloves as a necessary evil—necessary for protection—evil because they encumber the hand.

Men who wear Hansen's know that gloves can be all comfort—afford perfect protection without being the least hindrance in their work or sport.

HANSEN'S
"Built Like a Hand"

Warranted never to harden, shrivel, shrink, crack or peel, even though exposed continuously to wet weather and heat. When greasy or dirty wash them back to freshness. They remain as soft as kid and they wear like rawhide. Made in hundreds of styles for the automobilist, horseman, hunter, fisherman, engineer, fireman, farmer, thresherman, miner, lineman, ironworker—in short, for every purpose where *real glove service is required.* There is a Hansen—"Made to Order"—for *you*—a Hansen designed and constructed with *your needs* in mind.

Write today for particulars about the *right* glove for *your* purpose. Coupon attached for your convenience. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name, and we will see that your order is filled promptly. Write for book to pick your style.

Hansen's No. 365 Auto Special
This is a great favorite with motorists. Remains soft and pliable as kid in spite of wet and weather and frequent washing. Perfect snugness, comfort, fit and style. If dealer can't supply you—mail the money and we will send mittens prepaid—money back if not satisfactory. Send diagram of hand and size of kid glove. Write for booklet and prices, anyway, about styles of most interest to you.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Clip This to Remind You
O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.,
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I have put a cross in square following style of glove (or mitten) which interests me. Send particulars about this style in all grades and colors: Autoist ☐. Horseman ☐. Hunter ☐. Engineer ☐. Fireman ☐. Switchman ☐. Farmer ☐. Lineman ☐. Lumberman ☐. Miner ☐.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________

Iron Clad

Strength!—where strength is needed

—the whole sock made of the most *durable* of all yarns—genuine long staple Sea Island—and the heels and toes made *extra* strong by *extra* strands, which have been given the famous Iron Clad "extra twist." You can always get strength and wear in a heavy, clumsy sock, but Iron Clad No. 188 combines extreme *durability* with *light* weight and a soft, silky texture.

IRON CLAD No. 188
In *Seventeen* Beautiful Colors

And the *colors*!—Burgundy, Corn, Ecru, Light Grey, Heliotrope, Light Tan, Smoke, Hunter Green, New Tan, Dark Tan, Oxblood, Dark Blue, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Navy Blue, New Cerise and Black. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

If your dealer hasn't this splendid sock send us [illegible] for each pair wanted stating [illegible] and colors. We mail prepaid. This sock and other [illegible] are illustrated in [illegible] to our beautiful catalogue—write for a free copy.

25 Cents

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St.
St. Joseph,
Mich.

PATENTS HAND BOOK —FREE—

Sixty years' experience—acknowledged standing. Send sketch for opinion on patentability. A description of patents procured by us is published FREE in

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Branch Office:
625 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

MUNN & CO., Attorneys
363 Broadway, New York

COPY THIS SKETCH

Illustrators and cartoonists make $20.00 to $125.00 per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for [illegible]

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

some others; and so, through tryouts, each had settled down to the ones she called her own, whose business she especially looked after—always, of course, under my supervision.

So I called a meeting in my den and outlined this plan: Each was to resume her daily work for her clients just as she had done before the bank failures; she was to call regularly, inquire after the stock, take notes on new shipments or unsold goods that ought to be moved, then return to the office and prepare the advertisement as skillfully as though it were to be run; use some new idea; get something catchy; then, later on the same day—and in time for next day's paper—return to the store with the finished ad, show it to the manager and suggest—mildly, of course—that if he felt he could start advertising again here was a plan that would come in nicely.

My assistants made their calls and so did I. I called on every firm for which I had ever done business. Everywhere the talk was hard times; everywhere I laughed at the bugaboo some one had stuck up in their faces to scare them. Then I returned to the office and helped on the ads. We produced some startling copy.

At first, when my assistants went back to the managers with their beautifully mapped-out ads, those gentlemen showed slight interest; but we did not abate our efforts one whit. The ads were hung on the hooks in my office and people who called would remark: "Well, you seem as busy as ever; lots of copy on the hooks."

Ten days of this and the manager of our most conservative suit house came in.

"Say, I'm tired of this!" he said. "Something's got to break somewhere. Just run that reduced-price-suit ad and follow it up with the others on jackets and shirtwaists—and see where we get off at."

The End of the Panic

By the middle of the week another suit house, that couldn't afford to be beaten, made a similar request; the first of the second week our milliner came in and said he guessed he'd risk a little money on a tryout: "Go ahead twice weekly, and see what will come of it." Late Saturday afternoon the Western Fruiterers called up and said they must get that fruit display going next week or they'd be caught with a lot of old goods on their hands. "See if you can't get that full page in some kind of shape to run Sunday." Down came the well-written, long-thought-out page, and it was hustled over to the papers. The newspaper representatives came in smiling and encouraged. "You're getting your folks going again in good shape," they said. "Now, if every one else will do as well ——"

In four weeks from the day we began annoying our clients with copy they didn't want every one of them was back, going full tilt, and the spring season was well on. In not a single instance of sudden decision to advertise was a careless or loosely written ad sent out; for every one had been worked over and thought out and weighed one way and another in that lull that permitted this extra care.

And now a rush did begin in dead earnest, for the railroad booklets were wanted. Mr. Jordon sent for me; I told him I had done all I could at the office and would now like to visit the places I was to write up.

"When can you start on the trip?" he asked.

"When is the next train?"

"At one o'clock."

It was now ten. "I shall be ready," I said. "Send over the transportation."

My assistants had the running of things pretty well in hand and I felt no uneasiness in risking the office to their care for a few days. I wanted to get away for the sake of the change and rest, for I was in a terribly nervous state; and then I wanted to get at the booklets—I was eager to plunge into the new field; and I could do no actual writing till I had seen my territory.

I cautioned the office force to keep everything quiet and businesslike in my absence, and if anything new came up to use their best judgment and go ahead. It would be impossible to consult with me, as I could not say where I should be at any given time.

I set off in a gay mood, glad to be free of the office. Though it was, perhaps, the most responsible mission I had ever undertaken, I regarded it as a holiday.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles, by Anne S. Monroe, relating the experiences of a woman advertising agent. The third will appear in an early issue.

KITCHEN SPOON FREE
Three Times Size Shown
[illegible] Cream City Roaster [illegible]
Coverless Roaster
[illegible] Roaster with [illegible] Quickly pays for itself by actual saving on your meat and fuel bills. [illegible] No fuss, no basting, easy to clean.
The Cream City
The Only Every-Day-in-the-Year ROASTER
As useful each day as [illegible] guarantee [illegible] The big spoon and new [illegible] book FREE if you [illegible] dealer's name and your name and address on a postal. Don't delay; do it TODAY.
Geuder, Paeschke & Frey Co.
82 Fifteenth St., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

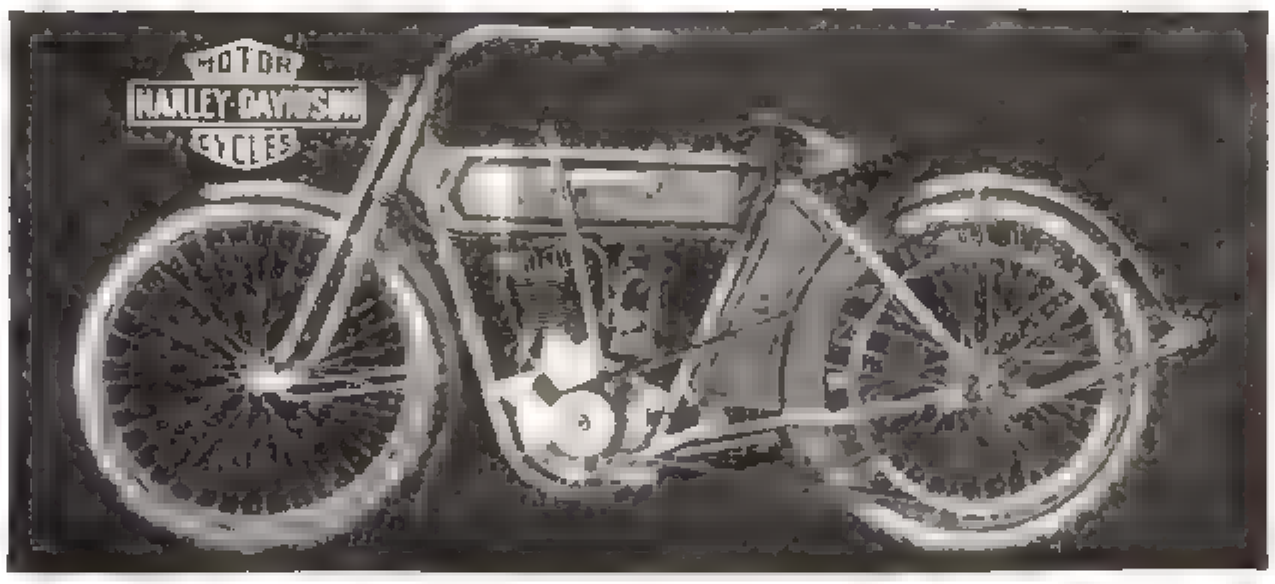
1 cup makes 6 bowls
Ralston comes in [illegible] Try it today
Purina Whole Wheat Flour makes delicious nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it too
Ralston HEALTH BREAKFAST FOOD

33 days EUROPEAN TOUR ALL EXPENSES $140
Starting any week from Boston, New York, cabin passage, good hotel accommodations, [illegible] The Hague, Amsterdam and Brussels. Write for free [illegible] "Big and Little Journeys," containing itineraries of forty [illegible]
BEEKMAN TOURIST CO., 341 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BOAT AND ENGINE BOOK Mailed FREE
Do not think of buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book which explains Four Wonderful Launch Bargains
Money back if not as represented. [illegible]
C. T. Wright Engine Co., 210 Canal St., Greenville, Mich.

YOUR NAME PRINTED ON LEAD PENCILS
LATEST NEW YORK NOVELTY
[illegible] 30 cents [illegible] They are all the rage. Send for yours today. Pencil Supply Co., 41 Fulton Street, New York City

STAMPS 50 foreign, and new 100 page list free. 50 varieties African 35c., 30 varieties Cuban, 25c.; 1000 mixed foreign, 2[illegible]
PHILADELPHIA STAMP CO., 1304 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



FOR BUSINESS AND TRUE PLEASURE
The Harley-Davidson MOTORCYCLE
"The Silent Gray Fellow"
THE Harley-Davidson furnishes the Cheapest, most Independent, most Reliable and the most Comfortable Transportation known.
ITS ECONOMY PROVEN
The Harley-Davidson holds the official *World's Economy Record*—50 miles on one quart and one ounce of gasoline.
ITS RELIABILITY PROVEN
By winning the Only Diamond Medal and Perfect Score of 1000, plus 5 points, for Endurance and Reliability ever awarded
ITS GREAT SPEED PROVEN
The Harley-Davidson won the 1910 Savannah Championship and the famous Denver-Greeley Road Races; in both events making better time than double cylinder machines of nearly twice its rated horse power.
BUILT IN THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MOTORCYCLE FACTORY IN THE WORLD
Complete information is given in our new Catalog 9. Mailed only on request
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
3500 WESTERN AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CAN YOU DRAW?
We will turn your talent into money. Our Graduates are filling HIGH SALARIED POSITIONS. We will open to you one of the most profitable and delightful fields of human endeavor—THE BROAD FIELD OF ART, where the demand always exceeds the supply.
Good Artists Earn
$25 to $100 per Week
in easy, fascinating work. Splendid Opportunities await our students, because our twelve years of successful teaching enable us to offer Many Special Advantages which fit them for large pecuniary profit.
Individual Home Instruction
by expert faculty. Superior Equipment.
Financial Returns Guaranteed
With Courses 1, 4 and 5
Complete Instruction in the Following Branches of Art:
Illustrating: Commercial, Fashion, Book, Magazine, Advertisement, Newspaper
Commercial Art: Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Architectural Perspective, Photo and Mechanical Retouching
Miscellaneous: Cartooning, Color, Normal, General and other Courses
We have just finished a complete and costly revision of our courses, bringing them strictly "up-to-the-minute" in every respect.
ARTISTS' FREE OUTFIT
We present each student with a valuable outfit on enrollment, containing a full set of art supplies, and for our professional courses, a fine set of drawing instruments also.
Write Today for particulars and Handsome Art Book free.
School of Applied Art Founded 1899
F 46 Fine Arts Building
Battle Creek, Michigan
Our Own Fireproof Building

American Woolen Co. of America

Wm. M. Wood, President

American men and women are the best dressed individuals in the world. *The American Woolen Company* has done much to make this possible by furnishing annually more than fifty million yards of cloth *at a price* that would be impossible on any smaller scale of production.

The wool grower, the American Woolen Company, the cloak and garment manufacturer, the retail clothier and the wearer are partners. They all benefit by our unequalled facilities for buying raw material and by our wonderful systemized methods of producing dependable fabrics at prices representing the smallest possible margin of profit to ourselves.

Order the cloth as well as the clothes

It is to your advantage to demand *American Woolen Company's* fabrics made by skilled American experts, American machinery, and American methods in 34 complete mills operated by 30,000 men and women at an annual payroll exceeding thirteen million dollars.

ASK YOUR TAILOR, ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER, ASK YOUR MODISTE FOR AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S FABRICS. THOUSANDS OF STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

American Woolen Co. of New York
SALES DEPARTMENT
American Woolen Building
18th to 19th Streets, on 4th Avenue, New York
J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated

Continued from Page 8)

stronger. He said he had been found by Pharaoh's daughter, in the Hackensack meadows. He said he didn't really like to touch anything stronger than a glass of water with a violet floating in it. He said he had never whipped a cabdriver and didn't now suppose he ever would. He said he was going to live in Brooklyn, the city of churches. He said he was going to get himself a very fine pen and write out the whole New Testament on a postage stamp—he talked and joked until he was very thirsty and then he proposed a round of cocktails.

Dum Dum ordered cocktails for the rest of us. There was none for Oggie.

"I hadn't realized," said Oggie, "that the new life was to begin so soon."

"Oggie," said Dum Dum, "it began when you buttoned your coat over fifty thousand dollars of your friends' money."

"Oh," said Challis, "let him drink to the health of the new company."

"No," said Dum Dum; "let him drink to it the night after we declare its first legitimately earned dividend—if he wants to ——"

"Then I propose," said Challis, "that we take hands and sing The Sweet By-and-By. We ought to have a song, you know. Jolly directors all are we—tripping—slipping—jollilee. Tipping—nipping company promoters! Aren't we the ripping coupon-cutting voters, skipping ——"

"One more rhyme in ipping," said Dum Dum, "and I kick!"

"All right," said Challis; "but it had the makings of a perfectly good patter number."

"Gentlemen," said Oggie, "it's seven-thirty. Where do I dine?"

Several invitations were extended. We had to put the matter to a vote. It came to a tie between Challis and Dum Dum—two hundred and forty-nine votes each. Belden voted his two shares, after procrastination, in favor of Dum Dum, "because," he said, "Dum Dum has his old grandmother stopping with him and I think it will do her good to meet Oggie and hear him talk. She is stone deaf."

VII

DUM DUM thought he owned two hundred thousand acres of white pine in Michigan; but the moment a branch line was run in from a main trunkline, to make this valuable timber available, seven Michigan farmers stepped out of their obscurity and disputed Dum Dum's title. Here was a fine opening for W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated.

First Dum Dum, as a private individual, took his case to Oggie; then Oggie asked permission of the directors of W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, to take Dum Dum's retaining fee and proceed with the necessary and somewhat intricate law work. Dum Dum, as president of W. Ogden Brown, Incorporated, presided at the above-mentioned directors' meeting and bullied it into allowing Oggie to take the case on behalf of the company. Belden, voting two shares, presented a minority report of protest.

Well, Oggie took to the tall timber of Michigan and was gone three weeks. He came back at the end of that time with one eye blackened, one ear badly torn, the knuckles of both hands barked and a broad strip of surgeon's plaster up and down his forehead. These things, he said quietly, were the result of talking matters over with the seven Michigan farmers. As for the pine lands, Dum Dum's title to them was perfectly clear. The case had been thrown out of court.

Dum Dum called a directors' meeting.

"We have to decide," he said, "what fee we, as directors of W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, ought to charge me for work done for me as a private individual by the company."

Challis smiled behind his hand.

Coles said: "'Make the punishment fit the crime.'"

Dum Dum smiled and said: "No fooling, please."

I proposed that Oggie, who had a real knowledge in such matters, should at least name the sum that he thought right.

Oggie rose, white and determined, went a little into the nature of the case, which he had just pulled off successfully, touched not too lightly on the dangers to life and limb which he had been forced to encounter, and said that in his private opinion the company ought not to ask or accept a cent less than fifteen thousand dollars.

Dum Dum gave a howl of pained derision.

"Now, look here," said Oggie, once more on his feet; "if you hadn't employed W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, to put this case through for you, you would have employed Choate or Jerome. They wouldn't have done the job a whit browner than the W. O. B. I. has done it, but their fee, which you would have paid without a murmur, would have been bigger. And you know it. Think of charging a man as rich as you are only fifteen thousand dollars for anything! You've helped to give me a chance, Dum Dum. Well, I'll tell you: I'm going to make good. I advise the company strongly to name fifteen thousand; and if the company's president continues to protest in his private capacity the matter should be laid before a properly appointed referee."

A vote was taken. Dum Dum, as president and director, voted for fifteen thousand as the right sum to charge. Immediately afterward he protested violently in his capacity of private individual. Meanwhile Belden, voting two shares, prepared a brief minority report asking that seventeen thousand dollars be the sum named. "In my opinion," he said, "when you've got a good thing push it along." Dum Dum at once left his president's chair and chased Belden twice around the directors' table—Coles and his chair were overturned—and finally out of the office and down the long corridor outside, Dum Dum howling with a combination of rage and laughter. Dum Dum came back alone. He had with him, however, Belden's jacket, which the latter had been obliged to shed in order to effect his escape. When Belden at last returned it was very timidly. His face appeared first at the transom over the office door and his mouth was full of humble pie. After a while Dum Dum forgave him and allowed him to come in and resume his jacket.

The chase had put Dum Dum in excellent humor. He said he would pay the fifteen thousand as a private individual and it was a pity the office wasn't a bar, as he was thirsty.

The question next in order was what should be done with the fifteen thousand. It was finally decided that half of it should be used by the company in buying back its seventy-five hundred dollars' worth of outstanding preferred stock and that the other half should be banked under the pleasant heading of "cash on hand."

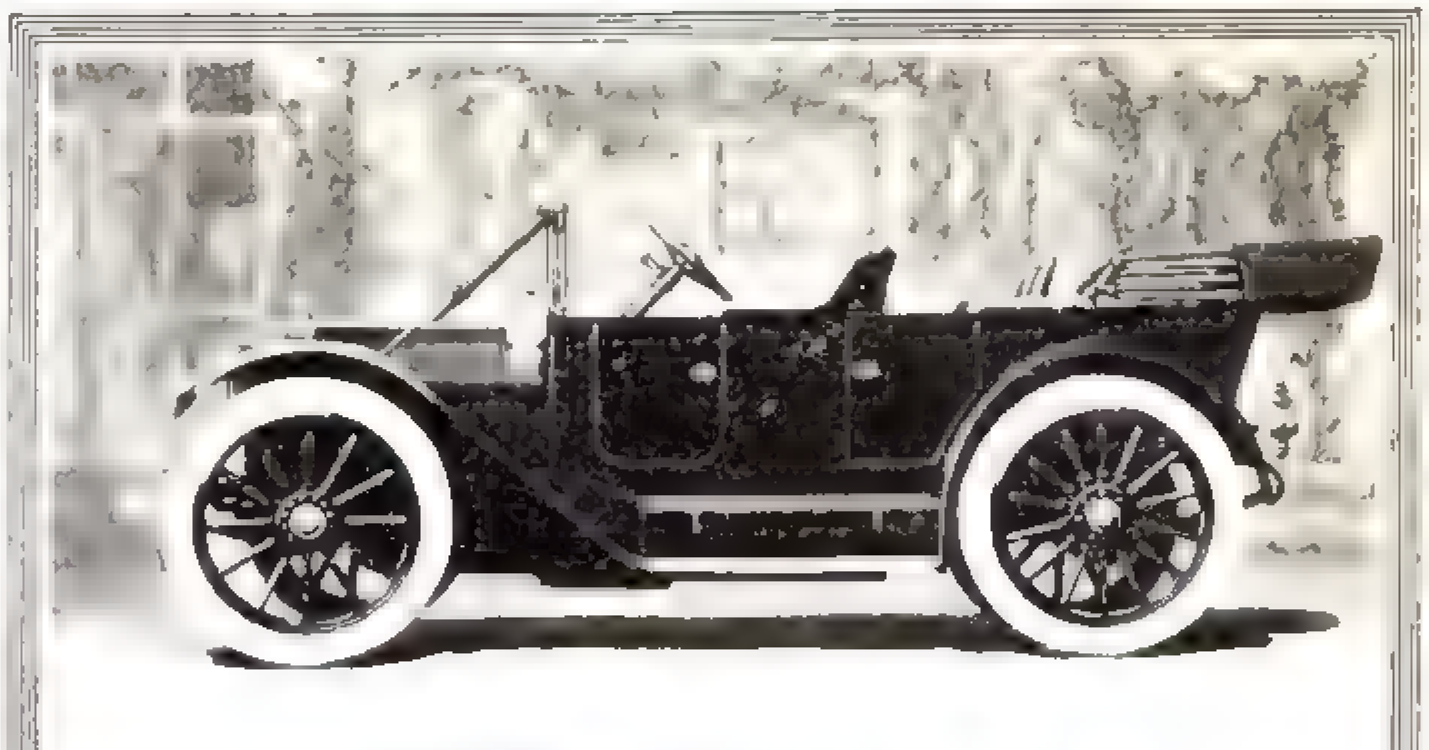
Then, as W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, we passed a vote of confidence in W. Ogden-Brown as an individual and the meeting was adjourned.

VIII

OF COURSE we all pulled for Oggie in every way we could. Besides ourselves, he had hosts of friends who brought their law tangles to him as soon as they realized that, through some miracle or other, he had become steady and reliable. As the novelty of being directors in a live man incorporated wore off, we gave him more and more a free rein. He could accept or reject business that was offered pretty much as he judged best, and the harder and more steadily he worked the greater his capacity for work seemed to grow. He breakfasted at six, wrote till eight-thirty, and reached his office at nine-thirty; he was usually uptown in time to dress for dinner; at ten o'clock he was in bed; at two minutes past he was asleep.

By the first of June most of us had left town. It was suggested that Oggie take a three-weeks' vacation later, but he persuaded us not to vote it to him. "Working solid for one whole year," he said, "never hurt any one. I'm getting to like it, anyhow. If anything too big for me to decide turns up I'll call you all back for a meeting; otherwise I wish you all the joy and rest you have—earned."

Belden, of course, stayed in town for purposes of work, his rich grandfather being still in the land of the living. Dum Dum, with his family and retainers, moved on Newport like a swarm of Huns on Rome; Coles hurried off to Bristol to see his new schooner take the water, and Stairs went West to look at an iron property that had been offered to him cheap. As for Challis and myself, we happened to meet at the



The OWEN

The fine motor-cars of America and Europe are indeed well built, and substantial, and elegant; but a ride of any length in such cars without a sense of fatigue or strain is very uncommon.

There is clearly a place for a car devoted to comfort, and this place is filled by the Owen.

The Owen is built according to the same general factory practice—the same materials, the same kind and amount of workmanship, but not the same weight.

Instead of 5000 pounds the Owen weighs but 3400; therefore it can have those smooth, easy, springs which convert an unpleasant jolt into an agreeable and gentle undulation. Instead of the small wheels, which feel every depression of any size, the Owen has 42-inch wheels; and passes over as if the road were entirely level. The long-stroke motor (6 inches) moves slowly and smoothly, reducing the vibration to the minimum, and making the rider absolutely unconscious of the engine. The double drop frame (possible only in a car with high wheels) lowers the center of gravity and gives the car a firmness and closeness to earth that adds immensely to comfort and the sense of security.

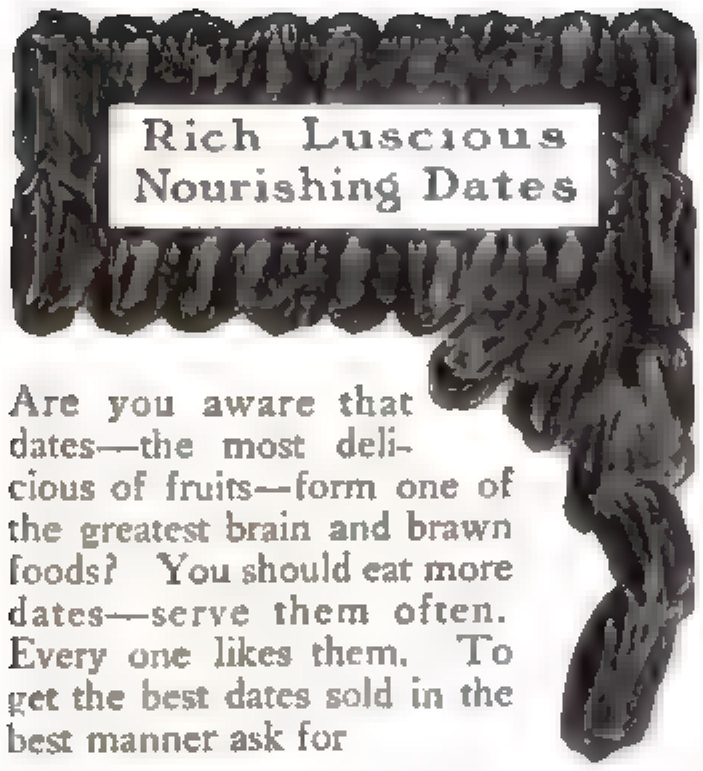
Driving is made easy by placing the driver on the left-hand side, where he can see better; and the single lever at his right gives him absolute and easy control of the car.

The Owen is the most economical of the cars that may properly be ranked in the highest class. This is due to the high wheels, which are very easy on tires; to the long-stroke motor, which works slowly and uses almost every particle of gas; and to the comparatively light weight of the car.

The Owen, built on certain new ideas, is neither a new car nor an old one. It is the result of years of thought and experience. Only one hundred cars were built last year; but these cars have been carefully watched, any faults which appeared have been eliminated; and, based on this actual experience in the hands of owners, the Owen has been further developed in the directions so much needed in the motor world.

Price $3200. Send for catalogue.

R M Owen & Company Lansing Michigan
General Sales Agents for
Reo Motor Car Company



Rich Luscious Nourishing Dates

Are you aware that dates—the most delicious of fruits—form one of the greatest brain and brawn foods? You should eat more dates—serve them often. Every one likes them. To get the best dates sold in the best manner ask for

Dromedary Golden Dates

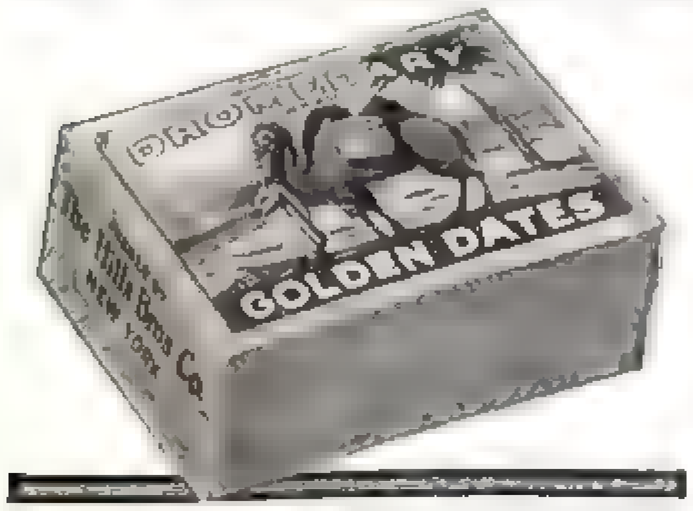
They are carefully and neatly wrapped in [illegible] paper and put in dust-proof [illegible] cartons. Thus no matter how long you keep [illegible] Dromedary Dates [illegible] the [illegible] as [illegible] they were packed and boxed. They [illegible] flavor distinctly their own—far superior [illegible] ers you ever tasted. You must try them to really know.

A Special Sample Package
sent on receipt of ten cents to cover expenses

A better way, however, [illegible] package [illegible] at grocers [illegible] Cream Currants [illegible] Cocoanut and Coronet Brand Figs

COOK-BOOK FREE
containing many valuable suggestions and actual recipes selected from thousands submitted by women. Write for it now

THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. K Beach and Washington Sts., New York



Milkmen Believe in Holstein Cows' Milk

Here is what one milkman says:

"It is pleasing to me to testify to the life-saving qualities of Holstein Milk for babies and invalids. In the twenty years in succession that I retailed Holstein Milk in our town, I had many a hard battle with the doctors, but always won against prejudice. In all the twenty years my customers never lost a baby, and when I sold my milk [illegible] people came past [illegible] wagons and private dairies [illegible] to get Holstein Milk for their [illegible]. It is [illegible] known here that Holstein Milk [illegible] strength and has the elements required to feed and nourish a child. I can give, by the score, names of people who will testify from actual experience to the good effects of Holstein Milk."

This endorsement seems to us to ring true.

The day of enlightenment has come. Everywhere the leading physicians say, "Use Holstein Cows' Milk." If your [illegible] is not thriving or if you have an invalid or a convalescent ab[illegible] try Purebred Holstein Cows' Milk. Improvement will follow its use.

Your milkman should supply you, but if he cannot, write us giving his name and address, and we will help you get it near at hand.

Send for our FREE booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
8-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

PRINT FOR YOURSELF
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

Rest House after all the others had gone, except, of course, Belden and Oggie, who were at work downtown.

A new English Country Life had just come in and we got to looking aimlessly at the pictures of country places to let. Finally they began to fire our imagination with their glass, and wall gardens, and old yews, and great peaceful parks, and their alluring shooting and fishing possibilities. At last we came to one that we both said at once was the place we had always wanted to live in since we were seven years old. All at once Chal said: "Let's cable the agent and, if the place is still unrented, let's you and me take it on for the season. Wot d'yer sigh, Guv'nor?"

"High sigh Aye," said I, which is the nearest I can come to the King's English.

"London's full of bully people who'll come down for week-ends," said Challis, "and week beginnings and middles."

"How do I know some duchess won't catch me?" I said.

"I'll ask the agent that in the cable," said Challis.

Upon the instant he wrote his cable. Next day we had a favorable answer, though the matter of the duchess wasn't mentioned; and the day after that we sailed on the Mauretania for Liverpool

Now two young Americans don't pass straight through London to domicile themselves in the finest country house in the world. London in the season is a little more than flesh and blood can stand, especially if you know lots of people and aren't especially hard up. We took a suite at the Ritz, hired a taxi and a touring car, let our friends know that we were alive—and spending money—and the first thing we knew we were in such a snarl of engagements that we couldn't untangle it.

It turned out, too, that we didn't either of us have a stitch to wear, and we had an anteroom constantly full of tailors and bootmakers and shirtmakers and breeches-makers—to Her Majesty the Queen—and mackintosh-makers. As if that wasn't enough, we haunted all kinds of shops.

One morning I woke up hankering for a new pair of guns to shoot pheasants with. I told Challis at breakfast.

"Well," said he, "I may as well have some new guns myself. Let's drop down to Purder's."

"Greening's," I said. "My father shot Greenings and my grandfather shot Greenings."

"And what did your great-grandfather shoot?" asked Challis.

"He shot Captain Manning, of Charleston, South Carolina," said I. "It's in all the histories. And yours shot a bow and arrow."

But Challis isn't ashamed of his Indian blood or of his little bits of hands and feet that go with it.

"Then I'll meet you for lunch," he said. "I'll have a Purder or nothing."

We lighted cigarettes and strolled out into the exquisite, pale London sunshine. Birds were singing in St. James' and there were flower-boxes in all the windows. Challis taxied to Purder's and I walked to Greening's. And there, as I came out of the light into the dark little shop, I saw a very lovely young girl, in white muslin, being measured for a twenty-bore gun. I didn't recognize her at first because I hadn't seen her since she was a child; but I began to remember, put two and two together—actually did remember—and was glad, and said: "Bless me, Lucy! How are you?"

She looked at me a moment; and then: "Well," she said, "I never did! You!"

IX

SHE told the gunsmith to give the twenty a quarter of an inch more drop, asked for some cotton waste to wipe her hands on, and then she laughed as people laugh at the sudden recrudescence of an old memory.

"The last time I saw you," she said—"do you remember?"

"Perfectly," I said. "You came into the billiard room and shook hands good night with all the gentlemen. And after you'd gone we said to your father: 'God help us all when Lucy grows up!' You have grown up, haven't you! After we had shaken hands—well, I'd like to, but I wouldn't dare now."

Her eyes sparkled very brightly and her cheeks flushed.

"Are you still Lucy," I asked, "or are you now Miss Mavis?"

"What nonsense!" said she.

"Lucy," I said, "will you see me measured for a pair of guns, and then go driving,

This is the
STEERO CUBE

This is the
CUP

This is the
BOILING WATER

This is the
Cube in the Cup

with the
Boiling Water

that makes the
PERFECT STEERO BOUILLON

See How "A Cube Makes a Cup"

THE old and tedious method of making bouillon is a thing of the past.

With Steero Bouillon Cubes anyone now can make, in a moment, bouillon that an expert chef might envy. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. The bouillon will be ready to serve at once.

The best of it all is: You are *sure* Steero Bouillon will be right every time—always the same, always delicious. There is no guess-work in making bouillon from

"STEERO"
(TRADE MARK)
Bouillon Cubes
Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

No need to make any previous preparations. Each Steero Cube combines just the right quantities of beef, vegetables, spices and seasoning to make a cupful of richly flavored, appetizing, wholesome bouillon.

The great convenience of Steero Bouillon Cubes and their deliciousness have firmly established them in public favor.

Serve Steero Bouillon for breakfast, lunch, dinner—or as refreshment for the afternoon or evening.

Add a Steero Cube or two to

Gravies, Sauces and Soups

just before serving. They give a rich flavor not easily otherwise obtainable.

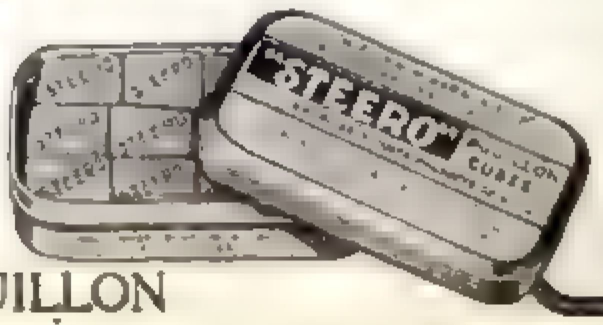
The best way to convince yourself that you need Steero Bouillon Cubes is to

Send for FREE Samples

and try them. Then buy from your grocer or druggist. If your dealer cannot supply Steero Cubes, send 35c. for a box of 12 Cubes, postpaid, enough for 12 cups. Also sold in tins of 50 and 100 Cubes, which are more economical for household use.

Distributed and Guaranteed by
Schieffelin & Co.
177 William Street New York

Under the Food Law, Serial No. 1.



Leading Epicures

In every country know and use

A Wonderful Appetizer.

Assists Digestion.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It tickles the palate as only a rarely good sauce can. For **Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Game and Gravies** it is an indispensable relish.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"And Gas Stoves Too"

Spend One Cent For This Big FREE Book

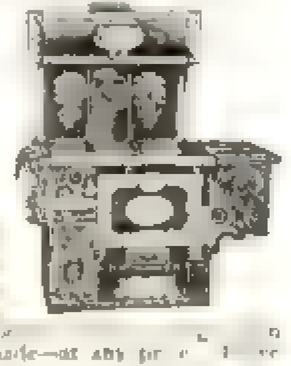
Our Big Free Stove and Range [illegible] We prepay all freight [illegible]

Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy

—30 Days Free Trial

—360 Days Approval Test

CASH OR CREDIT



[illegible] would give you [illegible] save $5 to $40 cash [illegible] the Kalamazoo could be made—at any price [illegible] it before we keep your money [illegible] Send name for **Free Catalogue No. 152**

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs.
KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN

Velvet THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

makes the evening, when good fellows get together.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

[illegible] CIRCLING WAVE [illegible] make money from the start

For Price and Catalogue write

ARMITAGE & GUINN
23 Mill St., Springville,
Erie County, N. Y., U. S. A.

and then go for lunch? Or shall I put the guns off?"

"Oh, no," she said; "be measured. But I'm not sure about lunch."

"Why not?" I put deep injury into my voice.

"I'm stopping with Lady Rose Hammersley and we haven't seen each other for two days."

"Never mind," I said; "I dined with Lady Rose last night and she didn't mention your name. She only said that she had a young girl stopping with her—or maybe she said a young 'Miss.'"

"Wish you'd been at my dinner," said she. "It wasn't really mine, but it was given for me. There was Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Hawkins, and Miss Barrymore, and the Duchess of Sutherland, and the man who walked from Cape Town to Cairo, and then, of course, my own papa, and he was the most amusing of any one. He had one of his streaks. Mr. Pinero said that what came from him was more like showers of sparks than words."

"I want to see your father," I said.

"Then you'll have to hurry," she said. "He left for Southampton an hour ago—had to get back. Got a nasty cable about business."

"Who's with you?" I asked.

"My old nurse," said she. "She's blossomed into a dragonesque chaperon."

"And when," I said, "were you finally loosed from the convent in Tours?"

"In April," she said.

"And here it is July," said I, "and you're going the pace in London. Why the gun?"

"The Mackintosh has asked me up for the twelfth."

"Ever shot?"

"Only as a kid."

Meanwhile I had continued to get myself properly measured and had given my order and exhortation for speedy delivery. We went out and I whistled a taxi.

"Drive up Piccadilly," I directed.

"Why?" she asked.

"I want to be seen with you," I said. "I've started in late, but I propose to make up for lost time. When you talk about your fine friends—The Mackintosh, The Umbrella Stand, The Striped Waistcoat, The Golosh, and all the other potentates—you make me feel very uneasy. Old friends are best, Lucy."

"Speaking of old friends," she said, "do you know what's become of Mr. Oggie Brown?"

"When did you ever run across Oggie?" I replied.

"Oh, he came to the house once," she said. "All the young men came sooner or later; and I was watching over the banisters to see the grown-ups come out from dinner; and Mr. Oggie Brown was the last of the men to go back into the dining room; and he caught sight of me and stood looking up with a puzzled expression. Then he said: 'Is your name by any chance Rapunzel?' And I suppose I blushed and giggled. I remember I said: 'No; it's Lucy Anna Mavis—why?' And he said: 'Rapunzel lived in a tower and lowered her hair out of the window so that the prince could climb up.' And I said: 'Are you a prince by any chance?' And he said: 'As far from it as Oggie and Brown can possibly be.' And I've never forgotten his name or him. He had the brightest twinkling eyes, without any whites showing. He—he was a little wild, wasn't he?"

"He was footless rather than wild," I said. "But that seems to be all changed now into the strength and steadfastness of Gibraltar."

"Tell me about him."

"Why," said I, "I never said I wouldn't. And, though it began as a joke, he's made mighty good with it; and if you won't rush off and repeat everything I say to The Golosh, and if you'll make up your mind definitely to have lunch with me—almost always—I'll tell you the inside story of Oggie's reform. Of course, as an American, you understand business methods?"

"Of course," she said.

"Then you've decided about lunch?" I asked.

"It shall be soon," she said. "Let's say Jules. We can talk there."

So we lunched at Jules' and there was no music; and I drank some Lanson brut and told her all about Oggie—more, on the whole, than I meant to. And all the time I was happily conscious that many Englishmen were watching us covertly and were envying me.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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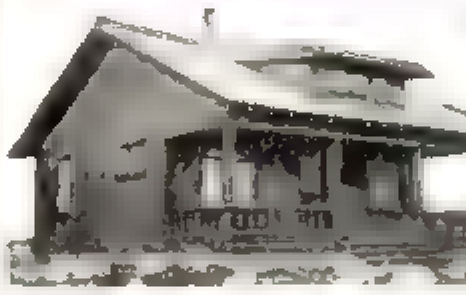

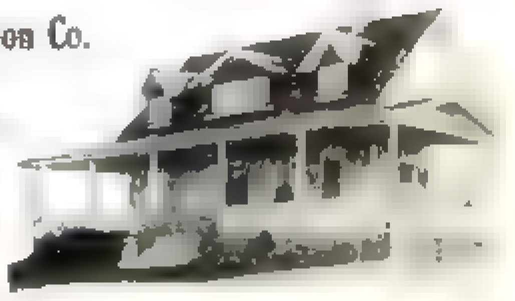

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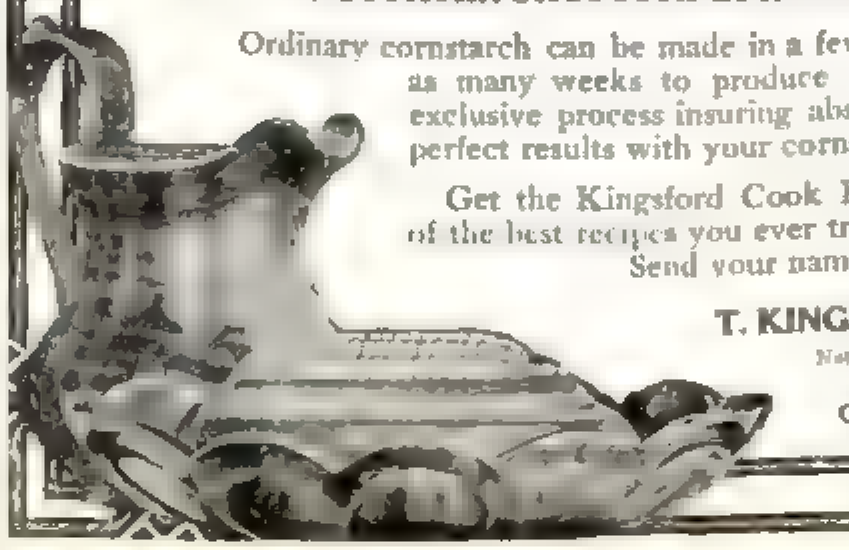

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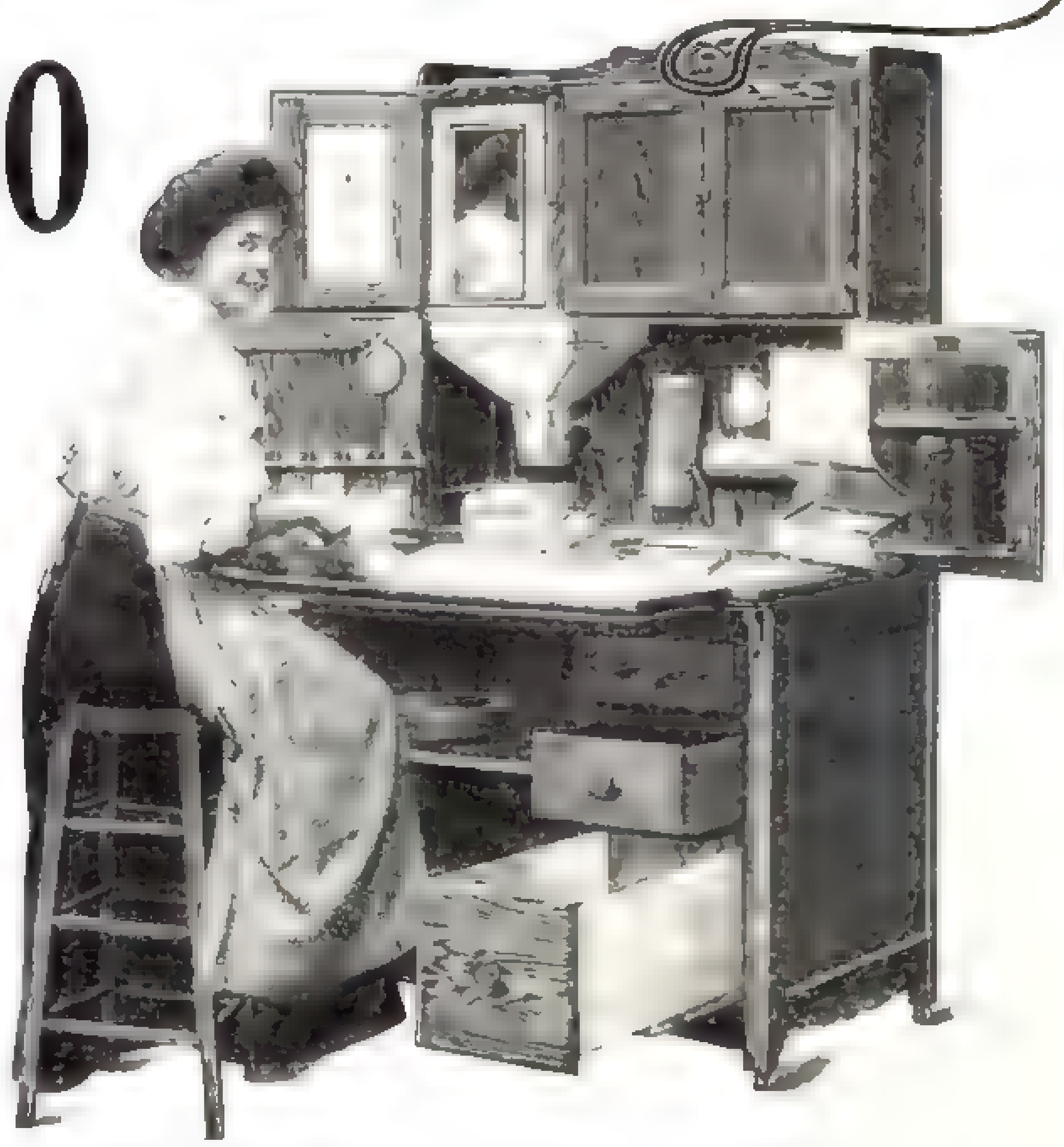

Furniture Merchants: Think of This!

A multitude of our Licensed Agents sold from 50 to 500 cabinets each, last year. 73 of these agents in towns of less than 10,000 sold an average of over 200 Hoosier Special Cabinets each. This extraordinary volume of sales is due strictly to the fact that every woman falls in love with the Hoosier as soon as she sees it, and that it is sold at a price within her reach.

Hoosier agents report to us that over 70 per cent of their sales are made solely through the recommendation of satisfied users.

Hundreds of women in your community are going to own Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets sooner or later. You might as well make these sales. Don't assume that your territory has been assigned but write to us now and find out.

ONE MILLION WOMEN in the United States have kitchen cabinets in their homes today. Four hundred thousand of these women—nearly one-half the total million—have the HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET. Women everywhere are abolishing kitchen drudgery with this Cabinet. Why not you?

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You who do not know the blessing of a cabinet now, will surely have one in your kitchen some day. Why delay? Join the users of the wonderful Hoosier at once. Nearly half a million women will back your judgment.

"Saves Miles of Steps for Tired Feet"

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet gives you more for your money than any other cabinet. Notice how much MORE goes with the Hoosier with NO EXTRA CHARGE:

Metal flour bin with sliding glass panel and removable sifter. Bin holds 55 pounds. Self-feeding metal sugar bin. When a scoopful is taken out the same quantity drops down. Six crystal glass spice cans with aluminum lids. Crystal glass tea and coffee jars with aluminum lids. Hoosier patent "clock face" want list. Great big aluminum sliding work table, larger and higher than a kitchen table. White wood cutting board for bread and meat. Metal bread and cake box. Plate racks, sliding shelf, big cupboard, large compartment for pots and pans, cutlery drawer, linen drawer, handy books, copper [illegible] fasteners and drawer pulls.

The cabinet is [illegible] inches high and 40 inches wide. The depth of the lower section is [illegible] inches. The cabinet is on pressed steel ball-bearing casters.

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

Note the pure aluminum extension top of the Hoosier—the work table that you draw out. No other cabinet has an aluminum top. You can knead bread on the Hoosier's pure, clean aluminum top with no fear of poisonous oxides. It is as safe as gold or silver.

We Build More Kitchen Cabinets Than All Other Manufacturers Combined

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It is of solid, kiln-dried golden oak—three thicknesses. Your piano is not more perfectly joined nor more carefully finished. Inferior woods may be made to look well for a little while. But they soon twist and warp in the heat and steam of the kitchen.

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A BREAK IN TRAINING

(Continued from Page 13)

"Oh, but just think, Mr. Doyle!" She gestured dramatically. "If I hadn't looked in the marine news this morning—I mean yesterday morning; you see, I'm so rattled I can't think right. I haven't eaten a bite in hours ——"

"You've got nothing on me," Mr. Doyle thought it proper to interpolate.

"Why, I'd never known we were going to South America instead of to Charleston. Could you believe that your own uncle would tell such a story? Wanted to get me away from Barney, you see!"

"Well, f'r me," declared Catcher Doyle, "I wouldn't put anything by that old——" He halted, with an apologetic wave.

"We had a terrible scene. I told uncle all about it—how we were married and everything. That's when I telegraphed Barney. But why"—she turned, querulously indignant—"didn't he come himself?"

Catcher Doyle, despite his wounds and his hunger, had been thinking swiftly, as though handling a ninth inning, with one out, the bases full and the home club one run ahead.

"Miss—er—Mrs. McNabb," he said, slowly and solemnly, "Barney couldn't make head or tail out of that telegram."

"Heaven knows what I wrote!" admitted Mrs. McNabb. "I should have told him to come to the hotel; but you see my clothes were on board here—and who—who"—she appealed—"would ever suppose one's own uncle could be so heartless? He locked me in that room!"

It was real tragedy, acted by a real Bernhardt. Catcher Doyle inwardly commented that Barney McNabb's wife had plenty of ginger.

"We saw you lookin' out the window," lied Steve buoyantly. "And I said: 'Dan, there's something doing here or Miss Ross'd be outside lookin' for Barney.' You see, Barney didn't tell us you were married—just that you were fiancéed."

Mrs. McNabb smiled with sly fondness.

"Of course," assured Steve, "if Barney had figured anything like this was coming off he'd 'a' been here himself, though he was terribly busy ——"

"Barney would have killed Uncle John!" interrupted the niece passionately.

"Well," said Steve doubtfully, "he'd 'a' had some battle. Soon as we told him we were ballplayers, him an' that red-mustached guy an' the whole team jumped on us for fair—tried t' beat us t' death!"

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" exclaimed the mariner's niece. "Isn't it the strangest thing, Mr. Doyle, how he hates baseball men?"

"Mrs. McNabb," informed Steve gravely, "you'd be surprised how many uneducated people there are. I seen a man once who didn't know what the hit-and-run was, never had been inside a big league park; an' yet they told me he was a professor in some college!"

There was a commotion on deck, loud orders delivered in Portuguese, a running of many footsteps and a turn in the vessel's course.

"Steve!" yelled Bunts down the companionway. "We've put on the brakes an' we're going to get off. Get a wiggle on you. Hurry up! Come on! Hurry!"

In response to the shouts and wigwagging of Bunts, a small tug about a quarter of a mile to starboard had come to a dead stop and was now bobbing up and down in the choppy sea. Amidships, the crew of the Melrose, having thrown the schooner into the wind, were lowering a gig, unheeding the remonstrances of Captain Ross, who for once found his pet oath inadequate.

Catcher Doyle bounced out on deck

"She's going along too, Dan—Barney McNabb's wife!"

"Hey, Steve!" chided Dan. "You sure this is on the level? You know you're always fallin' f'r women in trouble. How d'you know but what it's a plant?"

"Forget it!" Steve replied, with deliberate certainty. "She's a big leaguer an' on the level. An' just think Dan, what Barney'll say when we bring his wife back!"

"That's just what I am athinkin'," Bunts retorted significantly.

"I'm a son of a gun if you ain't going batty!" snorted Steve, his anger rising. "That gal goes or I don't go."

Halting a moment to abuse the struggling captain and mate, Steve ran to the forecastle, arrayed himself in his own clothes, then relieved Mr. Bunts, who felt in better humor on finding his money safe. Whatever doubts Dan had as to the fair captive's identity were removed when she appeared on deck and endured the verbal assault of her uncle.

"That'll be about all f'r you!"—Big Steve cut it short—"you old billy-goat! You ought t' be ashamed o' yourself going round th' country parting husbands from their wives. An' don't you ever come in a park where I'm playing; b'cause I'll get you if I got t' pull you off the grandstand itself!"

Leftfielder Bunts was the last to descend the shaky rope-ladder, but upon arriving at the tug, whose destination was Baltimore, he was the first to get aboard. When he explained the exigency of the "captain's daughter" being hurried to a hospital, at the same time slipping over a fifty-dollar bill, few words passed before the bell sounded for "full speed ahead!"

In New York, Messrs. Doyle and Bunts occupied several hours to great advantage at a Turkish bath, where hero-worshiping rubbers erased all signs of the recent conflict and so loosened up their joints that, upon arriving in Boston, leftfielder and catcher felt in prime shape. The team had already left for the park, but Steve and Dan donned spangles and went out in a taxicab, meekly taking a seat at the far end of the bench. McNabb grilled them with one outraged look and then turned his attention to the game, which was being tossed away. Savagely twisting a scorecard with which he now and then gave signals, McNabb kept silent as the battle raged against him for seven innings; but when the college catcher let in a run on a passed ball, and the newly-bought bush leaguer failed to double up a man at the plate on a short drive to left field, he flooded Doyle and Bunts with insulting satire. Backstop and fielder wilted at first, but the tirade became so obnoxious, the sneers of teammates so unbearable, that Catcher Doyle rushed over, put his hands against the manager's ears and bellowed ominously at him:

"Mrs. Barney McNabb's down at the Copley Square Hotel nearly dead. Did you get that? Me and Dan Bunts saved her life! Did you get that?"

It was evident that the Pioneers' manager "got" something, as his long legs scuttled over the green and through a grandstand aisle.

The C. N. D. operator in the press stand, on ticker service, cut the news down to the bone. He merely flashed: "Doyle now catching; Bunts in left field." But the special correspondent with the Pioneers elaborated and his sporting editor wired back: "Find out what's happened. Send good story for sporting edition. Rumor here that Doyle and Bunts did not accompany team to Boston."

At nine o'clock that night the correspondent was still unenlightened, for Doyle and Bunts were immured in their room. Though gorged upon planked steak and puffing good cigars, they were uneasy; and when summoned to the manager's apartment they buttoned and unbuttoned their coats, smoothed their hair and adjusted their neckties—fidgety, like timid witnesses approaching the stand.

McNabb's face was drawn with anxiety and he evaded the apprehensive looks of his two stars. Some mental tragedy seemed to affect his physical control. He upset a chair and knocked Steve's hat off the table. Balancing himself on the edge of the sofa he finally blurted:

"Steve—and you, Dan—you're good friends o' mine, ain't you?"

The answer was loud and impulsive:

"You know it, Mac!"

The manager wet his dry lips and reaching out grabbed a hand of each.

"Boys," he said earnestly, "I c'n never thank you for what you've done."

Steve and Dan gestured disclaimingly.

"The wife's pretty sick," apologized Barney, "or she'd thank you too. I got a doctor in there now. But, boys," and his eyes were again guiltily evasive, "sick as she is she's sore on me for not goin' after her myself. She thinks—she's got the idea that I sent you fellows!"

Doyle and Bunts looked astonished.

"And, Steve an' Dan," begged McNabb, turning his gaze frankly upon them, "that's what I wanted t' see you about. For

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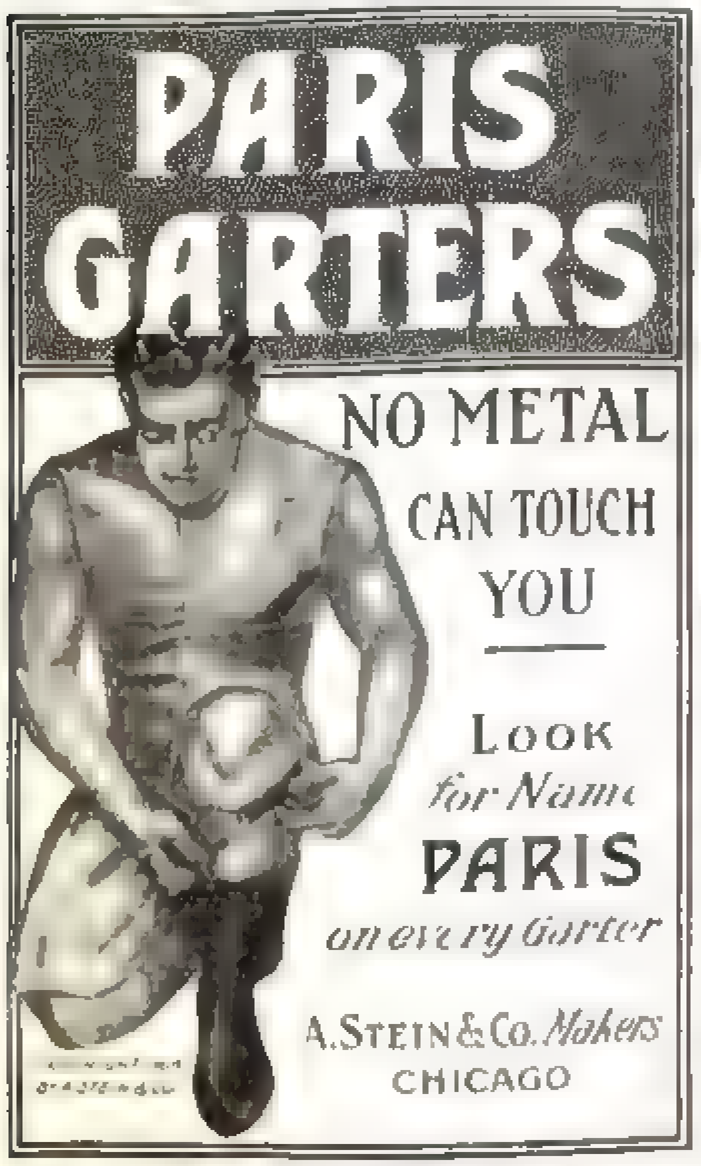
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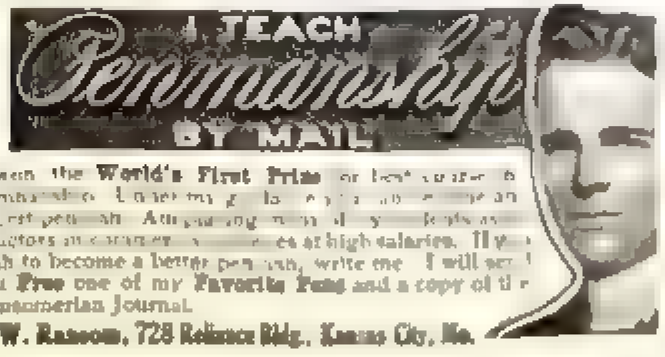
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Heaven's sake, don't tell her anything different, will you?"

Doyle and Bunts laughed curiously. McNabb held up a hand for silence.

"Truth is, boys, I never opened that telegram. I thought it was from Thomson, over in Philadelphia. I'd had him on the long distance about that kid, Harris, the southpaw I'm after, and Thomson said he'd wired me. I supposed it was from him an' I left it layin' in my room maybe in the wastebasket, for all I know. But I daren't tell her that. Women"—he explained mournfully—"are so darned queer!"

Big Steve nodded understandingly. "Mac," he pledged, "it'll never go any further than us, y' can bet a season's salary!" Bunts supplemented strongly.

There was a minute of freighted silence.

"I don't know, boys," ventured McNabb tactfully, "but what it might be just as well f'r me to have the facts. Understand? Just in case she ever did bring it up, you know." There was forgiveness in his voice.

Leftfielder Bunts cleared his throat.

"Mac," he admitted accusingly, "there's no credit comin' to me. Give it all to Big Steve. I was for going to a vaudeville show; we didn't want to hang around fanning and maybe have a couple o' drinks. Y' understand? Big Steve says we go down and see a battleship, just to pass away th' time. Well, that was a pretty lucky thing for you, Mac." Bunts was convincing. "We was coming up to the Boston boat, when all of a sudden Steve pipes off the lady.

"'Dan,' he says, grabbing me like that!" Mr. Bunts illustrated on the manager's shoulder—"'if that ain't Barney's girl I'll never wear a mask again!' He'd seen her that day we played at Rocky Point."

"Bumper Williams pointed her out," verified Steve.

"Just like him!" censured McNabb, smiting his knee, his eyes alight with the bizarre narrative. "The old noser! Lives just down the street from the wife."

"So there was nothing for Steve but to follow along," recounted Bunts. "Got t' give it to the big fella, Mac. I was for gettin' to the steamer. 'Fraid we'd miss it. But Steve kept sayin': 'That's McNabb's girl and there's something ain't right about this!'"

"Looked to me," put in Steve judiciously, "as if that old pirate was draggin' her along—against her will, you know!"

Manager McNabb cast a glance of gratitude at his devoted backstop. Mr. Doyle bowed his head as though overcome.

"Well," affirmed Mr. Bunts; "not much more to tell, Mac. We went on board, told th' captain who we was an' asked to see the lady, same as if she was any friend's wife in trouble. Y' un'erstand? A Christian, wasn't he"—Bunts turned to Doyle—"that old battler?"

"Battler, all right!" Steve ejaculated, with emphasis.

"Took us into th' kitchen, nice as you please; and then"—Bunts leaped from his chair, the ring of sincerity in his voice—"all of a sudden him and his whole bunch of dingeys pounded us into jelly!"

Mr. Doyle, inspired by fresh memories, joined in the dramatic recital.

McNabb sat amazed and enthralled. "That's one for the book," was all he could say. "One for the book. Nobody'd ever believe it!"

As they reached the climax Manager McNabb also rose to a point of fury.

"And that sneakin' secretary," he exclaimed, "was trying to tell me that you boys were on a jag!"

"What!" roared the heroes. "An' you stood for it, Mac?"

"No!" denied McNabb. "No, I didn't—the blankety-blank nickel-squeezer! I'll show him who's running this club! I'll make out the contracts for next season." His glance was pregnant with promise. "I told him you might 'a' been held up or something, but I knew you'd never throw me down ——"

A woman's querulous voice came from the other room.

"Good night, boys!" finished McNabb softly. His grasp was fervent.

"G' night, Mac."

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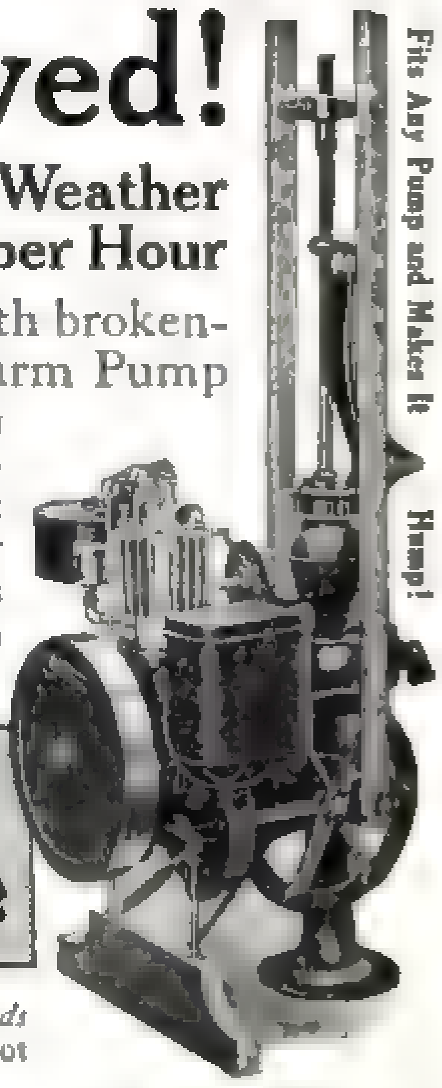

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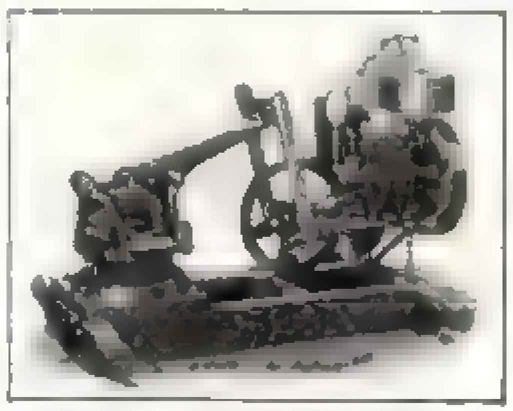


Engine Running Ditch Pump

Books Sent Free Right now is the time you need this wonderful engine most. It will almost pay for itself before the winter is over. Send for FREE catalog and name of dealer near you.

If interested in higher-powered engines write for catalog of Fuller & Johnson Double-Efficiency Engines.

We have an attractive dealer's proposition in unoccupied territory. Write us today. (28)

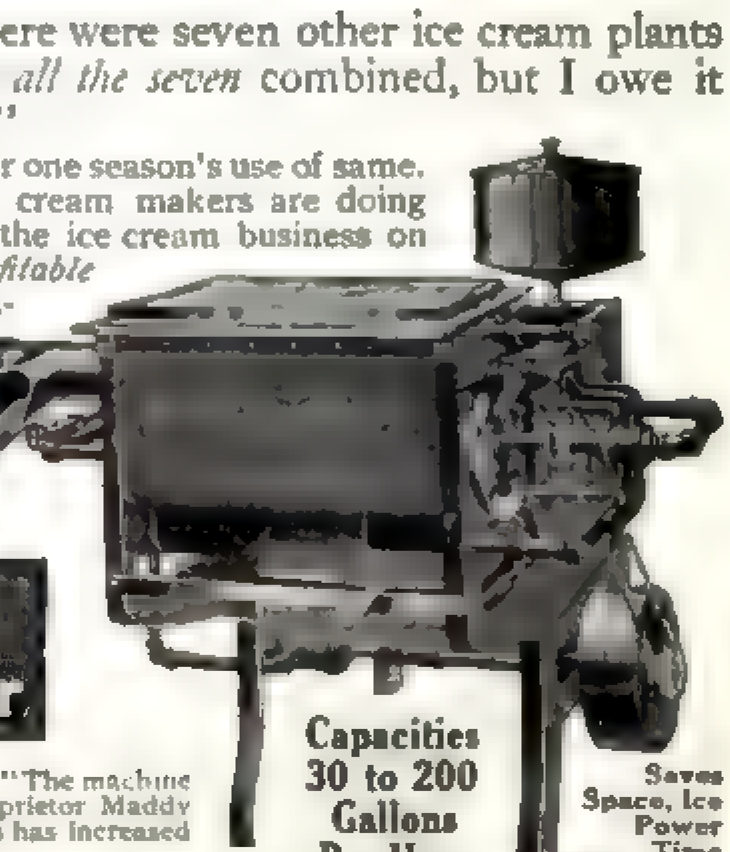
FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
2 Sanborn Street (Established 1840) **Madison, Wis.**

"Disc" Freezer Does Wonders for ICE CREAM MAKERS!

Season's Output of One Disc Freezer Exceeds That of Seven Ice Cream Plants in Same Town!

"I started in this town where there were seven other ice cream plants and am making *more ice cream than all the seven* combined, but I owe it all to the Disc-Continuous Freezer."

So writes a user of the Disc Freezer after one season's use of same. It is an example of what *hundreds* of ice cream makers are doing with this machine. The new process puts the ice cream business on an absolutely *scientific* and vastly more *profitable* basis. It protects the public health by insuring *cleanliness*. Freezes ice cream *in full view*, under plate glass cover. Ice cream of finest quality is produced *continuously* with amazing *rapidity*, at 50 per cent less labor cost, with *no muss, no fuss, no disorder, no waste.*



Capacities 30 to 200 Gallons Per Hour

Saves Space, Ice Power Time and Labor

Disc-Continuous Ice Cream Freezer

The Royal Dairy Co., Bellingham, Wash., writes: "The machine paid for itself the first month." Geo. P. Maddy, proprietor Maddy Ice Cream Co., Jonesboro, Ark., says: "My business has increased 100% since putting in the Disc Freezer. Would not sell it for any price if I could not get another."

How Freezer Works

This freezer *reverses* the old time process, by freezing from the center *outward*. Brine runs through a set of *revolving discs* immersed in the cream—*all the cold goes into the cream* and none is wasted as is the case with all old style freezers.

Fill the feed can, start the machine and *out comes the ice cream—CONTINUOUSLY!*

The entire freezing process being *visible*, is under *perfect control*. Guesswork is eliminated.

Make "publicity" ice cream. The owner of a Disc-Continuous Freezer *lets the public see the ice cream in the making—IT'S A WONDERFUL ADVERTISEMENT!* The "spick and span" appearance arrests attention, and the velvety, delicious product frozen under the plate glass cover, creates ice cream appetites. Do you wonder that ice cream manufacturers all over the country are throwing out old style apparatus and installing Disc-Continuous Freezers? Or that hundreds *of new plants* have started up with this equipment and *captured the business in their locality*?

GET FREE CATALOG of Money-Making Freezers

Whether you operate on a large or small scale, we have a freezer to meet your requirements. Our smallest size is profitable for a daily output of fifteen gallons, but will take care of two hundred gallons per day. Larger sizes with capacities up to 200 gallons *per hour*, for largest manufacturers. *We equip ice cream manufacturing plants of any capacity, complete.* Every freezer a money-maker. Write us. (17)

Creamery Package Mfg. Co., Dept. N, 54 W. Kinzie St., Chicago

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

An Icy Shave in Alaska

This picture shows Mr. Guy Chapin, a salesman, making his morning toilet on the banks of the Yukon. A chunk of ice supports his pocket mirror, his shaving water is ice cold and taken from the river and the soap he is using is Williams' Shaving Stick.

Mr. Chapin, in describing his morning shave, says: "Using Williams' Shaving Stick in its handy, portable form, and finishing with Williams' Talcum Powder, I could shave anywhere, any time, indoors or out. My face never smarted, chapped or became rough. The two were easily carried in a pack where every ounce was passed upon, were always ready for use and no other shaving materials I have ever used gave this service and satisfaction."

Most men shave under more comfortable conditions, but no matter where or when or how they shave they can get from Williams' Shaving Stick the same quick, abundant, creamy lather that softens the beard and leaves the face smoothed and refreshed.

Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' famous Hinged-Cover Box. A sample of either mailed on receipt of 4c. in stamps. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Both in convenient hinged covered boxes

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

THE RETAIL COST

(Concluded from Page 18)

Theoretically there may have been nothing to prevent them, but practically there was a vast deal. In the first place, consumers knew nothing about potatoes—probably by looking at a given barrel of potatoes they would have known nothing of their relative grade and value. They did not know where potatoes were selling at twenty cents a bushel or that there was any such place. They would not have known how to get in touch with the growers or what arrangements were necessary for shipping. They had no place to put the potatoes when they came. In short, to get the twenty-cent potatoes into the seventy-five-cent market a complex business organization was necessary, which required for its successful operation business skill and judgment.

Now, consumers want cheaper potatoes, but experience up to the present moment proves pretty conclusively that they don't want to go into the potato business. It is true that in a few instances—notably in England—consumers, driven by necessity, have, so to speak, made merchants of themselves. It was only under pressure of dire necessity that the great retail coöperative movement in England sprang up and flourished. Those Rochdale weavers were reduced to a plain choice between getting goods cheaper or going without. They could not pay the cost of the old retail system; so they developed a cooperative one.

I have looked into a good many coöperative associations in this country and found the rule to be that men coöperated only when they were compelled to. They would not go to the trouble of managing the business themselves if anybody else would manage it for them on living terms.

The very scant success of coöperative buying associations among townfolk in this country suggests that we have not reached that point where necessity forces coöperation. It is a big undertaking to organize a complicated business, build it up, develop the experience and talent needful to run it successfully, overcome the inevitable mistakes, and all that. The undertaking is so big that nearly all those who have embarked in it—speaking now of city buyers—have failed. There are cooperative retail stores supported mainly by farmers in the Northwest, in California, and here and there elsewhere; but in cities the success of coöperative schemes has been small. We still manage to pay the costs of a disorganized retail system and keep alive. However, the high prices that have prevailed during the last five years—and bid fair to prevail indefinitely—apply a heavy, probably a cumulative, pressure.

The Cost of Delivery

All the elements of the necessary organization are already at hand and, so to speak, in their proper places. They exist in the retail system itself, and on a broad view retailers suffer as much from lack of organization as their customers. The success of the mail-order houses suggests what may be done to unify the retailers' buying power through a plan of distribution that eliminates duplication and waste.

If reform is to come from within the retail system and not from the outside it will probably begin along the lines adopted not long ago by a retail concern in Los Angeles. This company has seven stores in the city and employs, for the purpose of delivering goods, over a hundred head of horses and five automobiles, together with wagons, drivers, stable-men, and so on. It discovered that the minimum cost of delivering a parcel at a customer's house was fifteen cents. It found, also, that rather more than half of the groceries bought at its stores were carried home by the customers; yet the man who carried his groceries home paid the same price for them as the one who ordered them delivered. In comes A, for example, and buys fifteen cents' worth of matches, ordering them delivered. As it costs fifteen cents to deliver them he is getting his matches for nothing. In come B and C, each buying a dollar and a half's worth of groceries and carrying them home; but the price they pay is charged with the store's average delivery-cost—so they are really paying for A's matches.

This was obviously unfair. Beginning in December, therefore, the company proposed to make a minimum charge of fifteen cents for delivering any package or a charge of five per cent on all purchases of three dollars' worth and upward.

When a customer realizes that it is going to cost him fifteen cents to have thirty cents' worth of vegetables delivered he will probably carry them home himself. Heretofore it has cost him fifteen cents, just the same; but he has not realized it.

Again, the company discovered that the cost last year of maintaining a credit and collection department, including interest on running accounts, exceeded thirty thousand dollars. This, of course, was sheer waste and it was borne by the cash customer as well as the credit customer, for the credit customer would be highly indignant if he were charged more for his goods than the cash customer paid; therefore the company proposes hereafter to do a strictly cash business.

I do not know that this is not really the first step toward reform in the retail business. Among country-town merchants especially it is a pretty general rule that half or more of their capital shall be always tied up in open accounts. Often they do not even charge interest on such accounts. With their capital thus impaired they cannot buy for cash; so they pretty generally pay more for their goods than they need to.

The Bane of the Retail Business

This credit system is the bane of the retail business and it is really nothing but a bad habit. True, farmers who are perfectly good pay may sometimes require credit. They may want to build in the spring, for example, but they will have no money coming in until fall. They cannot pay cash in the spring; but the banks are there for the special purpose of extending farmers credit, which they will do in a businesslike way and on terms that in the long run are far more economical.

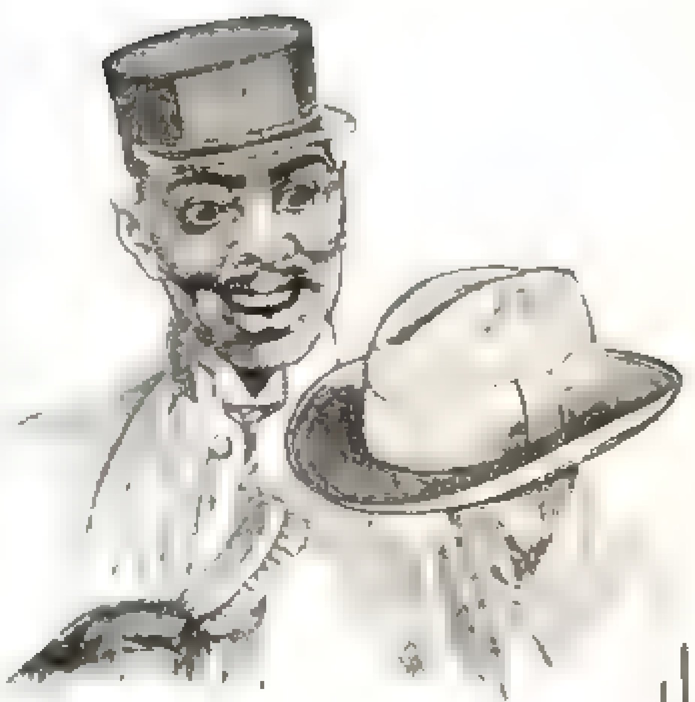
Suppose the reliable farmer, wishing to build in the spring, should calculate what his lumber, hardware and so on would cost; then borrow the money at the bank until fall and pay cash for the material. He could certainly buy to better advantage—for one reason, because the retail lumberman and hardware merchant themselves paying cash, could buy to better advantage. Moreover, the good customer's materials would not be charged up with the losses that accrue from purchases by bad customers, as at present. Incidentally, if the farmer borrowed the money at a bank he would figure rather more carefully as to whether he could really afford to build.

Extending credit is the special business of the banks. They can handle that business much better and much more economically in the long run, both for merchants and for customers, than the retailers can. For merchants and customers alike the present free-and-easy, haphazard credit system is a waste and a nuisance; and the waste, remember, is ultimately borne by those customers who pay, certainly not by those who don't pay. In the same way that the man who carries his goods home pays for delivering the other man's goods, the cash customer usually pays the interest, costs of collection and losses that accrue from the credit customer.

The Los Angeles concern mentioned above is interested in stores outside the city. It buys, altogether, for thirty-one retail establishments; so here we have also a unified cash buying power. Every merchant knows what that means. It means ability to trade at the best advantage in wholesale markets, to take advantage of bargains, to get car-lot freight rates.

We can hardly go back to the really old-fashioned marketing system—at least in cities. The average flat tenant must buy in comparatively small quantities because he has no storage room. He must often have goods delivered because he has not the time to carry them home and his wife has not the strength; but he ought to know what the luxury of having little parcels delivered at all hours of the day really costs him. He ought to have the option of carrying his goods home and saving the delivery cost. He should not have to pay collection and interest and bad-debt costs if he is a cash customer.

It looks as though an important reorganization of the retail trade were bound to come in time. Naturally, retailers themselves will have the first chance at it.



THE hat the Pullman porter singles out admiringly, brushes tenderly and surrenders reluctantly is the *superfine*

Roelofs "Smile" Hat

The Highest-Priced Soft Hat In The World

Twenty Dollars

Worth $20., in its *incomparable style*—worth $20., in its *refinement of finish*—worth $20., in its *distinctive silvery color*, and the *sumptuous "feel"* of the felt—worth $20., in the intimate sense of *personal satisfaction* that comes from possessing *"the last word"* in hat luxury.

Four times as good as any *five-dollar* hat made—more than *three times* as good as any *six dollar* hat made—put through *three times* the handling of the ordinary "hat of commerce." Made of 100% pure *belly beaver fur*, worth over $30. per pound. Ivory-smooth of nap. *Silk* to the eye. *Satin* to the touch.

Other Roelofs "SMILE" Hats (Soft) sell at $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, $10, $12 and $15.

Roelofs "SMILE" Hats (Derbies) sell at $4, $5, $6, $7, $8 and $10.

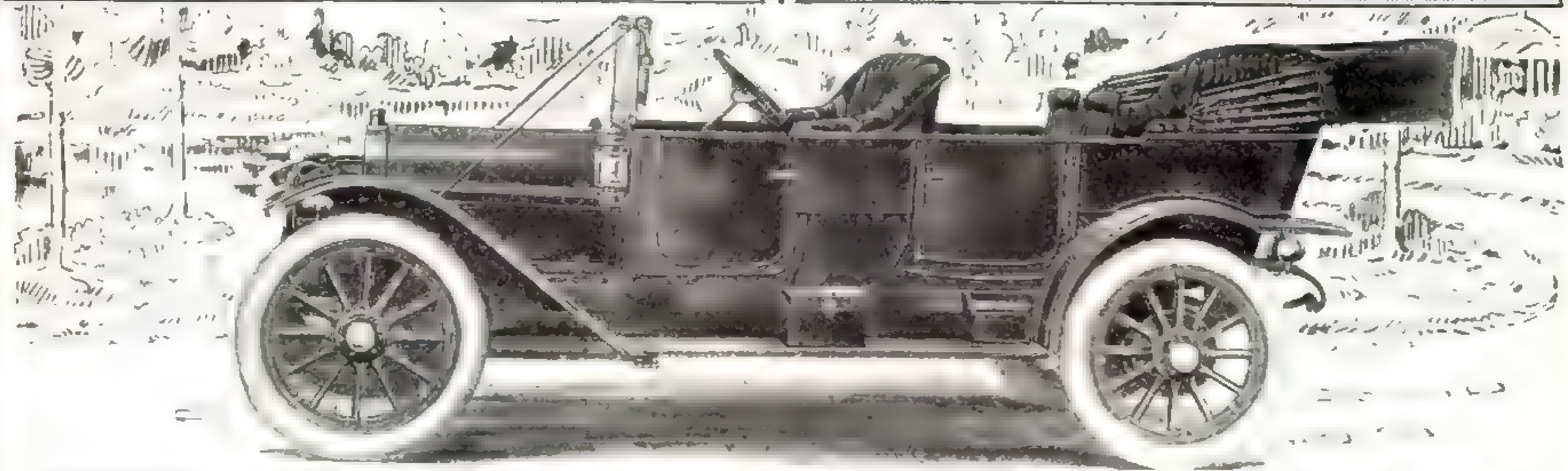
The *Twenty-Dollar* Roelofs "SMILE" Hat and all the others are sold by the following upper-class retailers:

Akron, Ohio	J. Koch & Co.
Bellingham, Wash.	F. C. Adams
Billings, Mont.	Birkin Clo. & Shoe Co.
[illegible] Mass	[illegible]
[illegible] Pa	[illegible] & Co.
[illegible] N.Y.	[illegible]
[illegible] Ohio	The W. H. Homer Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Brooks Co.
	Capper & Capper
Cleveland, Ohio	W. B. Davis [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] W. Harris
[illegible] Conn	Gano Downs Co.
[illegible] Pa	Frank S. Bond & C
Fort Wayne, Ind.	F. H. Bohne & Co.
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Pa	L. Keck & Co.
Harrisburg, Pa	[illegible]
[illegible], Pa	S. M. Meyers & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal	[illegible] B. Logan
	Mullen & Bluett Clo. Co
Memphis, Tenn	Leady & Co.
Missoula, Mont	The Missoula Merc. Co.
New York, N.Y.	Wm. Vogel & Son
[illegible] Utah	The Toggery
Philadelphia, Pa.	Dyer Bros.
[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]
[illegible]	John Sitterly
Portland, Ore	Robinson & Co
Providence, R.I.	Browning, King & Co.
[illegible] Nev	Carl Kuhn
Rochester, N.Y.	[illegible] Bros
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Salt Lake City, Utah	[illegible]
	[illegible]
San Francisco, Cal	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Seattle, Wash	[illegible] Haberdashery
	King Bros
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Spokane, Wash	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] & Potts
Wheeling, W. Va	[illegible]

HENRY H. ROELOFS & CO.
Sole Makers
Brown and 12th Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

MEMO—Write to us for "Smile All The While," a touch-and-go waltz song for the whole family. It's free.

"Smile"



40 H.P; Long Stroke; Large Valve Motor, 4½ x 5½ inches; 124-inch Wheel Base; 36-inch Wheels, Unit Power Plant; Imported Mohair Top; Wind Shield; 5 Lamps; Prest-o-Lite Tank; Tire Irons; 2 Extra Demountable Rims; Warner Speedometer, Bosch Magneto, Shock Absorbers, Complete Set of Tools, Tire Kit, Robe and Foot Rails, Seven Passenger Touring Car, as shown in above cut, $3500.
Other body options, Runabout, 5 passenger, close-coupled, Toy Tonneau, Torpedo, Limousine, Landaulet and Coupe

N. Y. Mail

By far the most conspicuous car in the high price division is the Cunningham, made by James Cunningham & Co., big carriage builders at Rochester for over seventy years.

N. Y. Globe

The Cunningham car made in Rochester, and sold in New York by the Whiting Motor Company at 1802 Broadway, is one of the real interesting touring car exhibits, and a crowd is to be found at all times around the Cunningham chassis.

Cunningham

Anyone at all familiar with automobile engineering and design cannot fail, even after a cursory examination of the **Cunningham**, to understand why it has so quickly established itself in the esteem of the motor-buying public.

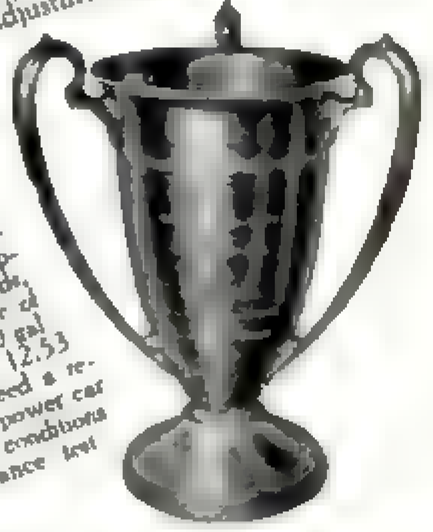
While the car, in no feature, is an innovation or experiment, still it is such a clever and masterful combination of the world's very latest accepted practice, that it is recognized as exemplifying the motor car idea in America.

The literature of the **Cunningham** Car will be of vital interest to anyone interested in a car of the most modern construction tending to continuous service, maximum economy of operation and maximum comfort.

N. Y. World

Cunningham Captures Standard Oil Cup for Fuel Economy

The Standard Oil Trophy, hung up for the second time by the big corporation in the Chicago Motor Club's 1,000 mile annual endurance test, resulted in one of the truest economy tests ever held. Because of the reliability feature of the contest the drivers did not dare risk penalization by making a too fine adjustment, yet under these rigorous conditions the Cunningham beat out the big field and captured the cup. The Cunningham car, completely equipped with all of its passengers and carrying considerable weight in the way of supplies, weighed nearly 5,000 pounds, yet it covered the entire distance of 1,050 miles on a total of 83.80 gallons of gasoline, an average of 12.53 miles per gallon, which is indeed a remarkable record for a high power car under the strenuous conditions of an endurance test



JAMES CUNNINGHAM, SON & CO., 18 Canal St., Rochester, N.Y. CHICAGO BRANCH HOUSE 2021 Michigan Avenue
ESTABLISHED DEALERS—WRITE

A Million People Bought Carborundum Sharpening Stones Last Year

PROBABLY never before were so many sharpening stones of any single brand bought by so many people in a single year.

There is only one explanation of it—Carborundum Sharpening Stones do better work than any other sharpening stones that were ever made.

They are harder, and sharper, and longer lasting—they put a keener edge on a tool, and do it in less time.

They are made in just the right shape and size—of just the proper grade and grit to meet the multitudinous sharpening needs of carpenters and mechanics—of farmers and sportsmen—of surgeons and professional men—of barbers and butchers—of housewives and amateur artisans—of ***every*** man or woman who has a tool of ***any*** kind to sharpen.

If Carborundum Sharpening Stones were not the most remarkable sharpening stones ever produced it would never have been possible to sell them to a Million people in a single year.

No. 107-A—Round Combination Stone for Carpenters' use,	$1.00
No. 108-A—Oblong Combination Stone for general use,	1.25
No. 103-A—Razor Hone, in neat box,	1.00
No. 78-A—Knife Sharpener—Octagonal, solid stick of Carborundum; stag-horn handle; in neat box,	1.00
No. 146-A—Pocket Stone, for Every Man's use; in leather case,	.35
No. 191-A—Scythe and Grass Hook Stone,	.25

Carborundum Niagara Grinders—For shop or home use, wonderfully efficient and convenient, hand or foot power, $2.00 to $15.00

Ask your dealer for Carborundum Sharpening Stones—If he hasn't them, send direct—Write for the booklet

The Carborundum Company Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 21)

common human level and compelled to "make good" all over again from the beginning. He felt, he knew, that he was an humble candidate for her favor—a candidate with the chances perhaps against him.

The tiny parlor had little in it besides the upright piano because there was no space. But the paper, the carpet and curtains, the few pieces of furniture, showed no evidence of bad taste, of painful failure at the effort to make a front. He was in the home of poor people, but they were obviously people who made a highly satisfactory best of their poverty. And in the midst of it all the girl shone like the one evening star in the mystic opalescence of twilight.

"We weren't sure you were coming," said she. "I'll call Father. . . . No, I'll take you back to his workshop. He's easier to get acquainted with there."

"Won't you play something for me first? Or—perhaps you sing?"

"A very little," she admitted. "Not worth hearing."

"I'm sure I'd like it. I want to get used to my surroundings before I tackle the—the biology."

Without either hesitation or shyness she seated herself at the piano. "I'll sing the song I've just learned." And she began. Norman moved to the chair that gave him a view of her in profile. For the next five minutes he was witness to one of those rare, altogether charming visions that linger in the memory in freshness and fragrance until memory itself fades away. She sat very straight at the piano, and the position brought out all the long lines of her figure—the long, round, white neck and throat, the long back and bosom, the long arms and legs—a series of lovely curves. It has been scientifically demonstrated that pale blue is preeminently a woman's color. It certainly was preeminently her color, setting off each and every one of her charms. She was one of those rare beings whose every pose is instinct with grace. And her voice—it was small, rather high, at times almost shrill. But in every note of its register there sounded a mysterious, melancholy-sweet call to the responding nerves in him.

Before she got halfway through the song Norman was fighting against the same mad impulse that had all but overwhelmed him as he watched her in the afternoon. And when her last note rose, swelled, slowly faded into silence, it seemed to him that had she kept on for one note more he would have disclosed to her amazed eyes the insanity raging within him.

She turned on the piano stool, and her hands dropped listlessly in her lap. "Aren't those words beautiful?" she said in a dreamy voice. She was not looking at him. Evidently she was hardly aware of his presence.

He had not heard a word. He was in no mood for mere words. "I've never liked anything so well," he said. And he lowered his eyes that she might not see what they must be revealing.

She rose. He made a gesture of protest. "Won't you sing another?" he asked.

"Not after that," she said. "It's the best I know. It has put me out of the mood for the ordinary songs."

"You are a dreamer—aren't you?"

"That's my real life," replied she. "I go through the other part just to get to the dreams."

"What do you dream?"

She laughed carelessly. "Oh, you'd not be interested. It would seem foolish to you."

"You're mistaken there," cried he. "The only thing that ever has interested me in life is dreams—and making them come true."

"But not my kind of dreams. The only kind I like are the ones that couldn't possibly come true."

"There isn't any dream that can't be made to come true."

She looked at him eagerly. "You think so?"

"The wildest ones are often the easiest." He had a moving voice himself, and it had been known to affect listening ears hypnotically when he was deeply in earnest, possessed by one of those desires that conquer men of will and then make them irresistible instruments. "What is your dream?—happiness? . . . love?"

She gazed past him with swimming eyes, with a glance that seemed like a brave, bright bird exploring infinity. "Yes," she said under her breath. "But it could never—never come true. It's too perfect."

"Don't doubt," he said in a tone that fitted her mood as the rhythm of the cradle fits the gentle breathing of the sleeping child. "Don't ever doubt—and the dream will come true."

"You have been in love?" she said, under the spell of his look and tone.

He nodded slowly. "I am," he replied, and he was under the spell of her beauty.

"Is it wonderful?"

"Like nothing else on earth. Everything else seems—poor and cheap."

He drew a step nearer. "But you couldn't love—not yet," he said. "You haven't had the experience. You will have to learn."

"You don't know me," she cried. "I have been teaching myself ever since I was a little girl. I've thought of nothing else most of the time. Oh"—she clasped her white hands against her small bosom—"if I ever have the chance how much I shall give!"

"I know it! I know it!" he replied. "You will make some man happier than ever man was before." His infatuation did not blind him to the fact that she cared nothing about him, looked on him in the most impersonal way. But that knowledge seemed only to inflame him the more, to lash him on to the folly of an ill-timed declaration. "I have felt how much you will give—how much you will love—I've felt it from the second time I saw you—perhaps from the first. I've never seen any woman who interested me as you do—who drew me as you do—against my ambition—against my will. I—I ——"

He had been fighting against the words that would come in spite of him. He halted now because the flood of emotion suffocated speech. She did not draw back. She seemed compelled by his will to stay where she was. But in her eyes was a fascinated terror—a fear of him.

"I have frightened you?" he said.

"Yes," was her whispered reply.

"But it is your dream come true."

She shrank back—not in aversion, but gently. "No—it isn't my dream," she replied.

"You don't realize it yet, but you will."

She shook her head positively. "I couldn't ever think of you in that way."

He did not need to ask why. She had already explained when they were talking of Tetlow. There was a finality in her tone that filled him with despair. It was his turn to look at her in terror. What power this slim, delicate girl had over him! What a price she could exact if she but knew! Knew? Why, he had told her—was telling her in look and tone and gesture, was giving himself frankly into captivity, was prostrate, inviting her to trample.

He waved his hand impatiently. "We'll see, my dear," he said with a light, good-humored laugh. "I mustn't forget that I came to see your father."

She looked at him doubtfully. She did not understand—did not quite like—this abrupt change of mood. It suggested to her simplicity a lack of seriousness, of sincerity. "Do you really wish to see my father?" she inquired.

"Why else should I come away over to Jersey City? Couldn't I have talked with you at the office?"

This seemed convincing. She continued to study his face for light upon the real character of this strange, new sort of man. He regarded her with a friendly, humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Then I'll take you to him," she said at length. She was by no means satisfied, but she could not discover why she was dissatisfied.

"Yes, let's go to him. . . . You'll not tell Tetlow what I've said?"

"No." And once more her simple negation gave him a sense of her absolute truthfulness.

"Or that I've been here?"

She looked astonished. "Why not?"

"Oh—office reasons. It wouldn't do for the others to know."

She reflected on this. "I don't understand," was the result of her thinking; "but I'll do as you ask. Only, you must not come again."

"Why not? If they knew at the office they'd simply talk—unpleasantly."

"Yes," she admitted hesitatingly, after reflecting. "So you mustn't come again. I don't like some kinds of secrets."

Puffed Rice
Puffed Wheat

Try This on the Boy Some Morning

Put a dish of each ready-cooked cereal before him and let him make his own choice.

Let him see with the rest Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—these gigantic, crisp, porous grains. He'll be curious to try them and, when he does, he'll find that they taste like nuts.

That will settle his choice. Then the armies of children who love Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will have a new recruit.

Perhaps he will want them morning, noon and night—sometimes with cream and sugar, sometimes mixed with bananas, sometimes—like crackers—in a bowl of milk.

The more he wants the better. For these are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible—the only such foods in existence.

That's How We Found Out

We made a similar test for many months, by conducting a lunch counter in the heart of New York.

We wanted to learn—as you do—what cereals folks like best. For we make cereal foods in sixteen forms, but we advertise only what people seem to prefer.

So we served all sorts of ready-cooked cereals, all at an equal price. And four people in five chose Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, just as your boy will do.

Since then we have helped a million homes to enjoy them, just as you will in yours.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in extreme West

These are the foods shot from guns—the foods with every starch granule exploded by Prof. Anderson's process.

The grains are put in sealed guns, then the guns are revolved in a heat of 550 degrees. The moisture in the grain is turned to steam, and that steam explodes when the guns are unsealed. The result is to blast the food granules to pieces so the digestive juices act instantly. The grains are puffed to eight times natural size. But the coats of the grains are unbroken.

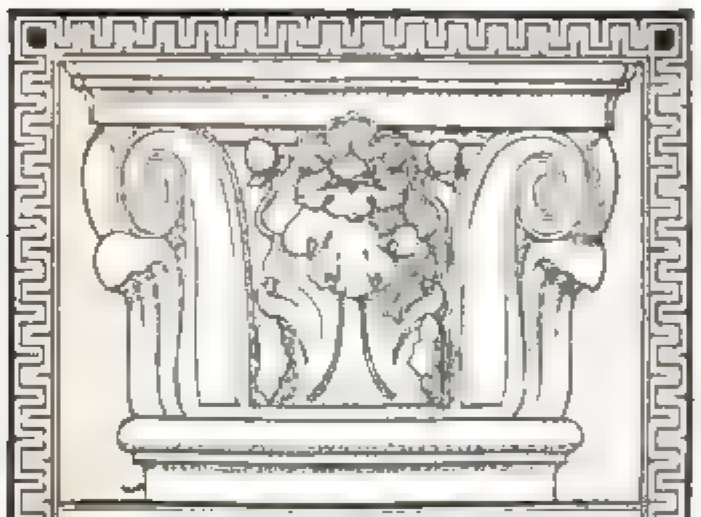
The result is unique, enticing, digestible—the most desired and most desirable of all the ready-cooked cereals.

Why Grocers Run Out

When grocers run out of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice it isn't our fault now. It used to be. Many a time we have been far behind orders. For the demand has jumped until people are eating 15,000,000 dishes per month.

But three of our factories are now equipped with these guns. Your grocer now has no excuse for running out of these popular foods. Please insist that he keep you supplied.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company



YALE

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"But your father will know," he urged. "Isn't that enough for—for propriety?"

"I can't explain. I don't understand, myself. I do a lot of things by instinct." She, standing with her hands behind her back and with clear, childlike eyes gravely upon him, looked puzzled but resolved. "And my instinct tells me not to do anything secret about you."

This answer made him wonder whether, after all, he might not be too positive in his derisive disbelief in women's instincts. He laughed. "Well—now for your father."

The workshop proved to be an annex to the rear, reached by a passage leading past a cozy little dining room and a kitchen where the order and the shine of cleanness were notable even to masculine eyes. "You are well taken care of," he said to her—she was preceding him to show the way.

"We take care of ourselves," replied she. "I get breakfast before I leave and supper after I come home. Father has a cold lunch in the middle of the day, when he eats at all—which isn't often. And on Saturday afternoons and Sundays I do the heavy work."

"You are a busy lady!"

"Oh, not so very busy. Father is a crank about system and order. He has taught me to plan everything and work by the plans."

For the first time Norman had a glimmer of real interest in meeting her father. For in those remarks of hers he recognized at once the rare superior man—the man who works by plan where the masses of mankind either drift helplessly or are propelled by some superior force behind them without which they would be not the civilized beings they seem, but even as the savage in the dugout or as the beast of the field. The girl opened a door; a bright light streamed into the dim hallway.

"Father!" she called. "Here's Mr. Norman."

Norman saw, beyond the exquisite profile of the girl's head and figure, a lean, tallish old man, dark and gray, whose expression proclaimed him at first glance no more in touch with the affairs of active life in the world than had he been an inhabitant of Mars.

Mr. Hallowell gave his caller a polite glance and handshake—evidence of merest surface interest in him, of amiable patience with an intruder. Norman saw in the neatness of his clothing and linen further proof of the girl's loving care. For no such abstracted personality as this would ever bother about such things for himself. These details, however, detained Norman only for a moment. In the presence of Hallowell it was impossible not to concentrate upon him.

As we grow older what we are inside, the kind of thoughts we admit as our intimates, appears ever more strongly in the countenance. This had often struck Norman, observing the men of importance about him, noting how, as they aged, the look of respectability, of intellectual distinction, became a thinner and ever thinner veneer over the selfishness and greediness, the vanity and sensuality and falsehood. But never before had he been so deeply impressed by its truth. Evidently Hallowell, during most of his fifty-five or sixty years, had lived the purely intellectual life. The result was a look of spiritual beauty, the look of the soul living in the high mountain, with serenity and vast views constantly before it. Such a face fills with awe the ordinary follower of the petty life of the world, if he have the brains to know or to suspect the ultimate truth about existence. It filled Norman with awe. He hastily turned his eyes upon the girl—and once more into his face came the resolute, intense, white-hot expression of a man doggedly set upon an earthy purpose.

There was an embarrassed silence, then the girl said: "Show him the worms, Father."

Mr. Hallowell smiled. "My little girl thinks no one has seen that sort of thing," said he. "I can't make her believe it is one of the commonplaces."

"You've never had any one here more ignorant than I, sir," said Norman. "The only claim on your courtesy I can make is that I'm interested and that I, perhaps, know enough in a general way to appreciate."

Hallowell waved his hand toward a row of large glass bottles on one of the many shelves built against the rough walls of the room. "Here are the worms," said he.

But Norman was not listening. The girl was moving toward the door by which they had entered—was in the doorway—was gone! He stood in an attitude of attention; Hallowell talked on and on, passing from one thing to another, forgetting his caller and himself, thinking only of the subject, the beloved science.

From time to time Norman caught a few words of what Hallowell said—words that made him respect the intelligence that had uttered them. But he neither cared nor dared to listen.

As soon as there came a convenient pause in Hallowell's talk Norman said: "And you devote your whole life to these things?"

Hallowell's countenance lost its fine glow of enthusiasm. "I have to make a living. I do chemical analyses for doctors and druggists. That takes most of my time."

"But you can dispatch those things quickly."

Hallowell shook his head. "There's only one way to do things. My clients trust me. I can't shirk."

Norman smiled. He admired this simplicity. But it amused him too; in a world of shirking and shuffling, not to speak of downright dishonesty, it struck the humorous note of the incongruous. He said:

"But if you could give all your time you would get on faster."

"Yes—if I had the time—and the money. To make the search exhaustive would take money—five or six thousand a year at the least. A great deal more than I shall ever have."

"Have you tried to interest capitalists?"

Hallowell smiled ironically. "There is much talk about capitalists and capital opening up things. But I have yet to learn of an instance of their touching anything until they are absolutely sure of large profits. Their failed enterprises are not miscarriage of noble purpose, but mistaken judgment, judgment blinded by hope and greed."

"I see that a philosopher can know life without living it," said Norman. "But couldn't you put your scheme in such a way that some capitalist would be led to hope?"

"I'd have to tell them the truth. Possibly I might discover something with commercial value, but I couldn't promise. I don't think it is likely."

Norman's eyes were on the door. His thoughts were reaching out to the distant and faint sound of a piano. "Just what do you propose to search for?" inquired he.

He tried to listen, because it was necessary that he have some knowledge of Hallowell's plans. But he could not fix his attention. After a few moments he glanced at his watch, interrupted with: "I think I understand enough for the present. I've stayed longer than I intended. I must go now. When I come again I may, perhaps, have some plan to propose."

"Plan?" exclaimed Hallowell, his eyes lighting up.

"I'm not sure—not at all sure," hastily added Norman. "I don't wish to give you false hopes. The matter is extremely difficult. But I'll try. I've small hope of success, but I'll try."

"My daughter didn't explain to me," said the scientist. "She simply said one of the gentlemen for whom she worked was coming to look at my place. I thought it was mere curiosity."

"So it was, Mr. Hallowell," said Norman. "But I have been interested. I don't as yet see what can be done. I'm only saying that I'll think it over."

"I understand," said Hallowell. He was trying to seem calm and indifferent. But his voice had the tremulous note of excitement in it and his hands fumbled nervously, touching evidence of the agitated gropings of his mind in the faint, perhaps illusory, light of a new-sprung hope. "Yes, I understand perfectly. Still—it is pleasant to think about such a thing, even if there's no chance of it. I am very fond of dreaming. That has been my life, you know."

Norman colored, moved uneasily. The fineness of this man's character made him uncomfortable. He could pity Hallowell as a misguided failure. He could dilate himself as prosperous, successful, much the more imposing and important figure in the contrast. Yet there was, somehow, a point of view at which, if one looked carefully, his own sort of man shriveled and the Hallowell sort towered.

"I must be going," Norman said. "No, don't come with me. I know the way.

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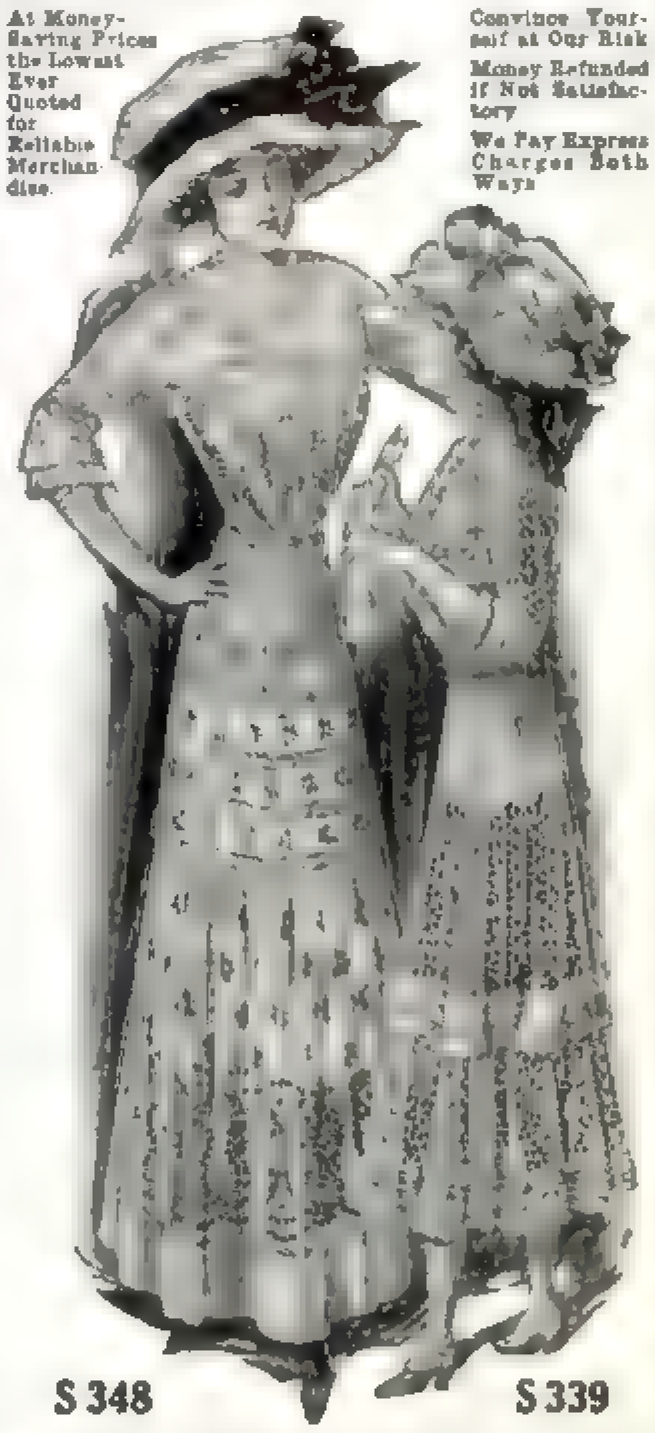

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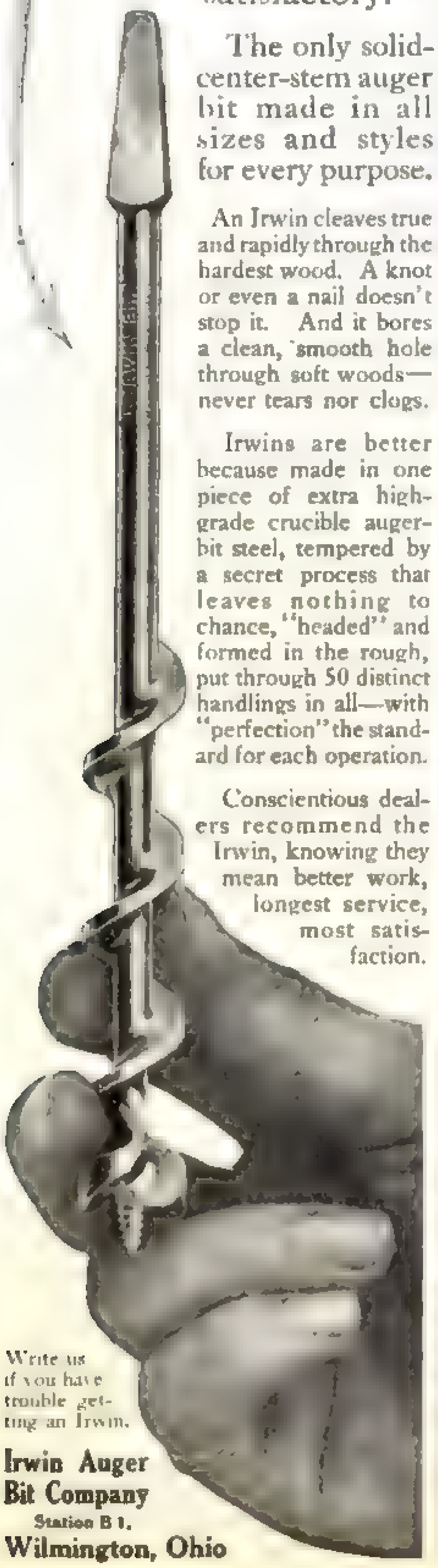

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I've interrupted you long enough." And he put out his hand and, by those little clevernesses of manner that he understood so well, made it impossible for Hallowell to come with him.

He was glad when he shut the door between himself and her father. He paused in the hall to dispel the vague, self-debasing discomfort—and listening to her voice as she sang helped wonderfully. There is no more trying test of a personality than to be estimated by the voice alone. That test produces many strange and startling results. Again and again it completely reverses our judgment of the personality, either destroys or enhances its charm. The voice of this girl floated out upon the quiet of the cottage—the voice soft and sweet, full of the virginal passion of dreams unmarred by experience. It was while listening to her voice, as he stood there in the dimly lighted hall, that Frederick Norman passed under the spell in all its potency. In taking an anesthetic there is the stage when we reach out for its soothing effects; then comes the stage when we half desire, half fear; then a stage in which fear is dominant, and we struggle to retain our control of the senses. Last comes the stage when we feel the full power of the drug and relax and yield or are beaten down into quiet. Her voice drew him into the final stage, was the blow of the overwhelming wave's crest that crushed him into submission.

She glanced toward the door. "Mr. Tetlow didn't get away from Father so soon."

"I stayed longer than I intended. I found it even more interesting than I had expected. . . . Would you be glad if your father could be free to do as he likes and not be worried about anything?"

"That is one of my dreams."

"Well, it's certainly one that might come true. . . . And you—it's a shame that you should have to do so much drudgery—both here and in New York."

"Oh, I don't mind about myself. It's all I'm fit for. I haven't any talent—except for dreaming."

"And for making—some man's dreams come true."

Her gaze dropped. And as she hid herself she looked once more almost as insignificant and colorless as he had once believed her to be.

"What are you thinking about?"

She shook her head slowly without raising her eyes or emerging from the deep recess of her reserve.

"You are a mystery to me. I can't decide whether you are very innocent or very—concealing."

She glanced inquiringly at him. "I don't understand," she said.

He smiled. "No more do I. I've seen so much of faking—in women as well as in men—that it's hard for me to believe any one is genuine."

"Do you think I am trying to deceive you? About what?"

She shut herself within herself like a flower folding away its beauty and leaving exposed only the colorless underside of its petals.

He watched her a moment in silence. Then he said: "I am mad about you—mad. I can think only of you. I am insane with jealousy of you."

He would have seized her in his arms, but the look of sheer amazement she gave him protected her where no protest or struggle would. "You?" she said. "Did you really mean it? I thought you were just talking."

"Can't you see that I mean it?"

"Yes—you look as if you did. But I can't believe it. I could never think of you in that way."

Once more that frank statement of indifference infuriated him. He must compel her to feel, he must give that indifference the lie, and at once! He caught her in his arms. He rained kisses upon her pale face. She made not the least resistance, but seemed dazed. "I will teach you to love me," he cried. "I will make you happy."

She gently freed herself. "I don't believe I could ever think of you in that way."

"Yes, darling you will. You can't help loving where you are loved so utterly."

She gazed at him wonderingly—the puzzled wonder of a child. "You love me?" she said slowly. "I don't understand."

He laughed satirically. "Oh—you are playing a game. I might have known."

"I don't understand," said she. "First you say you love me; then you act as though you didn't like me at all." And she smiled gayly at him, pouting her lips a little. Once more her beauty was shining. It made his nerves quiver to see the color in her pure white skin where he had kissed her.

"I don't care whether it is a game or not," he cried. And he was about to seize her again when she repulsed him. He crushed her resistance, held her tight in his arms.

"You frighten me," she murmured. "You hurt—me."

He released her. "What do you want?" he cried. "Don't you care at all?"

"Oh, yes! I like you—very much. I have from the first time I saw you. But you seem older—and more serious."

"Never mind about that. We are going to love each other—and I am going to make you and your father happy."

"If you make Father happy I will do anything for you. I don't want anything myself—but he is getting old and sometimes his despair is terrible." There were tears in her voice—tears and the most touching tenderness. "He has some great secret that he wants to discover, and he is afraid he will die without having had the chance."

"You will love me if I make your father happy?"

He knew it was the question of a fool, but he so longed to hear from her lips some word to give him hope that he could not help asking it. She said:

"Love you as—as you seem to love me? Not that same way. I don't feel that way toward you. But I will love you in my own way."

He hid his chagrin behind a mocking smile. "As you please," said he. "I will do my part. Then—we'll see. . . . Do you care about any one else—in my way of loving, I mean?"

It was again the question of an infatuated fool, and put in an infatuated fool's way. For, if she were a "deep one," how could he hope to get the truth? But her answer reassured him. "No," she said—her simple, direct negation that had a convincing power he had never seen equaled.

"Don't you want to learn to love me?—to learn to love?" he asked.

She was silent—a silence that maddened him.

"Don't be afraid to speak," he said irritably. "What are you thinking?"

"That I don't want you to kiss me—and that I do want Father to be happy."

Was this guile? Was it innocence? He put his arms around her. "Look at me," he said.

She gazed at him frankly.

"You like me?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you want me to kiss you?"

"I don't know. It makes me—dislike you."

He released her. She laid her hand on his arm eagerly. "Please ——" she implored. "I don't mean to hurt you. I wouldn't offend you for anything. Only—when you ask me a question—mustn't I tell you the truth?"

"Always," he said, believing in her in spite of the warnings of cynical worldliness. "I don't know whether you are sincere or not—as yet. So for the present I'll give you the benefit of the doubt." He stood back and looked at her from head to foot. "You are beautiful!—perfect," he said in a low voice. He laughed. "I'll resist the temptation to kiss you again. I must go now. About your father—I'll see what can be done."

She stood with her hands behind her back, looking up at him with an expression he could not fathom. Suddenly she advanced, put up her lips and said gravely: "Won't you kiss me?"

He eyed her quizzically. "Oh—you've changed your mind?"

She shook her head.

"Then why do you ask me to kiss you?"

"Because of what you said about Father."

He laughed and kissed her. And then she, too, laughed. He said: "Not for my own sake—not a little bit?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "when you kiss me that way. I like to be kissed. I am very affectionate."

He laughed again. "You are a queer one."

They shook hands in friendliest fashion, and she opened the front door for him. And her farewell smile was bright and happy.

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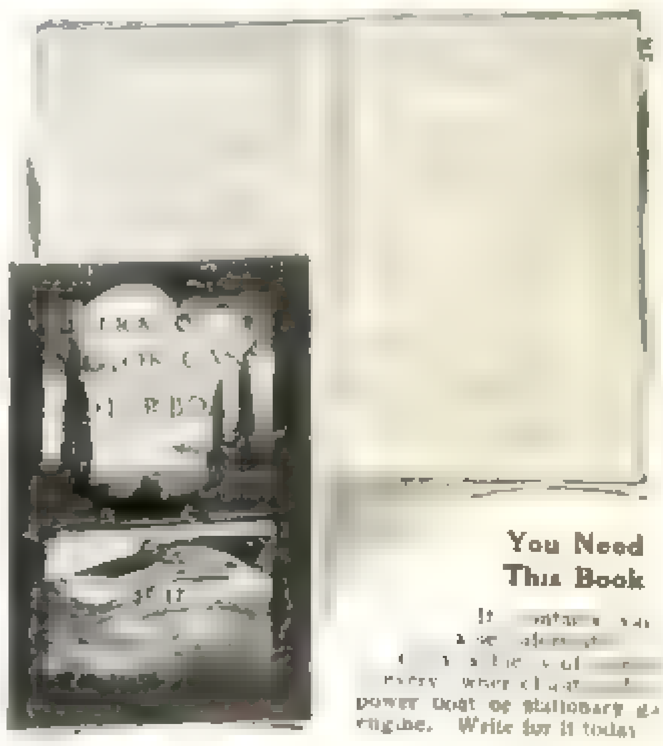

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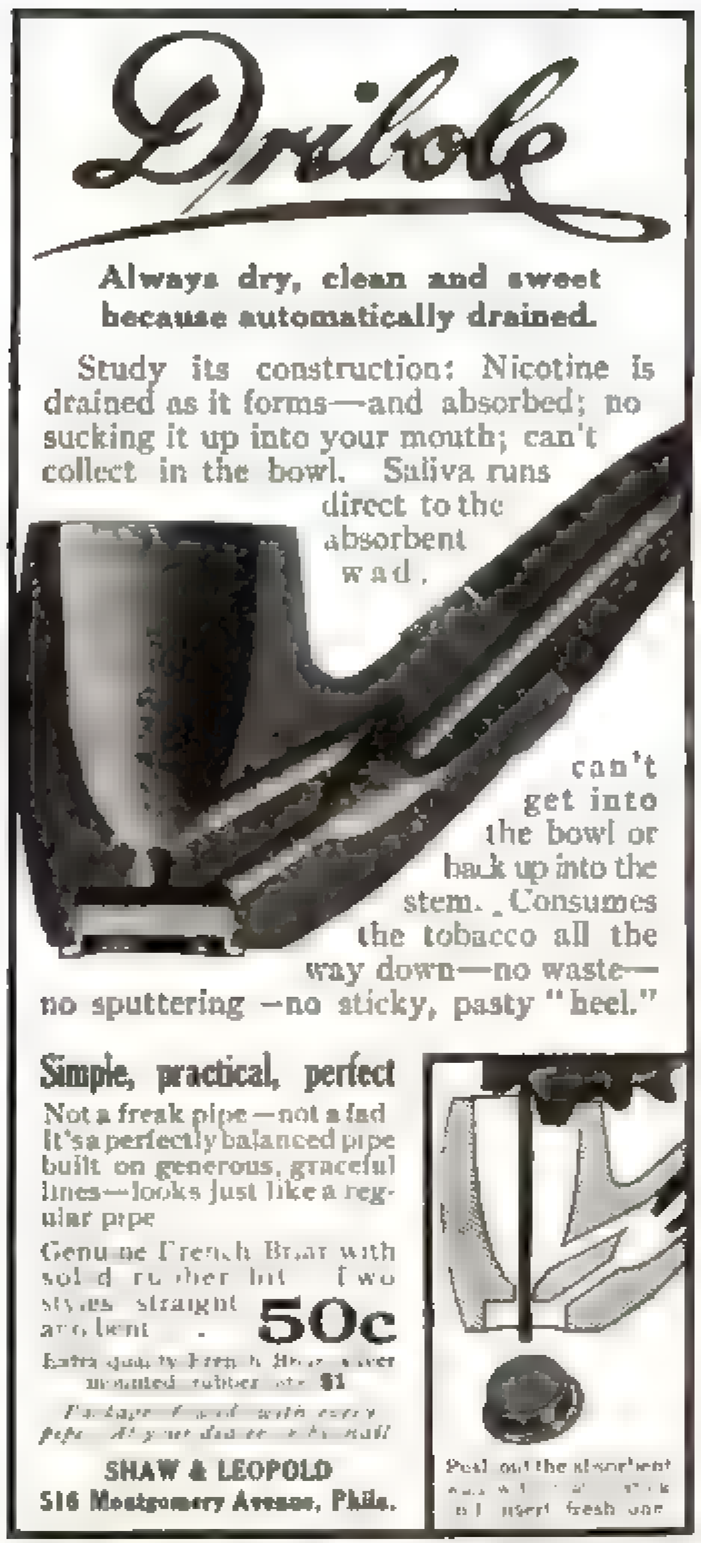

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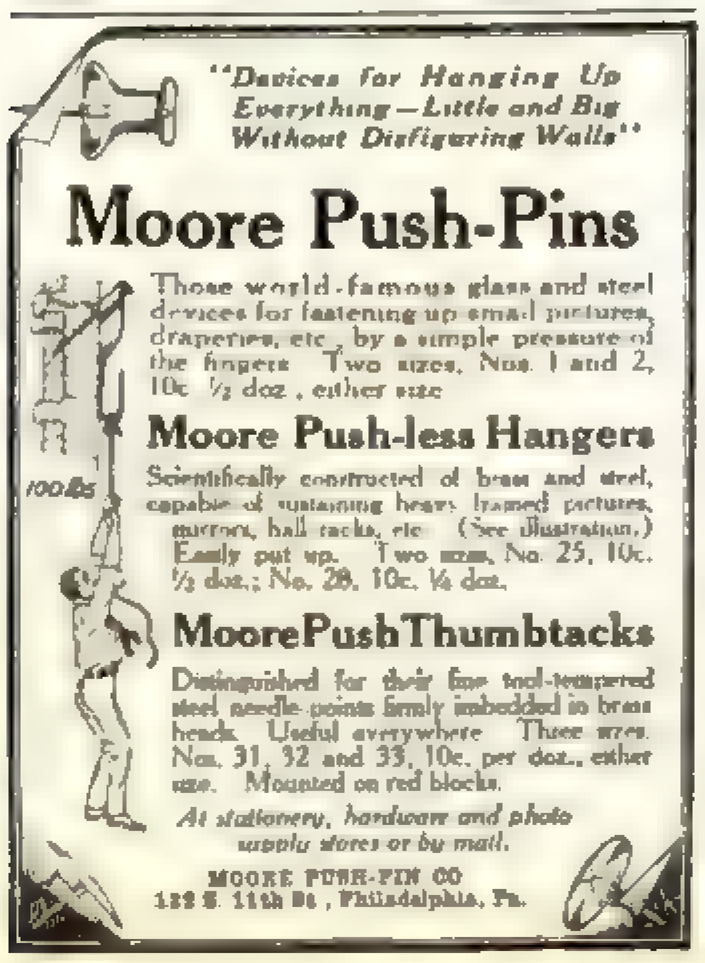

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THE MANICURE

Continued from Page 9

Bob gits out in the hall he notices the house address give him by this lady who is just crazy about cowboys. Then, as near as I can find, he gits in a trance again and spends about half an hour trying to find which way is the staircase.

"Well, that night Ol' Man Wright, of course, didn't show up at no hotel an' little fair-haired Robert is alone in the great city. But he don't stroll off nowhere to hear a organ recital or hear no lecture on the Holy Land. He wanders over to some place about nine miles out, where this cimarron lady lives; an' he goes in an' gits acquainted with the family, girl's mother an' all. He don't lose no time especial, but turns in a full description of hisself—brand, earmarks an' all; an' puts up a full bill of sale describin' his past, present an' future prospects. I think maybe he hands in a few lines of discourse about the beautiful mountain scenery in the San Pete country. He does the best he can to git the whole family crazy about cowboys too. When they throw him out late that night he goes back to his hotel an' falls into a deep trance again.

"There ain't no way in which he can git back to the barbershop no more, because he forgits where this clubhouse is; but he don't forgit the street number where the girl an' her maw live at. The next night little Robert is right on hand again.

"Now this thing kep' up for a week, until Ol' Man Wright got done investigatin' the botternmost causes of the high price of beef. Maybe if Ol' Man Wright had showed up sooner he might have saved Bob's life. But it was too late now.

"Bob went out to the house one night an' got there before the girl come home. When she come in she stops in the door with her hat on; an' Bob he gits taken of a certain idea then an' there. Says he: 'Don't come in. Keep your hat right on. We'll go right on out now an' git married an' start home tomorrow.'

"Them two women throwed fits, I reckon. I don't know how the kid managed it, but bimeby there must 'a' been a vacant chair in the club barbershop. An' now, my kind friend, havin' reached this point in my narrative, if you don't believe me I will show you what used to hold down the chair before it was vacant. This is Bob's fence that we're just hittin' into now."

There seemed very little to say; so we rode on until we came to the wire gate of the new log cabin. There came out to meet us a young woman certainly as old as Bob, who still bore traces in air and costume rather of the effete East than the San Pete Valley. Her hair, as Curly had said, was cimarron; her figure good. Her face was a trifle pathetic—indeed wistful. As she approached us she had under her left arm a little blue-eyed pig, perhaps two or three days old. Its legs stuck out stiffly and it grunted a certain protest.

"Well, Sis," said Curly. "Where's the boy? What you doin' with that broiler, eh?"

The girl winked rather fast. "I—well, I was lonesome," she said. "Bob's gone so much. There's no one comes here, you know."

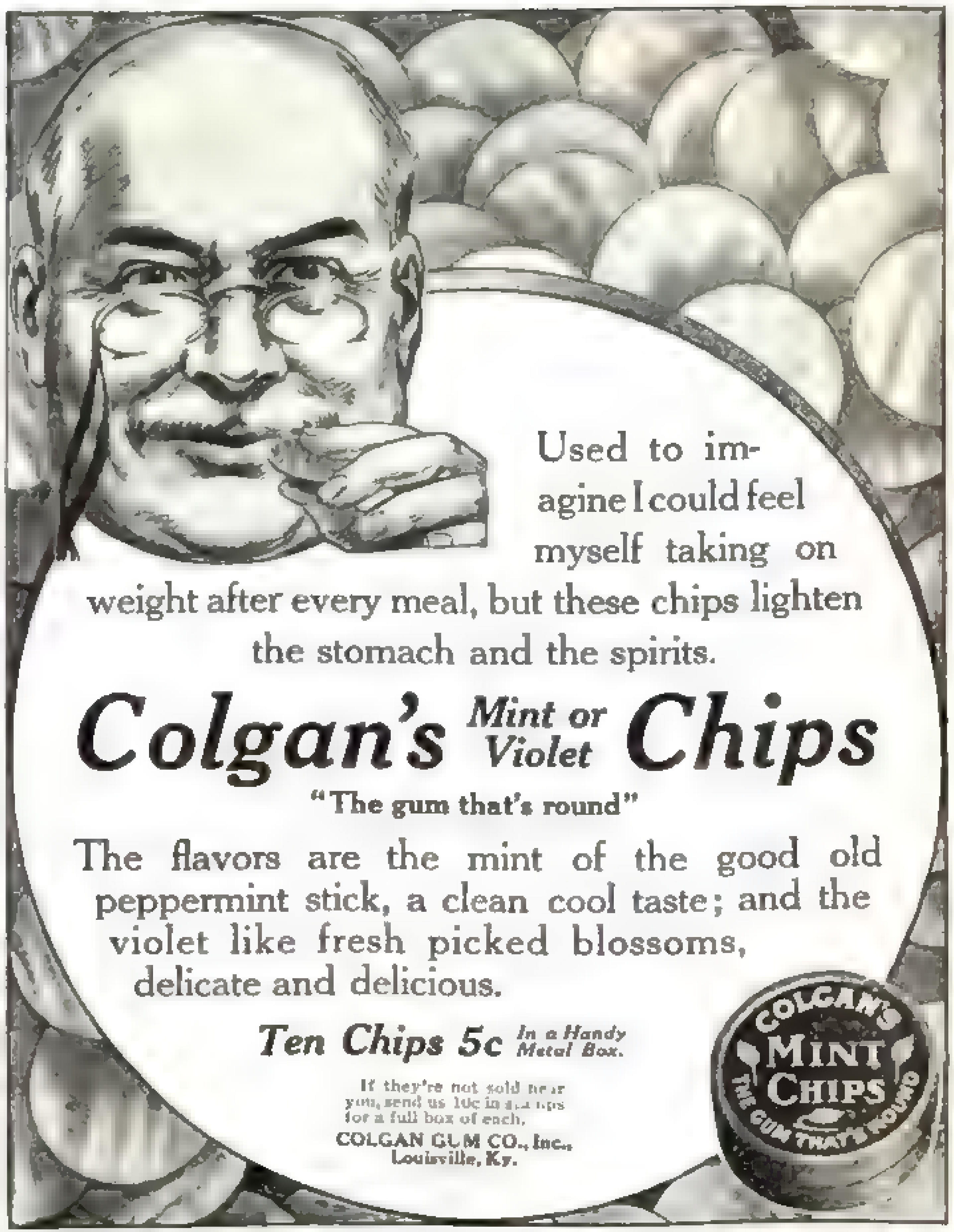
"Don't you do it!" exclaimed Curly. "Don't you go to cry, Sis, or you know I'll take to the woods. Come, now; what's the matter? Ain't you happy?"

"I'm happy as a girl ever was," she said bravely.

"Sure," said Curly. "You got a nice pig to talk to. Well, now, Sis, you needn't worry. Wait till Bob gits the ditches all in an' his alfalfa started, an' he won't have to be away from the house so much, maybe. Why don't you come over an' see me an' your new maw oncet in a while? You mustn't set roun' here lonesome. Oh, I reckon it's some different here, maybe. You been in a different line of work some time. Even if you hung your sign out here in the San Pete Valley there wouldn't very likely be many folks come in to be manicured. But I read in a book somewheres that a woman's chief interest ought to be in her husband. Why don't you manicure Bob?"

"I do," said the girl; "every day after he comes home. On Sunday I give him a thorough treatment."

"Huh!" said Curly. "Is that so? He ought to be happy, for I'll bet a hundred dollars he's the only man in the San Pete



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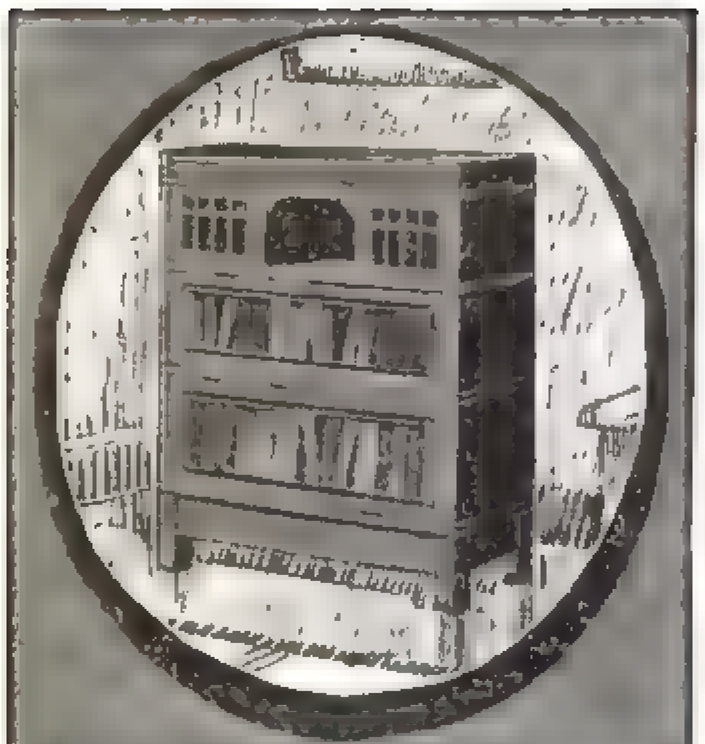

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Valley that gits manicured oncet in a hundred years."

"Come in," said the girl. "You ought to have a bite to eat. You look as dusty as though you'd ridden a long way."

"What is it, Mamie?" asked Curly. "An' did you cook it?"

"Yes." She smiled brightly. "I'm practicing."

"Well, now," said Curly, who was wise although courteous, "Sir Algernon an' me'll jes' stroll in an' set a while."

We had remained in the house for some time, and were at a point when flight or cake-eating were looming as alternatives, when all at once we heard the sound of rapid hoofs. Hurrying to the door, we saw Bob ride up, throw himself out of his saddle and come on toward the house. The girl gave a scream as she looked at him. His left hand was wrapped in his handkerchief, through which showed red stains.

"He's killed!" cried the girl. "What has happened?"

"What's up, Kid?" asked Curly, quietly chewing a straw.

At first the young man made no answer. He was rather a short, sturdy young fellow, with close curling red hair like his father's. He had his father's blue eyes and florid skin; and now, it seemed to me, he had very much of his father's disposition also, for his face was flushed a fiery red and his eyes snapped as he turned toward us. Prepared as I had been for the sight of a youth somewhat different, his appearance occasioned a certain surprise.

"Who done that, Bob?" asked Curly quietly, nodding toward the injured hand. Again I was surprised, for the discourse that broke out in answer was something entirely different from what Curly had described as habitual with his son. Rarely have I heard more fluent Western speech.

"It was that dash-blanked, lowdown, yaller-livered —— over there that's throwed a fence in toward my spring!" he broke out. "The —— —— thief is trying to fence in my water. I've warned him off three times now and today it come to a focus. Anyhow, I bet a thousand dollars he'll not bother me no more about that spring. Say, git me something to eat. I'm hungry. I'd like a glass of milk."

I saw Curly's eye kindle, but not with reproach.

"You didn't let it go at that, Bob? You didn't run away—I know that. Tell me, did you get him? Why, pshaw; this ain't anything. I can fix up them fingers in about two treatments," Mamie said.

"Creased your paw, son, didn't he?" said Curly, leaning over; but he himself asked no further questions.

"Oh, that?" snorted Bob, flirting the blood from the injured hand. "It ain't nothing. He pulled first too; an' I give him all the time he needed. They was two other fellers there an' I wanted a clean case of his makin' the first break. One of them grabbed me, so I only got him in the leg."

Curly drew a long breath and nodded gravely. "How'd it start, son?" he asked.

"Partly over the spring. Besides, he allowed somethin' about my hands not lookin' like a workin' man's. When he pulls at me he says, 'I'll fix you so's you won't want no more manicurin'.' Huh! I'll bet by the time they git through with him at the hospital he can git half rates from corn doctors all the rest of his life. Gi' me a glass of milk."

Curly drew another long breath and made no comment.

"Mamie," said he, "now you got a right nice job fixin' up hands, pickin' out a few bones an' that sort of thing, maybe you won't feel so lonesome."

The girl threw up her head as she reached out to lead her husband inside the door. "I'm not lonesome!" she exclaimed. "Who said I've been lonesome? I am perfectly happy."

I said something to Curly about the other parties being of possible danger to Bob later on, but he shook his head. The quick ear of the girl overheard me and again she flared out:

"Danger! If anybody's going to be dangerous it ain't them. It's them that had better look out; that's all. Come on in, Bob."

Curly and I walked out to our horses, mounted, rounded up our packhorse and started off for his home down the valley. I have rarely seen Curly happier. He whistled a bar or so and then, as he rode, hummed to himself softly a snatch of the old song, Sam Bass He was a Ranger.

"Them two'll be all right now," said he after a time. "They're goin' t'be right

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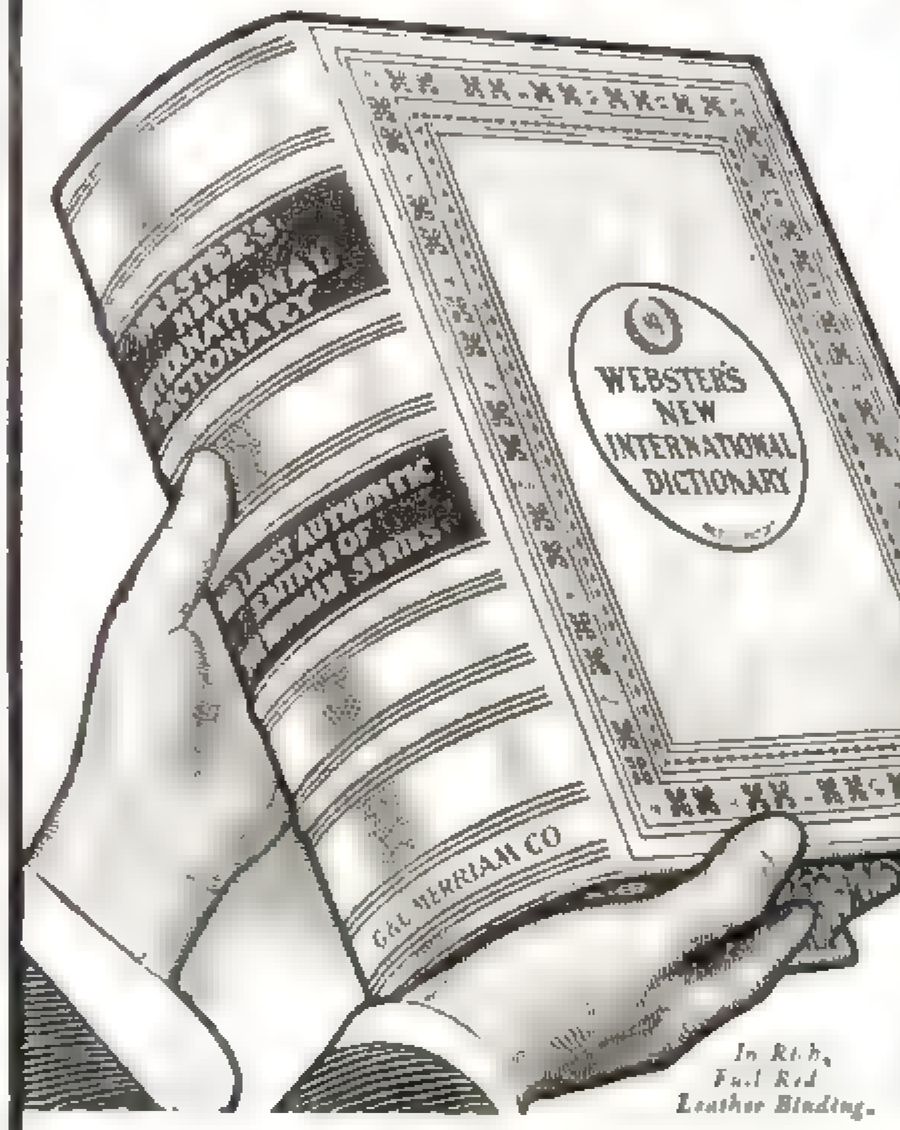
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happy—same as the boy's maw an' me. And to think —— I never knowed he packed a gun in all his whole borned life. Well, I haven't found out everything his maw's got up her sleeve yet, neither. But didn't he handle hisself all right? Waited for the other feller to begin! Say, didn't I tell you that that kid was a stemwinder? Sir Algernon, believe me, there is no joy like that of married life when you know for shore that ary one o' your offspring is goin' to handle hisself like a he-man when the time comes. I never had no doubts about Bob. An' I know them two is goin' to be plumb happy. Lonesome? I don't think. When two folks with cimarron hair is joined together, let no man go against puttin' 'em asunder.

"And as for preparation for the simple life of the sheepman," he went on, "I don't see how anything can be more practical than a education as a high-class performer as a manicure. No lady can tell when her husband's goin' to get shot; an' it stands to reason, like we just seen, that in a lowdown lot of pore shots, like these Mormons in here, he's just as liable to git shot in the hand as anywhere else. If he does, there's mamma right on the job, ready to fix him up. Yes, I expect there's plenty of Mormons in the San Pete Valley that can make salt-risin' bread; but what I want to point out to you is that, when it comes to manicures, my son Bob has just about got the all total viserble supply corraled. What's usefuller?

"An' I never knowed the kid packed a gun. I'll bet he didn't, neither, till the right time come. Then he did. Yes, I reckon them two's goin' to be happy, all right. It's somethin' off my mind."

And Curly resumed his tuneful biography of the late Mr. Bass.

MAKING OVER THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Concluded from Page 11)

The fact that little Johnny Jones is an animal is really the most important—not to say revolutionary—educational discovery of the last twenty years. In its train came many interesting and even startling developments. In Chicago, for instance, investigation demonstrated that there were no less than fifteen thousand children who were backward in their studies because they did not get enough to eat. The way to improve their scholarship, it was found, was to serve nourishing lunches in the school buildings.

In six buildings located in the poorer districts of the city lunchrooms are to be opened where Johnny Jones—or Isador Czarcowski—can get all the hot, nutritious soup and all the bread and butter he can eat at a total cost of one cent. If the cent is not available no embarrassing questions will be asked. It was in the same city that the first outdoor school for delicate children of tubercular tendencies was started. When cold weather came the improvement in their health, and incidentally in discipline and scholarship, was so marked that thick Eskimo suits were provided, and all winter long the pupils did their studying and reciting in an open-air roof garden. Even zero weather did not drive them indoors. It was a visit to this school and a glimpse at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the out-of-doors children that led Superintendent Young to issue an order that the windows of every schoolroom in Chicago should be thrown wide open for at least a few moments three times each schoolday.

The discovery that the welfare of the small body of J. Jones underlies good scholarship and good morals is also responsible for the establishment—as a sort of supplement to the public-school system—of neighborhood playgrounds in most of our large and many smaller cities. Chicago has already spent eleven million dollars in fitting up small playground parks with ball fields, swimming pools, shower baths, gymnastic apparatus and all the facilities for giving Mr. Jones normal and proper amusement and exercise. Johnny Jones is beginning to get a fair chance and a square deal. His only wonder is that grown-up people should have remained so stupid and so cruel for so many years. He knew what the matter was, but he never was able to express it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Henry M. Hyde. The second will appear in an early number.

Money will be Saved by Painting this Spring

PAINT which wears is made from pure white lead, mixed with linseed oil and colored at the time of painting. Even though linseed oil is high, the thing to remember is that paint materials are not nearly so expensive as the repairing of a neglected house. Linseed oil at even $1.00 or $1.25 a gallon makes the painting of the average house cost only $4 or $5 more than it used to cost. Not enough to warrant letting any house go to ruin from lack of paint.

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And use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead and genuine linseed oil. Don't be tempted, because standard materials are high, to employ something inferior. This is a mistake because not true economy.

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4 gallons pure linseed oil . . . .
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Westinghouse Electric Motors are Used to Make Every Part of an Automobile in this Thirty-Two Acre Factory

The most convincing proof of the adaptability and elasticity of electric motors for driving machines of all sorts is to be found in such manufactories as that of the Packard Motor Car Company at Detroit—where every part used in the building of an Automobile is manufactured practically "under one roof."

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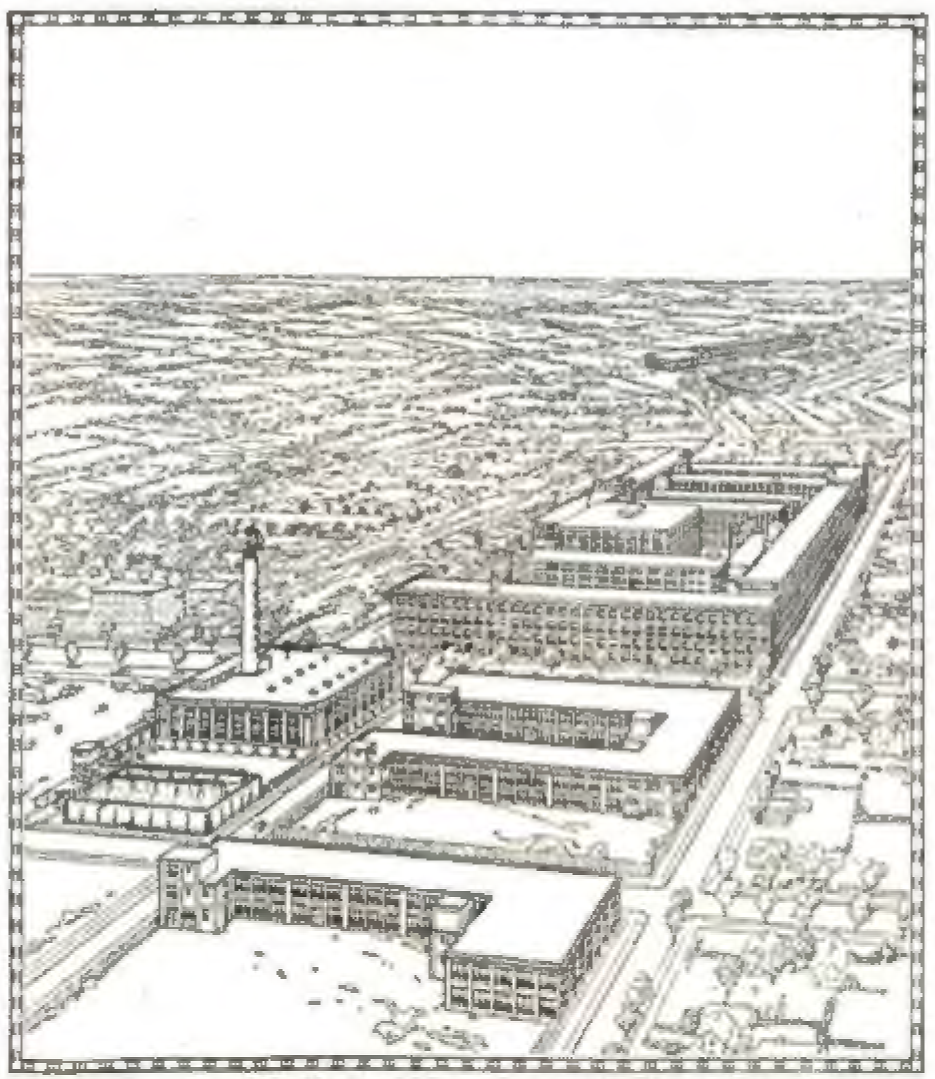
The use of electric motors permits the planning of the factory as a factory should be planned—to facilitate the movement of the product through the shops. It reduces the use of belts to an economical minimum. In planning the modern shop or factory, no matter how large or how small, the saving and the improved conditions of manufacture due to electric drive should receive first consideration.

Since no small part of the success of electric drive is due to the selection of the motor for the specific work to be done, it is well worth while to go to a little trouble to get the best electrical advice before installing electric motors.

Write to the Westinghouse experts for any information you may need about motors for any purpose, from running light household devices to heavy factory machines. Address, "Westinghouse, Motor Application Department, Pittsburg."



Drawing of the Packard Motor Company's Plant at Detroit by Jules Guerin

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

"ITS BEST FRIEND IS ITS OPERATOR"

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Sales Offices in 40 American Cities **Pittsburg** Representatives All Over the World

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Send Your

Old Carpet

We Will Make

New Rugs

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Guaranteed to wear ten years.

Rugs, 50c and Up

Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America. Established 37 years. Originators of OLSON FLUFF RUG (Grand Prizes at 3 World's Fairs).

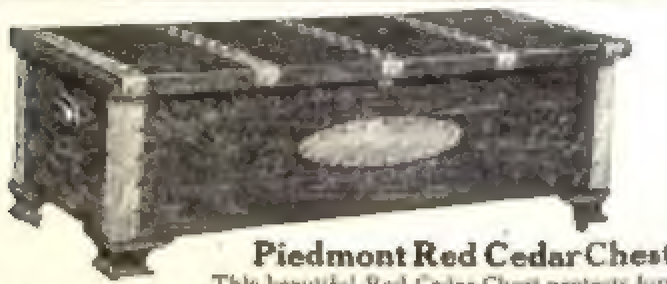
We Pay Freight

Old carpets are worth money; don't throw yours away.

FREE Write to-day for book of designs in colors, prices and full information.

Olson Rug Co.,

5 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.



Piedmont Red Cedar Chest

This beautiful Red Cedar Chest protects furs and other clothing against moths, mice, dust, dampness. No camphor required. Hand-rubbed polish. Copper decorations. Very ornamental. Pays for itself by saving cold storage expenses. Ideal gift. Many other styles. Direct from our factory saves you superfluous profit. We prepay freight. Write today for our handsomely illustrated catalogue. It shows all designs and gives prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 76, Statesville, N.C.

KARO is the great table syrup—as well as the syrup for candy making and cooking.

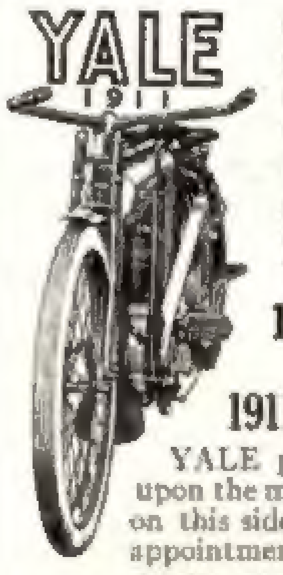
It is eaten by more people than any other one syrup in the world. It is good on griddle cakes and waffles, as a spread for bread and with hot biscuit in place of honey. Karo is absolutely wholesome—young and old can eat it freely even when they are denied other sweets.

Karo

Karo Cook Book—Fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
New York
Dept. R P. O. Box 161

2 POUNDS NET WEIGHT
Karo
CANE FLAVOR
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.



COMPARISON with other motorcycles costing more money furnishes the YALE'S selling argument.

You cannot, at any price, secure elsewhere those features which have made the YALE famous.

1911 4 H.P. YALE $200

With Bosch Magneto $235

1911 7 H.P. YALE TWIN $300

YALE production for 1911 is based upon the most painstaking shop methods on this side of the Atlantic. Avoid disappointment — order now

Ask for 1911 Yale literature today.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Makes The Phonograph Sound Life-Like

THE **Morse Clarifier** is a remarkable little device made to fit in tube between reproducer and horn of phonographs. It renders the sound loud, clear and life-like and eliminates that unpleasant metallic effect which is more or less common to all phonographs, regardless of price. Can be attached in a minute by anyone and lasts as long as the machine. Thoroughly tested and proven successful.

PAT. APPL'D FOR

Mailed Prepaid upon Receipt of Price, $1.00. Guaranteed Absolutely Satisfactory or Money Refunded.

In ordering please state whether for a Victor, Victor-Victrola, Edison Cygnet horn or rubber tube connection, Columbia disc or Columbia cylinder. Information and circular matter free.

MORSE BROTHERS, Manufacturers and Distributers
441 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

Human Energy

I Want to *Give* You "Human Energy"

My book explains, for the first time, the laws governing right exercise. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs,—all of which are muscles,—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

I offer it to you free, because I want you to understand the principles underlying the *Thompson Course,* which has brought thousands of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller, more useful and serener life.

Sooner or later, you will adopt the principles of my Course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find "Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation, except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

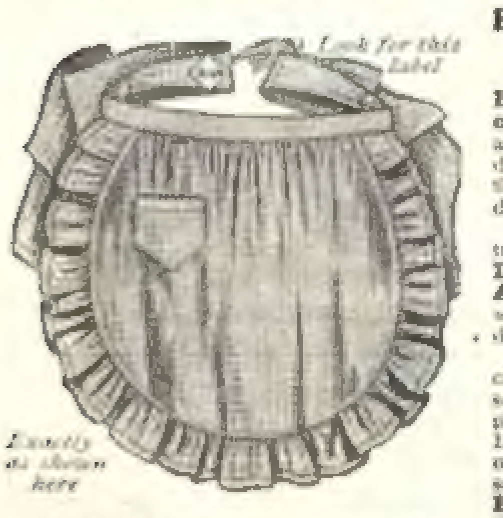
J. Edmund Thompson
Suite 12, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.

After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the *skin diseases* often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample box for 4c stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.



Dean LOCK STITCH *Dimity* Apron FOR 15c

Hand the below coupon clipping and 15c to your dealer to get one of these handsome 25c dimity aprons.

This offer is made to introduce the **Dean Lockstitched Aprons,** of which we make 1,000 different styles.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us below clipping together with 15c and your dealer's name, and we will see that you get one. **Be careful** to get Dean aprons only—look for Dean trade mark sewed in waist band.

Send for our Free Illustrated Apron Style Book, No. 61.

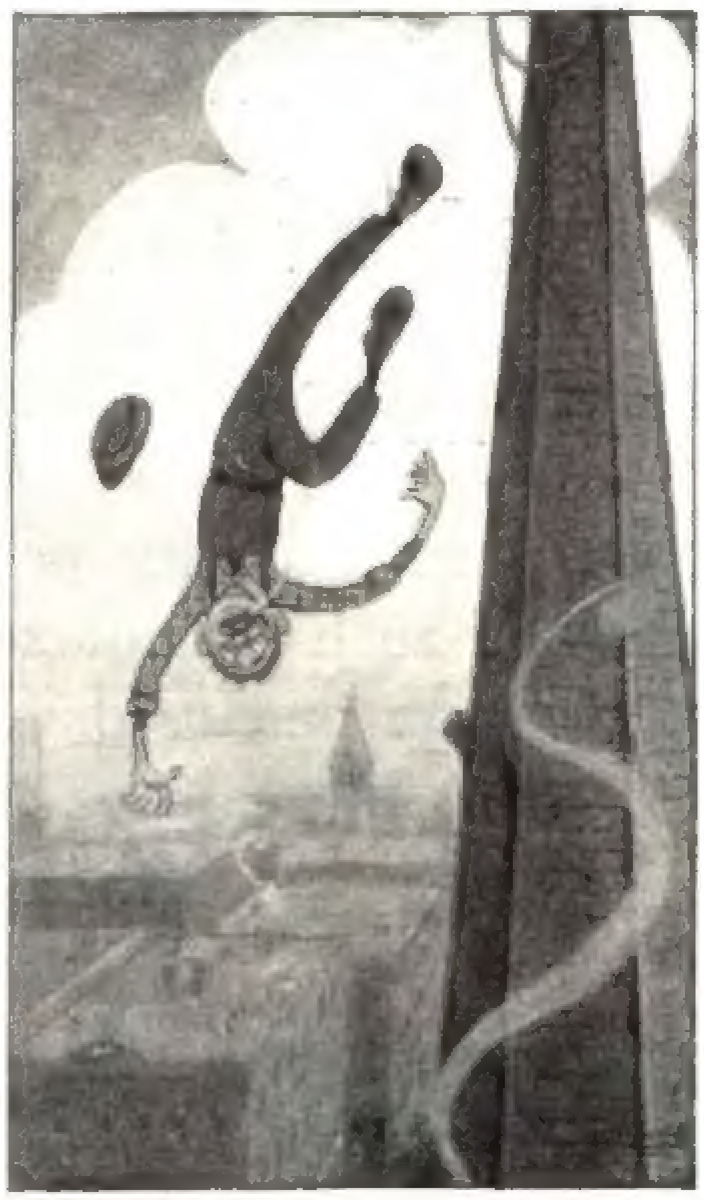
DEALERS' ATTENTION

is directed to the above advertisement. We will reimburse you **10c** for every clipping like this, that you have accepted as part payment of Apron No. 300. *Send for prices and particulars.*

W. H. DEAN CO., Everett Bldg., Union Square, N. Y.

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

SENSE AND NONSENSE



A Steeple-Jack's Luck

I'd gilded the ball on the meetin'-house spire,
When, sudden, the wind played a trick
An' tumbled me off in me spotless attire—
An' down I went like an ole brick.

It looked like me finish, which same it was not—
Me luck it was right on the job;
An' somehow it happened I lit on a lot
Of rubbernecks bunched in a mob.

—*Peter Newell.*

The Dock Walloper

Buffalo town—an' a cargo to load,
Boxes an' bales an' such truck to be stowed,
Piled in the warehouses, heaped on the pier—
Looks like a job that would take 'em a year.
Does it? Well, hardly; for soon there's a gang
Ready to stow it, not givin' a hang;
Look at 'em now, any one of the flock—
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

Good, nervy stock,
Hard as a rock,
Strong as a horse er a tackle an' block—
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

Bossed by a guy that is tough as the rest—
Tougher, I reckon, if put to the test.
Gee! but they tackle that mountain of freight!
Barrel an' bundle an' basket an' crate;
Truck wheels are squeakin', the tackle-rope sings.
Every one's cussin' at various things,
Gangways an' trucks an'—well, mostly they knock
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

Good, nervy stock,
Hard as a rock,
Strong as a horse er a tackle an' block—
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

Mr. Dock Walloper trots right along,
Doin' his work while his muscles is strong,
Takin' the chances of danger to him,
Gettin' his pay—which is pretty damn slim;
Winches an' clamshells is hurtin' his trade;
Still, there ain't any machinery made
Quite takes the place of this husky old stock—
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

Good, nervy stock,
Hard as a rock,
Strong as a horse er a tackle an' block—
Mr. Dock Walloper, there on the dock.

—*Berton Braley.*

NO STROPPING
478
NO HONING

Simplicity, Safety Strength

The Only Adjustable Razor

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR
The STANDARD *of* SAFETY, EASE *and* COMFORT

THE GILLETTE embodies the spirit of perfect mechanical construction—SIMPLICITY, and in its exclusive features of Absolute Safety, Rigidity, Durability and Adjustment it has no rival.

By simply turning the screw handle, the blade is automatically adjusted to suit the toughness of any beard or the tenderness of any skin.

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced. Packet of 6 blades (12 cutting edges) 50c; 12 blades (24 cutting edges) in nickel plated case, $1.00.

The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime
Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
22 West Second Street BOSTON, MASS.

New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building; Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China.

Factories:
Boston Montreal
Leicester Berlin
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NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
King C. Gillette

"If it's a safety razor—it's a Gillette"

$5.00 Everywhere

Hoot Mon!
Trade Mark

C·M·C Garter FOR MEN

Men Prefer
it because it
Will not Bind the Leg.
Will not Tear the Stocking.
Will not Unfasten or Slip.
Each Garter for either Leg.
No cords to Chafe or Break.

25 cts. will convince you
The best dealers have them, or **sample pair by mail.** Send your dealer's name and 25c.

Clark Mfg. Co.
246 P Summer St., Boston, Mass.
New York, 377 Broadway

The Garter Without Objections

No Pad, No Cord, No Triangle
The Swivel Catch adjusts itself to every motion, relieves all strain, making the garter so easy *you forget you have it on.*

Will Not Unfasten or Slip
The Patent Clasp, unlike all others, closes on a cushion, holding the sock firmly and *will not tear the finest silk or lisle fabric.*

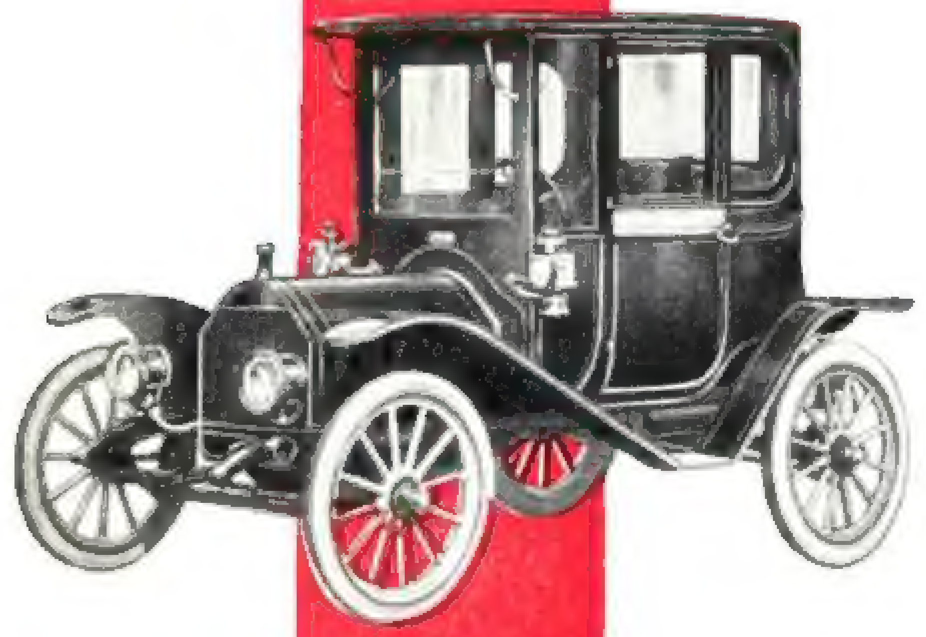
White Lead?
Hammar Bros.
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER! HAMMAR BROTHERS

PATENT YOUR IDEAS
Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.
Patent Obtained or Fee Returned
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Established 16 Years
1007 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Men of millions who drive the

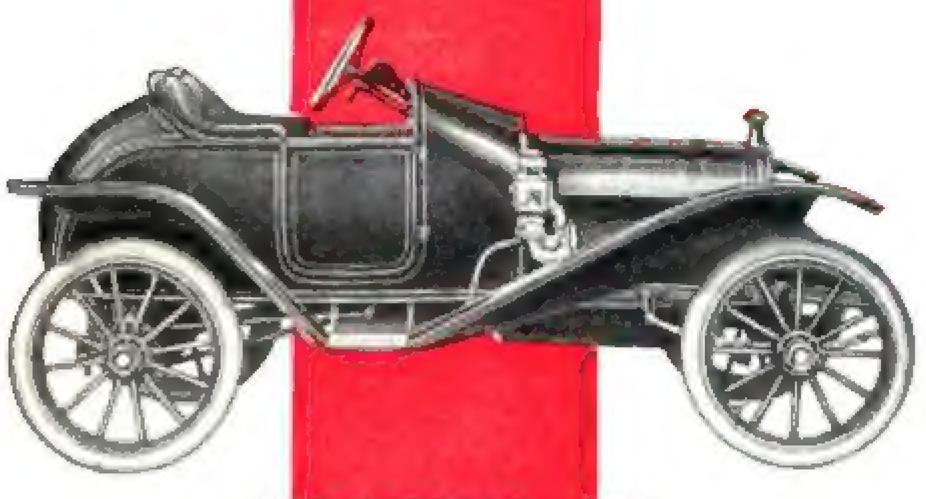
Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE



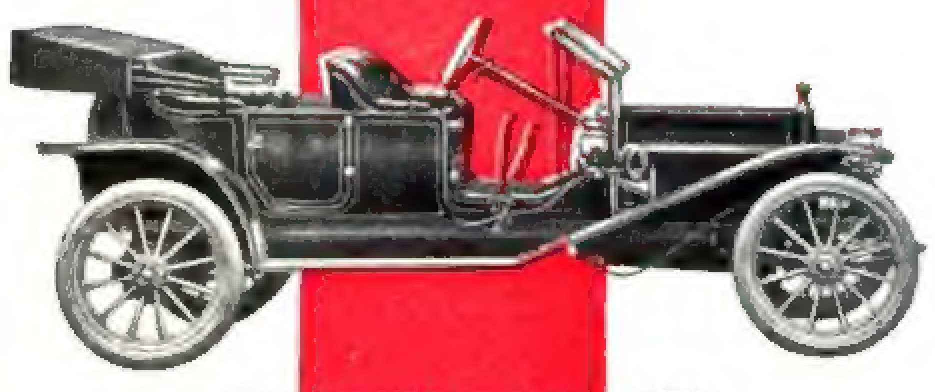
THE COUPE—$1100

F. O. B. Detroit, including full equipment of electric headlights, electric and oil side and rear lamps; wiring and batteries; front shock absorbers; folding dash seat for third passenger; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires; horn and tools.



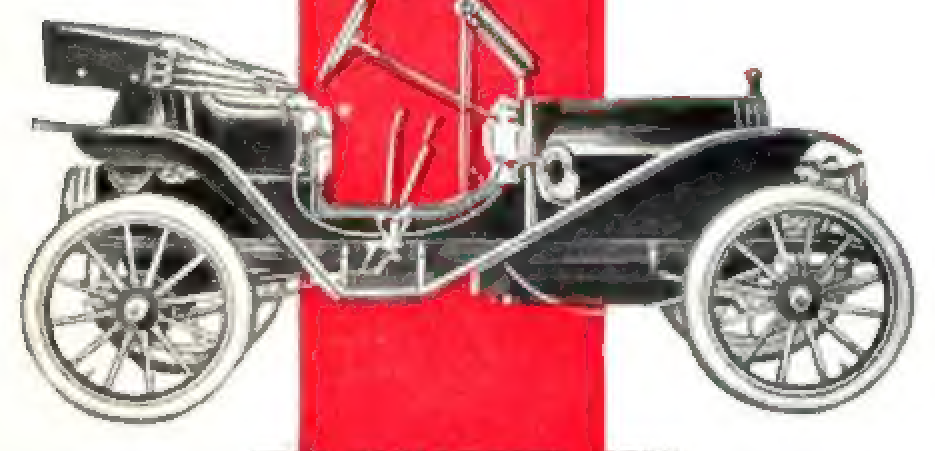
THE TORPEDO—$850

F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Special top and windshield, gas lamps and tank or generator, etc., extra.



THE TOURING CAR—$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of gas headlights and generator; oil lamps for dash and rear; front shock absorbers; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires, horn and tools. Top, windshield, speedometer, etc., extra. Wheel base 110 inches; passenger capacity, four.



THE RUNABOUT—$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, windshield, speedometer, gas lamps and tank or generator, trunk rack and tire irons extra.

Nearly every man whose name is reproduced herewith owns one or more of the four or five fine cars of largest size. None of them, to our knowledge, owns any smaller car save the Hupmobile.

No mere appeal of price—no consideration of a low first cost—could possibly have interested the men whose names appear in this impressive list of Hupmobile owners.

Starting with New York, where men who own Hupmobiles represent wealth aggregating tens of millions of dollars, every large city in the country records its group of leading citizens who have singled out this one popular-priced car for their favor.

It is obvious, is it not, that they have chosen the Hupmobile because it *possesses certain qualities, apart from price*, which renders it attractive and desirable to them?

We have told you, many times, what these qualities are. We have impressed upon you the fact that the Hupmobile is built with such *scrupulosity of method and material* that it concedes nothing, save size, to the costliest cars of seven-passenger capacity.

In this list of names you have indubitable evidence that men of affairs everywhere who own and drive the costliest cars agree with us as to the worth and entire desirability of the Hupmobile.

Can you think of even one other car which appeals at once to the man of moderate means and to the man of unlimited means? In the one case it is smart and efficient enough to travel side by side in perfect equality with its $6,000 running mate. In the other it amply satisfies the buyer who limits himself to one—thoroughly reliable—machine.

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HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY Department P Detroit, Michigan

Licensed under Selden patent

Grand Opera off the Grand Opera stage that is still *real* Grand Opera—Vaudeville entertainment off the vaudeville stage that is still *real* vaudeville—Entertainment of any character reproduced from the original that still remains *real and lifelike* is that rendered by the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The reason this is true of the Edison Phonograph is because of two exclusive Edison features

1

The Sapphire Reproducing Point

The point of contact between an Edison Phonograph and its records is a highly polished indestructible Sapphire. It is button shaped, fitting accurately into the groove of the record and traveling without friction and without scratching, thus bringing out perfectly the sweet musical tones of Edison Records.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at $15.00 to the Amberola at $200.00. Ask your dealer for complete catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

Edison Standard Records	$ .35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)	.50
Edison Grand Opera Records . .	$ .75 to 2.00

All Edison Phonographs have the Sapphire Reproducing Point. All Edison Phonographs now sold play the four-and-a-half minute Amberol Records. If you have an Edison Phonograph and it is not equipped to play the Amberol Records, you should go at once to your dealer for the necessary attachments. When so equipped your Edison Phonograph will play both the Amberol and the Standard Records, changing from one to the other at your will.

2

Edison Amberol Records

These records, playing four-and-a-half minutes, render all selections *completely*—no omissions, no hurrying. Complete operatic arias, all the verses of every song, entire monologues, exactly as rendered by the greatest artists—and instrumental numbers as originally played by the greatest bands and orchestras.

National Phonograph Company
11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you are not dependent upon any one stenographer. Any typist in your office can transcribe your work.

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison